PAGEANTS AND PAGEANTRY

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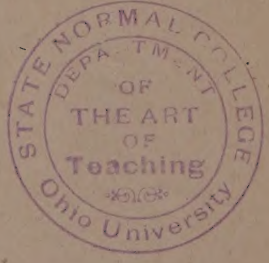

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STAGE SETTING FOR THE PETERBOROUGH PAGEANT

PAGEANTS AND PAGEANTRY

BY

ESTHER WILLARD BATES

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

WILLIAM ORR

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR MASSACHUSETTS

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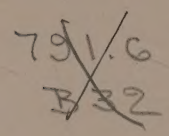

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PREFACE

The following chapters summarize briefly the experience of some years in producing and writing amateur plays and pageants. The teaching experience of the author has shown her that as a means of instruction, of inculcating literary appreciation, and of producing the historic sense, dramatic work has no equal. Far-away incidents become vital experiences, names and facts take on actuality, and that imaginative power that is ever keenest in children needs no urging when "the play 's the thing." Nothing sends children so willingly to the library shelves as the desire to know something of the times they are going to portray, of the costumes they are going to wear, and of the manners they shall depict. Nothing will put them into the mediæval spirit like acting out The Children's Crusade; nothing will make them feel the colonial temper like a play of Puritan times; nor will they forget Regulus or Vespasian, Charlemagne or Caxton, after they have seen them walk the boards of their school hall.

Acting teaches more than the fact, trains more than the voice or the bearing, and besides all its intrinsic values, such work brings esprit de corps into the school where it flourishes, furnishes incentives to good work, and keeps many an idle and unambitious child in school when otherwise he would have wandered his discontented way into truancy or the factory. It satisfies the powerful social instincts, it creates harmony and friendship between pupil and teacher, it advertises

the school, and it need take no undue proportion of time from the actual business of lessons.

Five complete pageants are contained herein, and any one of these may be given as a whole or by single episodes. Each may be given as elaborately as resources permit, or as simply as an Elizabethan play. Experience has taught the author to spend the minimum time rehearsing and to throw the maximum of responsibility on the actors. In this way the art keeps its charm and spontaneity, and the burden lies far less heavily on the teacher. When the Colonial Pageant was given in Springfield, parts were assigned and actual work begun only two weeks before the final production. Many schools devote a half hour every Friday morning throughout the school year to dramatic work in the assembly hall in the presence of the entire school. For such occasions separate episodes in the following pageants will be found admirably suited, and will necessitate but two or three rehearsals. The entire pageants will furnish material for graduation exercises, school exhibitions, or anniversaries.

Care has been taken wherever possible to make the episodes true to the letter of the times. Actual words spoken by historic characters have been freely incorporated, and histories and biographies heavily drawn upon. Much indebtedness is owed to "Wadsworth or The Charter Oak," by W. H. Gocher, and much of the atmosphere in The Children's Crusade is drawn from Marcel Schwob's exquisite book. The form of the first three pageants is copied from the text of the inventor and founder of modern pageantry, Mr. Louis N. Parker, whose York, Warwick, Bury St. Edmunds, and Bath pageants have exceeded all others in beauty and literary quality.

E. W. B.

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PAGEANTS AND PAGEANTRY

DEFINITION

Pageantry as a means of popular entertainment and instruction may be said to be a recent discovery, as far as America is concerned. In England the value and possibilities of the presentation in realistic form of great historical events have for many years been well understood, and the pageant parade has become a common feature at anniversary celebrations. A new calling — that of planning and organizing of such processions — is now attracting artists, musicians, and dramatists. On the continent of Europe, civic festivals, for many generations, have been enriched and dignified by floats, tableaux, and cavalcades, ordered and fashioned to depict scenes in the past history of town or nation. Even crude and savage peoples, in religious ceremonials, in their rituals of nature worship, or in the triumphal honors paid to rulers and warriors, delight to recall in vivid action, in color, form, and sound, the charm, grandeur, and quaintness of "the days of eld."

Now that the practice of pageantry has become established on this side of the Atlantic, it is rapidly developing under the influence of American ingenuity and energy. The history of this continent is found to be replete with

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material full of dramatic possibilities and rich in human interest. Immigration is bringing to these shores races whose traditions, legends, and annals furnish an inexhaustible source of poetry, art, music, and incident. The popular taste, delighting in action, responds quickly to the appeal which the past makes to the imagination. Anniversaries of pioneer discovery, of colonial settlement and struggle against French and Indian, of the stirring days of the Revolution and the stages in the marvelous progress of science and invention, furnish both occasion and suggestion for historical parades, tableaux, and symbolic grouping.

With characteristic initiative, our academic and professional managers of festivals are discovering new phases and uses of pageantry. The early form was that of floats in procession, each representing some scene, historic, symbolic, or allegorical. These presentations were often closely associated in performance with the localities where the original incident occurred, as Lady Godiva's ride at Coventry, or the episode of the killing of William Rufus in the New Forest, and the carriage of his body in the charcoal burner's cart. Such realism, while impressive, has practical limitations, and when pushed too far, actually detracts from the effect, because no room is given for the play of fancy and imagination.

American pageantry has now evolved three species of presentation. First, the parade composed of floats and marching companies and troops of horsemen. An excellent example was that furnished by Springfield, Massachusetts, in her Fourth of July celebration, in 1908, when thirteen different nationalities were presented, and floats from the grammar schools, in coöperation. Hadley, Massachusetts, at her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary in August, 1909, made a notable success of an historical pageant which,

with its six divisions, in a mile-long column, abounded in graphic pictures of the exploits of the pioneer settlers and of the militias of the town and nation.

Second are out-of-door performances at selected sites of historical events, or in a natural or artificial amphitheater. In this case there is larger opportunity for action, music, and speaking. A processional of all the participants gives something of the impressiveness of the street parade. The subjects may be local, as at the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of Quebec, or there may be rendered a play or masque with pageant effects. A most ambitious undertaking was the presentation of the Canterbury Pilgrims at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in August, 1909, in which two thousand actors and choral singers virtually brought back again the England of Chaucer, before a gathering of twenty-five thousand spectators.

Third, indoor entertainments made up of scenes so related as to possess unity. Some theme, such as the growth of national spirit, the struggle of a people for liberty, the progress of science or education, may be used as the keynote. A rich variety of effects may be produced where a decorated and well-lighted hall, adapted to processionals, and with a stage of adequate size, may be obtained. While the grandeur of the outdoor performance is not possible, the limited audience adds to the intensity and favors artistic quality. For schools and colleges this latter form of pageant is most practical and possesses large elements of educational value. In February, 1909, the Central High School of Springfield, Massachusetts, made a distinct success of a Colonial Pageant given in its assembly hall.

It is entirely safe to prophesy that pageantry is to win an increasing recognition as a means of popular education

and entertainment. The instincts to which it appeals are elemental and universal in humanity. Children, youth, and manhood delight in the sensuous symbolism in which such representations abound. Popular festivals, city and national anniversaries, thus find a fitting method of celebrating and recalling the deeds of the fathers. Local pride and patriotism are quickened by contemplation of the great past out of which the present has come. Such productions as the Champlain celebration at Quebec in 1908, and the Hudson-Fulton pageant at New York, in October, 1909, give communities a wide advertisement and also teach valuable lessons of coöperation and common endeavor. There is no better way to induct immigrants and their children into a knowledge of American history and institutions than through the medium of historical tableaux given in a setting both dramatic and artistic. And an abiding sense of the stability of society is gained as one enters into the very head of the human experience out of which it has grown.

All these values of pageantry and many others are to be obtained by using it as a form of high school or college entertainment. In its nature, methods, and aim, it is much to be preferred to the plays, fairs, and exhibitions often given, and in which it is not unusual to find a certain meretricious quality. The instruction in history, science, language, art, and literature is direct and vital. Pupils live in the scenes they are rendering or witnessing. Imagination is quickened. The process is constructive, not analytical, because the appeal is to all the faculties. Such a strong interest is certain to have a profound influence on the reading of the pupil, and often dramatic, literary, or artistic ability is discovered.

The effect of the production of a pageant on the school organism is somewhat akin to the results seen in the larger community of the town or city, in that a fine spirit of helpfulness is engendered and each member learns to take his part or place, even though in so doing he must yield the greater apparent honor to his fellow. Both teacher and pupil, and all departments — art, science, physical training, music, literature, history, language, and mathematics — work together for a common aim.

The pageant may be regarded as one more instance of the way in which the new education is using the play instinct. By reason of the constructive quality of such entertainments, their appeal to the hero worship and the historic sense so strong during adolescence, and their genuine artistic quality, they must be regarded as most important among the devices put in the hands of the teacher to-day.

As the term "pageant" is used now, it means a dramatic representation of several scenes, either tableaux or miniature integral dramas which are unified by prologues. The real pageant is given out of doors, its spectators number thousands, genuine distance gives its beauty to the production, the stage is as vast as the eye can reach, and the production aims to reproduce actuality rather than illusion. The giving of a pageant is an act of veneration or of patriotism. At present it is done to honor town or hero, and becomes a great civic rite. This function of the modern pageant one would never wish to change. A play is continuous action on one theme, a pageant is interrupted action on related themes. A play has unities of time, place, or action, while the pageant dispenses with all of these. A play must be given on an indoor or outdoor stage, while

the pageant aims to employ the entire landscape, or at least in its approaches and backgrounds. On the whole, we may say that a pageant is a hybrid, bred between the procession and the play.

This manual is intended to give some account of the historical development of pageantry and the methods of organizing and presenting it with reference to schools. The specimen pageants are designed for indoor or outdoor production. It is hoped that they will serve more as suggestions than as actual representations, for the pageant should be conceived for the occasion, produced by the participants, and representative of the actors.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF PAGEANTRY

Any review of the uses of pageantry in past ages and of its development in recent time must recognize that, while certain elements are constant, the form of presentation and the manner of acting the scenes have varied greatly. The factors essential to true pageantry are the use of the costumes and practices of older days and the representation of important events in history as expressions of the manifold activities and aspirations of the human soul. In other words, the reason of such displays is found in the innate desire for an expression of the facts of life in the guise of poetry, art, and romance. As men are wont to idealize the characters and conditions of former times, the material for pageants is naturally taken from older days on which a glamour and halo rests. Such an appeal to the imagination has always found favor with those who have sought to entertain or impress the populace. Much of ritual worship is of this nature, and one notes an instinctive tend-

ency to the use of the archaic in forms, dress, and language in ecclesiastical functions. Among Indian tribes, for example, a stone knife is often used in sacrificing, while in actual work the steel blade is employed. As a rehearsal of the past experiences of a people the pageant in its influence is akin to children's imitation of the practices of savages, such as hunting and camping in the woods.

On this elemental basis of interest, then, the pageant depends, and hence it has found favor in all times and among all peoples. The description of the great festivals of the ancients as contained in their annals and sculptured figures on tombs, temples, pyramids, and monuments show that Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans were adept at introducing into their celebrations many features of pageantry. One of the best illustrations is the Panathenaic procession, as presented on the frieze of the Parthenon, reproductions of which are so often used as decorations. When a Roman consul was tendered a triumph, the long column, as it made its way to the Capitoline Hill, contained, in the serried legions, the groups of captives and spoils of war, symbols of the might of the city and of her dominion over strange and distant peoples, while memorials in emblems, insignia, lictors, vestals, and ædiles in robes of office stirred the pride of the citizens in the mighty past. So, too, under the empire, the great exhibitions in the amphitheater impressed the imagination of a fickle populace with the supreme majesty of their rulers and with the grandeur of the Roman state. There was, in the contests of gladiators and the struggles of helpless victims in the claws of wild beasts, a pandering to lust for blood, but the real aim of the spectacles was dictated by a shrewd policy that the foundation of the

despotic power of the Cæsars might be made secure in the reverence of the people.

Regard for the past is essentially a conservative factor in society and government, and Roman stagecraft was wise in cherishing this safeguard against revolution. Augustus, whose chief aim was to restore the ideals of the simple and severe life of the Roman republic, in family circle and in public affairs, and to reinvigorate religious faith and fortify it against the assaults of rationalism, in 17 B.C. celebrated with great solemnity the Ludi Sæculares, an institution associated with the most cherished traditions of the Roman peoples. The festival and religious rites continued for three days, from May thirtieth to June first and second. For three days before an elaborate ritual of purification was performed and, with great ceremony, offerings were made of figs, wheat, and beans. Then, by night, near the Tiber, Augustus, Agrippa, and the consuls made sacrifices after ancient customs, while the assembled people stood before their altars. An ancient invocation was used at each ceremonial in the darkness of night and repeated at daylight. Games and sports were held after the fashion of early days. On the third of June came the final and most inspiring ceremony when twenty-seven cakes were offered to Apollo at his temple on the Palatine. The same prayer was recited, and an ode, written by Horace, was sung by a chorus of twenty-seven boys and twenty-seven girls. Then followed, by special permission of the quindecemvirs, some days of rejoicing in contrast with the solemn rites of the three nights and days. Not only the emperor, but also ambitious proconsuls in various provinces, instituted games and stately functions in which were found many of the elements of pageantry. Their use continued until the break-up of the

Roman power through the inroads of the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and other invaders.

When European society began to take definite shape, after the stress and tumult of the dark ages, the church and court took up again the work of popular entertainment. An elaborate ritual of worship was built up, and miracle and morality plays came into vogue. The accession of a new monarch gave occasion for coronation processions and ceremonies in place of the Roman triumph. The age of chivalry brought in jousts and tournaments and contests of troubadours. Knightly orders, such as the Templars and Hospitalers, made much of insignia, devices, and ordered and intricate evolutions. Elaborate armor and heraldry added distinction and splendor to all gatherings. Probably no time was so fruitful in material to impress the senses and stir the imagination, and, to this day, the makers of spectacular performances find a wealth of material in the panoply and ceremonials of the Middle Ages. Contact with the East through the Crusades brought in new and strange costumes, and music of peculiar charm. Princes and monarchs delighted to surround themselves with rich symbols of authority and power. Nor did they neglect to employ such rites and ceremonies in their functions and processions as would lend the sanction of religion and give plausibility to their claim of king and noble of divine right. Scott, in his Waverley novels, delights to picture such stately scenes, and his description of the tournament at Ashby de la Zouche in "Ivanhoe" and the festivities at Kenilworth Castle in honor of Queen Elizabeth are models of their kind. An earlier pageant that made a distinct impression on the popular mind was that of the Field of the Cloth of Gold at the meeting of Henry VIII of England

and Francis I of France. In the free cities of Italy and Germany, the rulers made much of civic festivals on fixed days and especial occasions, and established certain rules and principles that obtain to this day. Monarchies found their great opportunities on coronation days, and the account of the exercises at the crowning of George V of England in 1911, showed how much of the archaic is preserved in that intricate and elaborate ceremonial, while the interest the exercises aroused in Great Britian and the Empire was in proof of the hold the function has on the popular mind. Napoleon, who well understood the power of dramatic effect, sought on many occasions the aid of ordered processions and brilliant display as a dramatization of his power and a means of delight of the French populace.

In countries where the government is popular and democratic in character, pageantry, while it may be used on rare occasions in honor of rulers or of successful statesmen, inventors, scholars, or warriors, exists in the main as a means of entertaining, amusing, and educating the people, and as an expression of pride and glory in educational, commercial, and civic institutions. Crude illustrations that smack of pageantry are found in the street parade of the circus. Cheap and tawdry as much of the display is, its charm seems never to cease, and young and old together fill the tents to see pseudo-Roman chariot races, and the jousting of knights in tinsel, beasts from other lands, and the troupes of strange people. But there are more substantial values in pageantry, and the way to realizing these is now clear through the progress made in the last twenty-five years in England and in this country. A series of notable celebrations of anniversaries of historic towns, whose foundations date back to the very beginnings of

English annals, has resulted in an entirely new and fruitful application and use of this method of celebration. Oxford, Coventry, Warwick, Bath, and Liverpool have made distinct successes of their pageants and attracted international attention. The processions are composed of groups or floats mounted or made up with the greatest regard to historical accuracy in costumes. Symbolic effects are included. One of the most striking features of the Bath pageant of 1909 was the homage rendered to the mother city by her daughters, in which young women represented the small communities. A prototype of this incident is found in the Lord Mayor's Pageant of 1631, where London, represented as a beautiful woman riding in a chariot drawn by a lion, was surrounded by all the chief cities of the kingdom, such as Westminster, York, Bristol, Oxford, and Exeter, impersonated by young girls wearing the several escutcheons of the cities. Full advantage was taken also of the history of Bath from early Roman time to the present day.

One of the earliest formal pageants in the United States was that held at Marietta, Ohio, in 1888. The aim, distinctly educational, was to teach history by the objective method, and the participants included many of the leading men and women of the community. Scenes from the early settlements were given in order in the parade, the arrival of immigrants, the organization of civil government under the "bowery," the beginnings of village struggle with red men, and the treaty of peace. An interesting item was the wearing in some cases of the identical clothes worn a hundred years before by ancestors of the actors. Official delegates were present from eight states of the Union to witness this celebration.

Successful as Marietta was, other communities do not appear to have soon followed her example, and it is only within a few years that the pageant parade has come into vogue. Its use is even now by no means general. But the attention and favorable comment attracted by those given at Philadelphia, Buffalo, Springfield, Quebec, Lake Champlain, and Hadley are certain to arouse emulators. At Quebec, in 1908, the three hundredth anniversary was celebrated by many festivities and the presence of war vessels from England, France, and the United States, but all agree that the crowning event was the portrayal of the great deeds of French and English pioneers, presented in realistic scenes before 15,000 spectators on the Plains of Abraham. All the arrangements, the selection of incidents, the order of presentation, the costuming and grouping of the actors, and the setting of scenery, were in charge of Frank Lascelles of England, who took full advantage of the many romantic episodes in the early history of Canada, and the rare beauty of the natural stage on which they were reënacted. Jacques Cartier landed and was greeted by the Indians, and then, by an Aladdin-like transformation, appeared at Fontainebleau before King Francis and his court. Henri Quatre commissioned Champlain, who next, in due time, was shown landing at Quebec with his young wife Helene. The pageant, wisely and shrewdly devised for political effect, proceeded to a fitting conclusion, the defiance of Count Frontenac to the English demands, and then the march past of English and French troops, the Lilies beside the Union Jack, while the French placed a wreath on the monument of Wolfe, and the English did the same for Montcalm.

As a spectacle combining the elements of parade and

stage setting, the Quebec pageant was a surpassing success. However, it did not involve community coöperation and effort, as did the Hadley pageant of August, 1909. The historical parade was one of the principal features of a three-days celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the town. A local committee, under the guidance of Clarence Hawkes, the blind poet, planned the entire procession, secured the interest and active aid not only of Hadley, but of her sister towns, Amherst, Hatfield, South Hadley, Granby, Northampton, Deerfield, Sunderland, and Whately. Hadley had in line seven floats representing the following scenes: The Deeding of the Indian Lands, Red Man or White, The Angel of Hadley, The Burning of the Hopkins Academy, The Grist Mill, The Hadley Witch, Ye Old Time Kitchen, Ye Log Schoolhouse, French and Indian War, Presentation of Burgoyne's Sword, Hooker's Farewell to His Brother, the Spirit of '61, General Hooker on Horseback, and the Hooker Division. In these groups, and in those in charge of the other towns, there was a remarkable fidelity to the actual conditions of the times represented. Six divisions were required to accommodate all the participants, and the entire parade was over a mile in length, and was received with many tokens of applause by the 25,000 spectators. When one considers that Hadley is a town of only some 1800 people, it is seen that, with the right spirit and under skillful management, a most effective pageant can be secured at no great expense.

Success has also been made in this country of the pageant performance on an open-air stage. The Quebec celebration was, in some respects, of this nature, but with grand effects in the marching of troops. Hartford, at the

dedication of her great bridge in October, 1908, carried out with precision and promptness a series of historical tableaux on an artificial stage, before which seats had been built up to accommodate many thousand spectators. This entertainment was held in the evening, and was a community undertaking like that of Hadley. A prologue in academic costume introduced each scene, and gave unity. The Canterbury Pilgrims at Gloucester in August, 1909, was a most ambitious undertaking. The general direction was in charge of a local committee, and volunteers from the town and surrounding country took many of the parts. The choruses of many hundred voices were arranged with school children on one side of the stage and young people of Gloucester on the other, so that antiphonal effects were secured. The Coburn Players took the important speaking parts, and personated the leading characters of Chaucer. Stage Rock Park was used as a theater with but few alterations. Music, scenery, and stage effects were planned by leading artists and musicians. One unique feature was the use of a fire curtain, specially constructed, and with colors varying with each intermission, to screen the stage between the acts. Elaborate fireworks and music, instrumental and organ, were used to deepen the impression. Akin to such productions are the outdoor plays now so much in vogue in colleges. Mention should also be made of the St. Gaudens masque at Cornish, New Hampshire, in June, 1905, and the midsummer Redwood Play of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. The latter institution has been in evidence some thirty years. Such productions as the Canterbury Pilgrims involve a certain element of professionalism. The stage effects are in the hands of artists; a leading musical director plans songs,

ALMA MATER, A SYMBOLIC FIGURE FROM THE BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL PAGEANT

Photograph by Notman

choruses, and instrumental features, and a playwright devises the main lines of action and composes the text. In fact, it has been claimed that only when such experts are employed can pageantry be brought to perfection. On the other hand, the naïveté, enthusiasm, and abandon of amateurs, particularly young people, has a quality that charms and inspires an audience. A production may be so finished as to lack interest. Vigor, action, contrasts, and incidents are the all-important elements. At Pittsburg, in May, 1909, an admirable series of scenes illustrating the history of that city from the time of the red man to the present day of a cosmopolitan population was given in a most effective fashion by school children under the direction of teachers.

There are then large possibilities in the use of pageantry in connection with our educational institutions, particularly when the form of entertainment is adapted for indoor performances and independent of season and weather and within the scope of a small number of performers. With a hall provided where processional effects are possible, results of great beauty are obtainable. Under such conditions great care must be exercised in selecting a theme on which scenes varying in character and adapted to the limitations of space and number of actors can be based. Educational values should be strictly kept in mind, for hereby history, literature, and epochs in scientific discovery may be taught in most effective fashion. An illustration of the use of a courtyard and stage was given in the symbolic presentation of the history of education at the thirty-fifth anniversary of the Boston Normal School. Another example of school pageantry was that of the Central High School of Springfield, Massachusetts, in February, 1909,

when, in series of brilliant scenes, the progress of the country through the episodes of colonial times to national independence was depicted. Not only was the entertainment most successful, but lasting impressions of the meaning of the nation were made on actors and spectators. The entire school, pupils and teachers, worked together to perfect the display. As a business proposition such an entertainment, where local color is used, is sure to secure a large attendance and to be a means of securing funds for school room decoration, books, and equipment. Skillful and resourceful teachers will find here a fascinating field of endeavor.

We may look then for a general rise of pageantry in America under three forms: street processions, particularly in connection with civic festivals and anniversaries; open-air performances under the auspices of colleges and universities, amateur students and professional artists, players, and musicians; and finally indoor performances on a small or large scale. American pageantry will be so ordered as to possess a constructive influence on the people. There will be entertainment with splendid effects in color, form, and music to both please and improve the popular taste; the spectacle will stimulate pride in town, state, and nation; a broad sympathy for all lands and peoples will underlie and dominate the scenes; and finally there will be a definite educational aim to make real the great deeds of the fathers and to quicken the aspirations of the sons for right living and for devotion to country. In this last appeal the need of our immigrant population will be kept fully in mind.

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THE SELECTION OF A THEME

It is essential, in securing the highest values from any pageant, that there should be some main idea connecting the different scenes. A succession of unrelated floats or tableaux, no matter how striking or beautiful, soon palls on spectators and audience. Hence there should be a constructive quality, and from the educational standpoint all the episodes should emphasize a lesson full of appeal to both mind and heart. For such material, the author may go to legend, biography, local history, the birth of nations, literary epochs, scientific achievements, and the rise and development of a people. The treatment of a theme may be largely symbolic, or there may be an insistence on a realistic presentation of incidents as true to actual facts as possible. In any case large place must be left for the ideal and the romantic. The emotions are to be stirred, while the intellect is informed.

The selection of a central theme then is the first step in organizing a pageant. At local and national anniversaries the point of view is an obvious one. At Quebec in 1908 and at Lake Champlain in 1909, the plain duty of the committee was to bring before the people the historic events with which the city and inland sea are associated. The main task of the artist was to decide on the particular incidents that would best serve his purpose in developing the idea. There is danger, too, of the treatment being narrow and provincial. Pageantry, as has been seen, appeals to the peculiar elemental human instincts, and the treatment must be broad and catholic and so ordered as

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to touch many phases of life. Hence great skill was shown by Lascelles at Quebec in 1908, when he brought out, in sharp contrast, the rude life in Canada with the rich and magnificent court of France and Henri Quatre. The struggle of pioneer and warrior had its antithesis in the romance of Champlain and his young bride, Helene. Each scene should have its hero or heroine, as the personal element is all-important.

When we go outside the field of local or national pageants, the range of themes is interminable. History, in the large, abounds in material. The work of a school in the study of Greece and Rome and the classics may be vivified and the effectiveness of the class work many times increased by a realistic presentation of some phase in the life of those peoples, through such a theme as the struggle of Greece against the Orient, then represented by Persia. It is possible to bring into one entertainment scenes to illustrate the rise of Hellenic civilization and to typify the underlying ideas of Greek art, government, and society in comparison with the Eastern usages and life. The pageant might be opened with the appearance of the ambassadors of Darius before the Athenians with their request for earth and water. This is the challenge of the Orient to the Occident, so many times repeated in human history. Use may be made of the legend of the runner from Marathon, with the news of the victory, and the sacrifices to the gods, Apollo, Athena, and Artemis, amid music and sacred chants and dances. A cycle of scenes grouped about Salamis follows, and the entertainment may close in a scene of popular rejoicing which affords large possibilities in artistic display and presentation of many phases of Greek life. Any school using such a pageant would surely

find a great stimulus in the study of the classics and ancient history. Or the theme might be the splendors of the age of Pericles when Athens was at her height of power and, as a foil to her luxury and art, there might be placed the rude vigor and austerity of Sparta with some suggestion of the evil influence of Persian gold as a source of corruption. Hints of the forces making for the decadence of Greece should also appear, but the climax should be a setting of the glory of the Athenian state in art, poetry, music, social life, intelligent citizenship, literature, and commerce. Another field is the presentation in pageantry of the earlier legends of Greece, the Argonauts, Perseus, the stories of the Iliad and the Odyssey. Recently a masque was given in the gardens of Leighton House at London, in which the theme was Achilles at Scyros. The title itself suggests the richness of treatment possible in working out the costumes, usages, and charming stories of that dawn of European civilization.

Roman history is also a fertile field in which to secure the materials of pageantry. A trilogy, *Roma urbs*, *Roma civitas*, and *Roma imperium*, wherein the social stages in development, the rude huts by the Tiber, the capital city of Italy, and, finally, the mistress of the world, could be shown. In the production of *Roma urbs* there should be depicted the family as the social center, the simple manners, rigid discipline, strong sense of duty, and the implicit obedience which characterized the people in that early day. Their religion, though mixed with much superstition, was characterized with implicit faith. Rites of worship, public and private, and the games and sports of the citizens also would make attractive features of the representation. So, too, much may be made of the expul-

sion of the kings and the struggles of the Republic against her neighbors, and discords between patricians and plebeians. A closing scene could be dedicated to a glorification of the City Rome, in which all actors should appear.

Under Rome as head of Italy, the central idea relates to the increasing importance of the state out of which came gradually, with the growth in luxury and wealth, a softening of the austere conditions of the primitive city on the seven hills. The legend of Cornelia, mother of the Gracchi, pointing to her sons as her jewels, in response to the query of her rich caller, might be used to accentuate the change in the family. Another element was the struggle with Carthage and the contact with Grecian and eastern countries. Religious rites, while more imposing, are not attended with devout spirit; skepticism and even disbelief are apparent. A consular triumph at the close of the entertainment would afford a fine opportunity for an effective climax and for a summing up of the characteristics of the period.

Roma imperium should show the working out of the influence operative in the third period — the loss of religious faith, the dissolution of the family, decay of republican institutions, growth of personal power, the influx of slaves and foreigners into Rome, and the disappearance of the sturdy and independent citizen who made the city mistress of the world. In place of the rude agriculture of the early republic, there should be represented the manifold arts and industries, the phases of commerce, and the system of finance which came with the control of the resources of the East and of the Mediterranean. So there could be given with graphic clearness a picture of the weakness and the greatness of the empire. Possibilities also lie in the use of the great writers, Vergil and

Horace, and their intimate descriptions of conditions in their day. Vergil, in particular, abounds in material relating to ceremonies, games, sports, and religious rites. Such a pageant as *Roma imperium* might well end with a reproduction of part of the Ludi Sæculares in honor of the empire, or an apotheosis of Augustus as signifying the recognition of personal power.

Another mode of treatment of Roman history would be to base the theme on the life and exploits of some noted warrior, statesman, or writer, such as Brutus, the enemy of the early kings, or Cincinnatus, Cæsar, Vergil, or Agrippa. In this case there is the advantage of using interest in the individual as a means of securing unity, but care should be taken to keep in mind his relation to the larger factors of society and of national politics and development.

Or, again, the struggle of rich and poor with each other in all the ages of Rome abounds in dramatic situations. The conflict of Rome with Carthage is adapted to scenic representation, though some freedom must be taken with locality and possibly with succession of events.

English history, both local and national, has been thoroughly exploited in the interests of pageantry, and it will suffice to mention briefly a few of the general themes that appear to be most adaptable for treatment. One may find in the process whereby the people of Britain came out of a blending of Saxon, Danish, and Norman strains, all the elements for an entertainment full of beauty, thrilling situations, and educational value. Rudyard Kipling, in "Puck of Pook's Hill," has shown that there is in this theme a mine scarcely touched as yet by the story-teller. There are suggestions and hints in the dialogue of Gurth and Wamba in the opening pages of "Ivanhoe." Under skill-

ful planning there may be made to pass before the audience Druids, Roman warriors, early Christian missionaries, Alfred the Great, in his struggle to free the land from the Danes, the wisdom and power of King Canute, and finally the coronation of William of Normandy at London.

Again, the scene might be placed at some castle of Queen Elizabeth's time, and the succession of events made to show how the English people were coming to a consciousness of themselves as a nation, and of the elements of knighthood, adventures, commerce, wars, letters, agriculture, which entered into that conception. The long reign of Victoria with its achievements of British dominion in all parts of the globe, the progress in the arts of peace, the new ordering of industry, invention, and science, and the betterment of human society, constitutes another opportunity for the artist and dramatist. If the pageant is to be connected with literature, Scott's novels, such as "Ivanhoe" or "The Talisman," furnish situations and incidents that easily lend themselves to such a purpose. Percy Mackaye, in his Canterbury Pilgrims, has, with great skill, brought before the public of this twentieth century the England of Chaucer's time and stimulated in full measure the study of that poet.

The presentation may be based on the progress of art and invention. Caxton and the beginnings of printing may lead on through the studies of Sir William Gilbert in electricity to Watt, Stevenson, Arkwright, Bessemer, and Faraday. As an offset to the realism of many of these groups, symbolic and allegorical tableaux idealizing the powers of nature and the human conquest of them could be employed. Inspiration could be gained from a study of the mural decorations in the Boston Public Library, the Con-

gressional Library at Washington, and the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh. In these ways the genius of the English people may be represented with the color, form, action, and setting consonant with the time and the subject.

France, with her revolutions, the brilliancy of her courts, the exploits of Napoleon, the wit and humor of her writers, the dash and daring of her soldiers, adds to these factors the charm and naïveté of her people as elements easily to be combined in a way to inform the mind and stir the pulses of the heart. Romance is inseparable from much of the history of the French people, and it is this quality in particular that is essential to the success of pageantry.

Themes may be found in the Court of Francis, the exploits of Henry of Navarre, the time of Louis XIV, episodes of the Revolution of 1789, Napoleon, and the republic of 1871. Dumas and Hugo abound in suggestions and descriptions. Joan of Arc has been used with interesting results with Maud Adams as protagonist, as witness the rendition at the Harvard Stadium in June, 1909. A less ambitious but most clever undertaking, one made up of a charming series of pictures, was the outdoor play of Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs given at the Harrow Theater in Deerfield in August, 1909. In this drama, Will Hutchins has reproduced with great fidelity and with artistic skill in setting the customs and usages of the peasant life of that day. Many of the costumes were made by the Arts and Crafts Society of Deerfield, and a careful study was made of the pictures of the scenes at the time of the trial of Joan. The pageant of the Renaissance given by the Antiquarian Society of the Art Institute at Chicago, January 26 and 27, 1909, was a revelation of the richness of Italian history in the material for spectacles. Germany and Austria and Holland

abound also in the music, art, medieval history, striking situations, and great events that constitute the chief resources of the pageant maker. For in no better way may the wonderful story of these peoples be told and their annals made to glow with life.

But it is American history to which we must look for the lessons of greatest import and deepest educational and social significance. Our schools can teach patriotism and give an understanding of the genius of our institutions most effectively by bringing into life again the scenes and the men who laid the foundation of the United States and assured its permanence. Such a setting in pageantry will impart something of the glamour and romance that attached to the events of Old World history, and thereby increase the interest, particularly of youth, in the records of this land. Colonial history makes a particularly good field for exploitation, and furnishes a great variety of incident, costumes, and manners, as so many different races were engaged in the early settlements.

One theme is "The Development of the American Nation" out of these diverse elements; another subject, the struggle between England and France. Passages may be taken from the lives of great explorers to celebrate the difference in motives of such men as Raleigh, Captain John Smith, Cortes, Endicott, Brewster, and Winthrop. The settlement of the great West, with the danger from Indians, the hardships of travel across plains and mountains, and the gold fever of 1849, is another theme. A most inspiring topic is found in the blending of so many races in the making of the modern American people. A pageant of this nature is most fitting for a parade on July Fourth or a playground festival.

In selecting the subject for presentation, regard should be had to the limitation in stage effects, costumes, and number of participants. An outdoor setting makes possible broad treatment and calls for grand effects and, as a rule, many actors. On the other hand Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs was played with nine characters, and the stage and furnishings were exceedingly simple. Where a pageant is given indoors, much may be made of lighting effects and of music. Decoration can be used to advantage to strengthen the impression. Dialogue is also possible to a greater extent than in the case of an open-air spectacle.

In securing unity of action and idea, a prologue given at the beginning of the performance and with introductions for each scene and an epilogue to complete the whole is invaluable. This well may be written after the entire performance is mapped out and the particular scenes selected.

ORGANIZATION OF A PAGEANT

Whether the pageant is to be given by a community or institution, the work of proper organization of forces is essential to success. Interest must be aroused and enthusiasm secured to induce people to lend their personal assistance. Ordinarily a city historical procession is managed by a committee of artists, scholars, musicians, military and business men. They in turn make their appeal to fraternal organizations, schools, clubs, and different nationalities, and lead them to volunteer for service. Then assignments are made to each float or marching company, and the details of music and color decided. Expenses may be met by popular subscription if the entertainment is to be public, or, with energetic management, admission fees may amount to a sum running into the tens of thousands of dollars.

Prizes for the best float or cavalcade or scene are another means of stimulating interest on the part of volunteers and of the public. The newspapers should be enlisted, as their items constitute the most valuable and the cheapest advertisement. Effective aid can also be rendered by the public library and museums, by putting on exhibition books, pictures, and articles illustrative of the period of the spectacle. Another device is to secure the patronage and attendance of persons prominent in social, political, and literary circles.

When the affair is well under way, it will be found of great value to place the general oversight in the hands of a small executive committee. Usually one person of this committee will be intrusted with general control. Special study should be made of costumes, heraldry, and all the features that make the spectacle real in detail and so of highest educational value. The harmony of color and the arrangement of the several sections of the parade, so as to produce a cumulative effect, and the selection of the line of march, all call for expert treatment. Music should be provided in abundance, as it heightens the impression, stirs the emotions, and promotes a festal spirit. Civic pride should be aroused that buildings, public and private, and business blocks may be decorated with banners, bunting, and with various insignia that befit the occasion. Then if the city possess chimes of bells, those should make the air vibrant and reach the spirit by their melody.

Proper policing and protection of the route of march is another feature calling for close attention in American cities with their traffic of street cars and other vehicles. The continuity of a parade and the comfort and convenience of spectators are sure to suffer if the power of the municipality is not exerted in a way to preserve clear passage

for the pageant. One who has seen how London police control absolutely all the movement of cabs, omnibuses, trucks, and horsemen on a given thoroughfare, for example, when royalty is passing, will appreciate both the possibility and value of such a safeguarding of public ways on festival occasions. When children take part, especially if any are on foot, the length of the route should be kept within a mile and a half. By selecting streets with a view to the number of spectators who can use sidewalks and buildings, there will be in this distance ample opportunity for all who wish to see the procession.

When the pageant is presented in an open-air theater, fully as careful organization is needed. Committees on selecting and preparing the stage, on the accommodation of spectators, on street-car service, on provision for automobiles, on fire protection, and on scenic and lighting effects are especially important. While the chief parts may be taken by professional actors, as the Coburn Players, who appeared at Gloucester, there must be organized effort to secure volunteers from the community. Such an undertaking calls for tact, energy, enthusiasm, and a thorough knowledge of the people of the city or town. Generalship is also necessary to see that all the elements of the performance work together and that there are not the tedious delays which so quickly exhaust the patience of a gathering of people and seriously injure the effect of any performance, no matter how good in itself. An American community, once fully aroused to such an undertaking, will find talent capable of handling all phases of the undertaking, and while there may be lacking a certain finish and perfection, the spontaneity of effort and the enthusiasm of the performers make up fully for defects in other respects.

In fact, it is generally recognized that in pageantry a large amateur element is often essential to the best success.

An evidence of this is found in the experience of schools and colleges with this form of entertainment. The academic environment seems particularly favorable, and the results of pageantry have a direct bearing on the work of instruction. History, literature, classics, science, music, art, all find a field in expressing critical and important phases of development in this realistic fashion. The training in coöperative effort may be made to reach all the members of the institution, and every phase of educational activity may be called upon to render some service. When such an undertaking is once carried through, there remains a spirit of unity, which is the greatest strength of any institution. While the pageant or out-of-door play is often performed by some special organization or by a certain group of students, much more valuable results may be had when there is a general participation and by a large number of people. It is well also to select a theme that may be treated broadly and given a relation to several departments of the work of the school.

With the scenes mapped out, the first step in organization is the selection of the players. The scenes may be divided among the several departments, according to the nature of each setting, and the work of deciding on the personnel left to the leaders of each department. Some conference at this stage may be necessary when the same pupil is sought by two leaders for different scenes. A certain amount of duplication is desirable, as thereby a saving in expense of costumes is secured, and the persons who are adept at acting may be used to fullest advantage. On the other hand, care should be taken not to tax too heavily

any one pupil. So with the stage setting for the several parts, the same arrangement, background, and furnishings may be made with but slight variations to do service two or three times, with a resultant in the saving of money and gain of time in shifting scenes, the latter an element of no small importance in the success of such an entertainment.

When each department has been assigned its scene, the regular class work in history, science, language, art, and even mathematics may be greatly increased in interest by devoting a certain amount of time to a careful, detailed study of the manners, customs, and usages of the time to be presented. The personal appearance and dress of the principal historical characters should also be made the subject of research. Such an intimate view of an epoch brings in an element of reality and at the same time makes a powerful appeal to the constructive imagination. Legends and traditions which have become incorporated in good literature may be used with fine effect as the framework on which scenes may be constructed. The crude inventions and steps taken in the conquest of natural forces will furnish suggestions for the features to be presented by the classes in science.

Thought and attention may well be given to the general decoration of the hall, and this responsibility left with the department of art. Banners and national colors with heraldic designs and coats of arms of nations, royal families, and nobles may be reproduced on inexpensive material and put in position at points of vantage. Another device is to make of richly illuminated letters names of noted families or individuals who figured largely in the time presented, and then to place these in horizontal and vertical rows about the hall, as its general design will permit. De-

signs and letters should be of the style in vogue with the people and period depicted. A skillful application of such principles will give the auditorium a quality that will prepare the mind of the audience for the unfolding of the theme of the pageant and beget a mood of sympathy with the actors in their presentation of the separate scenes. A like service may be rendered by the department of music in deciding on selections to be used with particular phases of the play. Pupils who are capable players may be grouped in an orchestra, or as individuals, render solos on violin, 'cello, flute, cornet, trumpet, or piano as the occasion requires. The glee club and chorus will find ample opportunity to enrich the pageant by acting as leaders in the processional, by singing such selections as may be given in the individual scenes, and by giving substantial support in national anthems in which the audience may be asked to join.

The manual training department may do much in the way of making stage fittings, and in devising and constructing various properties in wood and metal. Domestic science pupils may put into practice their knowledge of dressmaking and skill in working in textiles. Costumes may be designed and stage draperies prepared in this department of the school. Pupils who are engaged in business courses may be assigned duties in printing tickets, and supervising their sale by subscription and at the door. A careful account should be kept of all expenditures and receipts and a statement drawn up in regular business form for presentation to the school. Typewriters may render assistance by making copies of parts of the pageant, the words of the prologue, the dialogues, speeches, and songs, and duplicating stage directions. The physical director

for boys and girls can give expert assistance in drilling for dances and figure marching, features which add variety and action to the spectacle. Stereopticon and other lighting effects may be put in care of the classes in electricity. And so practically every member of even a large school may be enlisted in this coöperative enterprise, and such action and interest in a common cause constitutes one of the highest values of such an undertaking.

As the preparations advance and rehearsals are under way, there will be increasing need of a tactful and, at times, forceful control by some central authority, the principal or a small executive committee. Conflicts of interest must be adjusted, ordering of scenes at times altered, selection made of the reader of the prologue, unity of effect secured in music and decorations, plans made for costuming, safeguards taken against fire, and above all else, actors, stage carpenters, and scene shifters drilled so that the performance may pass off smoothly and within a reasonable time limit. Proper attention must be paid to alternation in the nature of the scenes, so that there may be pleasing variety and the entire evening lead up to a fitting climax.

With such plans carefully matured, very few general rehearsals will put the pageant in shape for a successful rendering. Unlike a play, each scene in a pageant is a unit in itself, and the participants, once practiced in their particular duties, easily learn how to take their place in the general scheme. Only the general director must insist that each one in charge of a scene shall be in readiness for his part when it comes. It will be found that care in placing the dressing rooms for each group, so that those who come on first are nearest the stage, and the knowledge of the general manager as to where each section is, are

factors of great help in insuring an orderly and prompt presentation. The processional must also be kept in mind, and several divisions of that placed at the outset where the line of march may be quickly formed.

On the day of the performance, a sufficient staff of scene shifters, doorkeeper, and general aids must be on hand and drilled for their duties. One method, which has value, is to use some of the actors in costume to tend the doors and take tickets. As the people enter, they are thus inducted into the spirit of the occasion. This effect will be heightened by the flitting glimpses of strangely arrayed boys and girls who are running about seeking their places in the line for the processional. The audience may be also entertained by the decorations and by programs of special design. Another device is the sale of articles by girls of the senior class, dressed in costumes befitting the scenes presented in the pageant. In fact, the school building may be totally transformed in its effect, and the audience transported in imagination to the days of Rome, Greece, Saxon England, or Colonial America.

Much depends on the lighting of the stage and hall. Variations from dimmed lamps to highest brilliancy serve to bring out contrasts and intensify the impression. Often it may be desirable to increase or diminish the light during a given scene, and to accomplish this successfully, some one well acquainted with electric switches should be put in charge of this feature with exact instructions. When the hall and stage are lighted with gas or oil lamps, the range of change is limited. A calcium lantern is a valuable adjunct in this case, and an operator who understands the use of the spot lights of the theater may bring out many features of stage setting and the colors of costumes in a

way to delight the audience. Particularly at the time of the processional such aids are of great importance.

Underlying this scheme of organization are two principles: one, that the pageant should be as effective as possible in itself and that it should reproduce as far as may be the exact conditions of the period represented; the other principle is to show by the entertainment the resources and departments of the modern high school or college. The old-time school exhibition is no longer in vogue and is, in fact, difficult to present in a large city. But as has been shown in this plan of organization, literature, history, in short, all the academic studies of the course, may be drawn upon for material, and the rendition of parts by the pupils will increase their appreciation of the work done in the class room. The departments of music, both vocal and instrumental, and those which have to do with the practical subjects of health, domestic science, and shop work can all contribute to the success of the pageant, while the teachers in art may make their advice and influence give quality to the entire performance.

It goes without saying that such an enterprise involves work, care, and thought. There is also, always, the risk of some failure. But teachers and pupils alike will find an abounding satisfaction and joy in the endeavor, and discover a comradeship and common interest the surest basis for an efficient school.

While some variations are desirable in different pageants, in the main, the several features and their order may be considered as established. No better appeal to the imagination of the spectators and no surer way of inducing a receptive mental attitude can be found than by

opening the entertainment by a processional of all or the greater part of the actors. It is assumed that a large number take part in the performance. Careful consideration should be taken as to the route of this processional. An especially effective presentation is where the line of march is through gallery or corridor which both reveals and conceals and so whets the curiosity. Where the hall does not permit of such an arrangement, the procession may pass down an aisle and then move across or in front of the stage. As a warning and announcement to the audience, a herald, costumed as befits the pageant represented, sounds a summons on a trumpet, while at some point of vantage in the hall strains of distant music, which grow louder and louder, prepare the spectators for the entry of the procession on the scene. The actors may be grouped in the order in which they are to appear in the pageant. Such an arrangement is of special advantage where the younger actors may be in advance, or where the theme is historical and deals with the development of a people. But regard must be had to the scenic effects of the colors and pattern of the costumes in an effective grouping. As the procession draws near the entrance to the hall, the performers should sing selections befitting the subjects represented. An Elizabethan pageant would naturally use old English glees and ballads set to the music of the time. There is a wealth of such material available in the folk songs and national lyrics of all peoples, and the quality of antiquity and quaintness of words and tune give a notable charm. The singing should come to a climax as the line of march enters the audience room, and then, as the actors disappear, should die away in the distance, after the effect of a recessional in a church service.

The hall should be dimly lighted and arrangements made for bringing out, through calcium or electric lantern, the picturesque colors and costumes of the actors, and as the procession withdraws the full power of the lights in the main room should be put on. It goes without saying, that electric lamps make such adjustments easily possible.

The value of the processional consists in the impression it gives of life and beauty and the mass effect of actors, costumes, music, singing, and onward motion. Interest in individual actors also appeals to the audience and stimulates interest in the play. A practical advantage is that time is given for arranging the setting of the first scene, particularly if the actors in that are at the head of the procession.

When the performance is given outdoors, much may be made of screens of trees, rocks, and open vistas, to hide the procession from sight and then to permit a full view of it, as it defiles and advances. A great range of effects in vocal and instrumental music is possible under such conditions, and the force of suggestion may be made a powerful agent.

THE TEXT OF A PAGEANT

There are two types of pageantry now in vogue: one with a stationary background, with processionals, dances, and songs interwoven with a series of dramatic episodes, or miniature one-act plays, and the other with a moving background, floats, tableaux, street dances, long processions, and an absence of dialogue. The first is known as the English type of pageant, because the great Warwick, York, Sherburne, and Bath pageants have adopted this model. The other type has been used with distinction in America and on the continent, notably in Philadelphia and at Bruges, France. In many cases the two types have been combined with varying success. With the amateur, the latter form has become popular because the text of the episodes seems to him to offer insurmountable difficulties. This chapter aims to give suggestions for writing both texts and prologues for local pageants.

Not every episode will demand a text. Certain scenes lend themselves admirably to pantomime. Silence alone has dramatic atmosphere. It suggests mystery or secrecy. It may, in its varying character, reach the climax of either

tragedy or comedy. The very speechlessness of the actors, so far from being forgotten, is kept in mind by the spectators as a distinct dramatic impression. For instance, the illustration of Hawthorne's story of Old Esther Dudley summoning the ghosts of bygone guests to a midnight revelry at the Province House, a scene illustrating a midnight escape of runaway slaves by the "Underground Railway," a meeting in the dark of Guy Fawkes and his conspirators, a Quaker church service, or any episode introducing dwarfs or fairies, — such as these might be marred by the spoken word. Pantomime, not dialogue, is their medium. But these forms of drama are relatively rare, and in the majority of other kinds the speechlessness of a cast will convey an impression subtly foreign to the tone of the scene. A representation of the Peasants' Revolt, a mob, a call to arms, given by action alone, would not and could not convey that impression of deep-voiced, outspoken rage that is the predominant motive in the movement. A festivity represented in pantomimic silence is unconvincing, unless it is designedly humorous. Hence we find that certain scenes in every pageant should be miniature plays, to give variety to the program, to fitly illustrate certain situations, and to enlarge the scope of the presentation.

Intrust the writing of the scenes to one person, if possible, and, it goes without saying, select the one most fitted. A person with a talent for writing is desirable, but one with a taste for writing is indispensable. At least one coöperator of the latter variety is to be found in every group of twenty-five people. To begin with a survey, first plan the scope of your entertainment, the area of country, the centuries or portion of a century, or the number of persons and events illustrative of your subject. Do not

hurry about this selection of episodes. Research is more fruitful here than anywhere. Then detail your scenes, and when they are outlined, assign the preparation of them, apart from the dialogue, to different individuals, if it be possible, to insure the greater variety. Whether the incidents are taken from town, nation, or individual, get all the information concerning them that the united libraries of your town can afford. In sixty cases out of a hundred there will be some bit of dialogue, more or less authentic, some court or state proceeding that will give the kernel of a dramatic incident. If all these fail, consult any fiction whose background coincides with the subject, — historical novels, plays, short stories, or reminiscences. Imaginative biographies will be found suggestive; personal correspondence may give you valuable hints. Rarely, however, can anything found herein be used *in toto*. A few salient phrases, an epigrammatic retort, a world-famous message, — any of these may be taken for the core, — led up to clearly and swiftly, and the curtain dropped in a burst of enthusiasm. The witchcraft scene found in the Colonial Pageant given in this book is largely a patchwork of actual court testimony taken from the Salem records. Much of the Roman pageant will be recognized as time-worn anecdote, and John Balle's own words, as handed down by tradition, are incorporated in the dialogue of the Peasants' Revolt. Even if nothing is definitely made use of, the reader and student has secured that indefinable possession known as atmosphere, without which any pageant will fail of purpose. If, finally, you cannot find a single historic sentence to feature in your play, you will, nevertheless, have gained a correct contemporary diction which will prove wholly as valuable.

If the sources do fail to provide you with epigrams, they will not fail to provide you with plots. The English-speaking race is a vigorous and original one, and it has no annals devoid of imaginative detail. There is no town or locality where romance, drama, keen and characteristic incident, deep and tragic stories, material which any novelist or playwright would value, are not to be found. If they have not been discovered, the search and the searchers are at fault. There is no period in history that is not infinitely more richly equipped. There is no race, from Greece to America, which cannot furnish material for a thousand pageants, and no epoch, from that of Herodotus down to Cotton Mather, where some chronicler has not seized and preserved the dramatic aspects of races and nations.

Do not despise, while working up data, the village antiquarian. He may remember the detail which no history gives, and spot the anachronism that escaped the director. If he will come to the rehearsals and talk to the participants, he will give them more fire than they ever dreamed they possessed. He will remember old party songs, and catchwords, costumes, and ancient dances. The longer he talks, the richer grows his vein of memory. Even though he bore some of the actors with his droning reminiscence, he will enchant the others, and perchance he will conclude by producing suddenly, and with much pride, the fan that Lafayette gave his great grandmother, the costume that his long-dead ancestor danced in at the Province House, ancient china of pre-Revolutionary date, and real fashion plates of 1840. Such treasures lurk obscurely in every town. If the actors have recourse to the veritable furniture, costumes, and properties of the old days; if the scene is laid on the very spot of its ancient action,

think of the subtle aids to realism that these conditions afford. In English and American historical pageants, the descendants of the characters depicted have played the parts of their own ancestors, and thousands have employed the original sites in their traditional episodes. These various circumstances are often available, and the more these aids are brought into requisition, the greater the advantages of the pageant.

In one sense, every pageant is historical, whether it treats of science, of music, of art, of pedagogy, of individual biography, or symbolism. To present these ideas in dramatic form, precedent or logic will cause the manager to give them in their evolutionary order, and this is history. Novel and scarcely known matter has a value of its own in pageantry, but on the other hand, familiar incidents touch the thread of memory. The kindling of dormant ideas follows the familiar tale, and the memory of the audience rises to meet the reminiscence of the play. The best-known story will hold when it is enlivened with all the scenery, dialogues, dances, music, and costumes that the director's art affords. However, when it comes to a choice in selecting episodes from the history of your theme, and the hackneyed incident is matched with the obscure make your choice with regard to the dramatic possibilities of each, rather than importance as historic events.

A pageant episode should be designed to last from five to twenty minutes, but never much longer. Eight ten-minute scenes, arranged by an amateur, with the necessary time for shifting of backgrounds, will prolong the evening to the accepted two and a half or three hours. A pageant that lasts longer than this defeats its own purpose. The delay between the episodes should be used for entertain-

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THE MUSES INVOKING THE SPIRIT OF DREAMS, IN THE PETERBOROUGH PAGEANT

ments that do not require the whole of the stage. Typical dances, peasants' songs, minstrels, waits, folk songs, student songs of the Middle Ages, minuets danced to the music of a spinet, a carnival of Mardi gras, Lupercalian festivities, and Shrove-tide customs, all these furnish ideal settings for the intervening events. A long balcony at right angles with stage and connecting it with the rear of the hall was used for this purpose at the Springfield pageant in 1909. The hall was darkened and revellers of Mardi gras passed and repassed with dances, and French folk songs and the tossing of ribbons and confetti. These interludes demand very little floor space, and can be introduced almost anywhere and in any manner. There is no limit to the invention of revellers, and hence no restricting rules for their appearance. They may even dance in the aisles, and hawk programs, candy, and souvenirs, and sing behind the curtains, and drive the crew of King Momus through the hall, and have as many things going on at once as a three-ringed circus. There is no hall or pageant ground where something of the sort may not be presented. In any event, avoid the empty pause, because it permits the illusion to lapse, and the audience must be fired anew with each scene. This is disastrous to the actors, who feel an impassive reception acutely.

The extent of time portrayed may be limited only by the known facts in the history of the theme. I do not mean that you should begin, after the manner of the medieval pageants, with the creation, and move by easy stages, *via* the deluge, to modern times. Happily for the stage manager, our knowledge of American history does not commence until Leif Ericson appears. The date of the beginning, then, settles itself; it is yours to interpret the

movement of the centuries and determine the stopping places. If your local episodes have been coined by professionals already, it will be better to give scenes that have never been put into dramatic or literary currency before. Your pageant will be more purely your own and hence more dear. The local interest will be immeasurably keener, and the carping critic, if he exists, will have less to say.

Let the wording be simple and terse. Do not strain for dramatic effect in your speeches. If the incident and the action are vigorous, the simpler the speech, the more moving it is. Drama is essentially elemental, and refinements of phrasing, unless done by a master, lose effect in crossing the footlights. The amateur playwright is safer with simple words. It is not meant by this to avoid picturesque words, but to choose words of common, *spoken* usage, homely similes, vernacular retorts, and vigorous, not sentimental, appeals to the emotion. Although customs have changed, human nature has not, and the feelings of to-day are identical with those of a thousand years ago. The Greek tragedy may not represent mixed motives, but mingled emotions, cross purposes, and confusion of aims existed in ancient Greece, nevertheless. Remember, also, to motivate your incident sufficiently on the stage. Do not trust to your hearer's general knowledge to supply what goes before and after, not even if you are dealing with the Declaration of Independence. He may know it well enough, but your province is not so much to instruct as to create an illusion. It is not safe to expect the imagination of the audience to do this. If the far-reaching causes of the crisis are too remote to give in action, put them in the mouth of your speakers as reminiscence. Take time and

pains in the approach to the climax, but drop the curtain as soon as possible afterwards. A long trail of results weakens the tragedy or the triumph. If you leave the audience so breathless that a minute's pause ensues before the applause bursts forth, success is achieved.

Very soon after the pageant is begun, there will come the question how far historical accuracy should extend. In regard to scenery, costumes, and the elimination of anachronisms, the enthusiastic pageant master should be limited only by sheer impossibilities. In regard to the text, however, there is a new difficulty. Where fable ends and history begins is still being discussed. Some historians give credence to many tales, while others discard them all. Nearly every picturesque incident, every death-bed epigram, every touch of romance, has been stripped, and not improbably with justice, from our list of historical certainties. If all the tales that have gathered round any pageant theme are to be subjected to the searching light of proved existence, dramatic loss will result. On the other hand, if credence is publicly given to a tale which the ages have artistically added to the bare fact, the pageant is laid open to the charge of being unscholarly. In this dilemma, Mr. Louis N. Parker may be taken as exemplar. He does not discard the legend when it lends itself to the beauty of his stage. Moreover, many a fiction contains the very quintessence of the spirit of the times, while the established fact is too dull to reach across the footlights. The question resolves itself into a choice between parable and axiom, between story and moral, between fact and fancy. Let us, then, take our fable where we find it, knowing that if it is not history, it is, at least, history's apotheosis.

The use of a prologue is certainly to be recommended,

and narrative choruses to introduce the episodes. There is no arbitrary rule for these. The Shakespearean chorus is blank verse, but the eighteenth century and the early nineteenth employed the rhymed iambic pentameter. The Greek chorus was in the inimitable strophe and antistrophe. For a model of beauty combined with conventionality, the prologues which Longfellow wrote for his New England tragedies easily take precedence. The beautiful and melodic verses in Mr. Parker's pageants were written, some by himself, some by Mr. James Rhodes, in many different varieties of metrical and stanzaic arrangement. The latter form cannot be recommended too strongly, if the verse maker has a taste for his work. It adapts the measure to the subject, it conveys the tone of the setting, and it saves a series of verses from becoming monotonous. While the heroic couplet or dactylic hexameter are suited to the opening chant, the intermediate choruses may be adapted to the scene they introduce. The amateur writer of prologues often chooses blank verse, because he deludes himself into thinking that it will not demand so great skill. This is a fallacy, for blank verse, from its nature, demands more beauty and distinction of phrasing. Rhyme, on the other hand, will sometimes blind the audience to a dull and common-place couplet, besides marking the line endings. A poor prologue sometimes recites blank verse with so absolute a disregard of the rhythm that none of his hearers suspects him of speaking aught but prose.

The function of these verses is to introduce the theme to the audience, to strike the note of the plays, to give the purpose of their presentation, and possibly to apologize, or ask the patience of the audience. This last function is a time-honored one, but as out of date as the mock humility

which it voices. There are precedents for having the prologue represent an inspirational deity, of a symbolic personification closely connected with the theme. As an example, the presiding muse, where any of the arts are featured, the druidic priest in an English pageant, the fairy in Celtic scenes, the magician to introduce the Middle Ages, or the Goddess of Liberty, or Columbia in an American pageant. These failing, the conventional prologue may wear the academic cap and gown, or the Greek or Roman drapery. The man or woman chosen to read the lines should possess height, beauty, a full-toned voice, and an ear for reading verse. To hold his audience without the aids of scenery or incident will require vigor and impressiveness. If the Greek plural chorus is used, great care must be taken to have the lines given distinctly. The make-up and bearing must be done so admirably that the dignity of the group will appear at once.

The introductory lines to each scene will give comparatively little trouble. They simply explain the episode in a few lines, and possibly point a moral, or punctuate the close with an epigram that clinches the scene. They may vary in length from eight to twenty lines; the shorter the better, since the reading of verse is not enlivening, and the pageant must not drag.

The epilogue offers more scope for poetic feeling than any other part. The going down of the curtain, the vanishing of the beauty of the scenes, the awakening of the dream, and the symbolism of the play are all poetic subjects. It will be found that any one who has conceived the rest of the pageant will have much to say here. Nevertheless, he must be brief, for the orchestra will be putting up their instruments and the audience thinking about the last car.

For the unity of the pageant, it is best to have all the verses done by one person. They are to unify a possibly inchoate mass of incident, and different hands might be noticeable. Gaps in time and theme must be bridged and the interrelation closely shown. The recurrent idea is to be echoed and the audience feel that all the episodes are strung on one thread. It should be said again in closing, that this work may be intrusted best to a person with a taste for rhyming and a rhythmic ear. Real poetic skill and feeling are greatly to be desired, but they are not absolutely indispensable to an amateur performance. There is always the beguiling possibility of discovering hitherto unsuspected talent. To bring out this is one of the aims of our pageant.

STAGING A PAGEANT

The first preliminary in staging a play is to secure the most dependable and energetic man obtainable to take charge of the properties. His first duty is to select and secure his committee. Persons of large acquaintance, and with courage to ask everything of everybody, are the kind you want. Then give the property man a copy of the play and a typewritten list of all necessary properties, except costumes. This list should be divided into as many scenes and acts as the play has, and the properties, furniture, and scenery for that episode designated. Catalogue every possession as soon as it arrives, and add to its identification the name of the donor, its storage place during the interims of rehearsals, and particulars in regard to its return, whether owners will call for it, or the expressage company, and whether or no the charges will be prepaid. Prepay everything unless the donors offer to assume responsibilities. In case of duplicates, such as chairs, weapons, china, and

silverware, write the name of the owner and paste it on the bottom of your china and your furniture, and mark silverware by tying fine threads of gray, white, or blue around each separate set. Organize your storage rooms early, and have all the properties of a single scene in one room from the beginning. There should be no rehearsals without the properties or their equivalent. If the guns cannot be obtained until the last minute, rehearse with umbrellas or canes. Anything to make the "business" natural and spontaneous.

As early as possible give the property man the dates and hours of the rehearsals, and the scenes to be gone over each time. Then it is his business to have the stage and the furnishings in readiness. If these rehearsals are held in different places, let him be there to arrange such substitute furniture as is available, in the proper manner. The property man, or a reliable representative, should be at every rehearsal, but after the stage is properly prepared, he need not remain until the last week; then the property man and the scene shifters should be on hand throughout every rehearsal.

Begin acquiring your properties early. There will be enough left to do during the last week to occupy all the time you can spare. In adapting an uncurtained hall for a pageant, secure a curtain first. This can be made for the occasion of denim or canton flannel and strung on wires. If no kind of a curtain is found practicable, give up the hall and try another. Then have the platform built out to be as large as possible. Let fifteen feet in depth be the minimum and thirty feet the desirable maximum. This is for the simplest forms of drama. As they grow more elaborate, of course your floor space must be increased.

Curtain, if possible, the entire expanse. Where no scenery has hitherto been used, and there are no grooves for "sets," temporary backgrounds can be constructed on the plan of hinged screens, or flat pieces can be set up by means of props. These can be used without the driving of any nails into floor or woodwork, and the amateur carpenter can make them simply at the cost of the lumber. If these backgrounds are hinged, the back and the front can be papered differently, and the turning of them will serve for two episodes. Windows and doors can be inserted to fit the production. Wall papers come in so many thousands of varieties nowadays that tapestry, wainscoting, and even masonry can be imitated by a good selection of paper. Old and battered scenery can be repapered temporarily by means of thumb tacks, if the owners permit. Trellises of paper flowers can completely disguise a setting and make an exquisite background for a ballroom, and they can be so prepared as to be put up between scenes with very little delay. Then a complete change of rugs and hangings will further disguise your surroundings, so that no other alteration will be necessary.

Portières, curtains, draperies, furniture of every period, can be borrowed from the local dealers or from individuals. The dealers will usually deliver and call for their things from preference. If you are so obliged, be sure to give the dealer the courtesy of an acknowledgment in your program, whether or no he requests it, and also see that the daily papers are informed of his kindness. It is not only his due, but a courteous recognition on your part will make it easier for the next amateur stage manager.

The department store is, in fact, a mine of resources. Take, for instance, the bells, that at least every other play

demands. Doorbells of the right variety simulate a telephone. The chimes which come in the form of long pipes of brass make beautiful and melodic bells for the distant church, or town clock, or household chimes or grandfather's clock, if they are used off the stage, as bells usually are. Let the prompter have charge of them, to insure the ringing at the proper moment. Much furniture of medieval pattern is fashionable to-day, and a careful selection will give the medieval atmosphere. The curule chair, for instance, is easily to be secured, and tiger skins are still to be found in old houses. Antlers, bearskins, and buffalo robes, a few curule chairs, a settle covered with skins, a coat of armor, obtainable at a costumer's, will give a satisfactory impression of the period from 1100 to 1400. Remember that windows, when there were any, were always latticed until well into modern times. Stained glass was popular throughout the Middle Ages, but only available to the very wealthy. The diamond panes and the stained glass can be admirably imitated by means of dull gray paper for the leadings and tissue paper in rich colors for the stained glass.

Colonial interiors offer less difficulty to us. Poor, indeed, is the town where no colonial settles, no warming pan, no spinning wheel, no crane, no iron kettles and pewter porringers, obtain. Where the originals are hopelessly remote, every furniture dealer has chairs, tables, settles, clocks, etc., made after colonial patterns. A plain gray interior will serve for a background, and a fireplace can be either borrowed or built. A crane can be made of wood and painted black, and the large round kettle can be found in some outlying farmhouse. Get your electrician to connect some electric bulbs with the back of the fireplace,

cover them with crumpled red tissue paper, and pile some charred logs about them, and turn on the light. The result will be surprisingly good, even at a short range. Then ornament your dresser with imitation willow ware and stand a spinning wheel in the corner. Crookneck squashes and sheaves of dried corn may hang from the walls. The windows should be square and high up, with a swinging door and empty of glass. Where a stage is used fitted with scenery, a set may be turned inside out and the rough bare boards present an impression of frontier life. The unfinished side of scenery may also be used for a kitchen set. Occasionally sets of scenery may be borrowed from other theaters, but the cost of transportation is disproportionately large, and the scenery apt to fit the grooves badly or be either too high to set up or so low that the top shows.

In a city where there is a well-equipped theater, the management is often willing to rent or loan properties not easily obtainable elsewhere. If a spinning wheel is used, and there is no one in town who can show the cast how to spin, do not have one walk aimlessly back and forth winding imaginary thread from an imaginary bunch of flax. If your druggist cannot give you unspun flax, get oakum, pull it out till it is very fluffy, and twist it in a bunch such as is pictured in Puritan illustrations, and cram it on the distaff. Twist the thread from it and apparently connect it with the wheel, which should have a good stout cotton thread wound repeatedly around it and around the smaller wheel, much as the strap runs on a sewing machine. Then the spinner may walk back and forth apparently winding a newly spun thread upon a half-filled spindle and the uninitiated audience will never know. In the recent Ipswich

pageant the guns were cut from wood and stained to look like real guns. These did admirably for the throngs marching past, and the real guns were only used where shooting occurred.

If the stage floor is bare, cover it with a fine layer of sand for all scenes laid in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. Do not under any consideration use modern carpets or mattings. Rugs may be used in representing a very handsome interior of the end of the eighteenth. Better a bare wall and bare floors than a modern note in the furnishings. If the stage floor is already carpeted and the authorities will not let you take the covering up, sew a complete shield of dull gray or dull brown denim and tack it, tightly stretched, around the edges of the platform. This will be found smooth enough to permit even dancing.

Where a drop curtain for the back of the stage is needed to represent a garden or a wood or any outdoor scene, let it be as far in the rear of the stage as possible, and fill in the gaps with shrubbery. If such a drop is unobtainable, and the aperture through which the audience sees it is not too broad, a background of pale blue alone will suffice, if the shrubbery is crowded in heavily enough. Have some regard for the rules of nature when you are getting your shrubbery and do not put the tropic rubber plant alongside the northern pine. Small cedars and pine boughs may be placed on wooden standards and arranged at convenience. If they are carefully fixed, they will look well for a month. Be sure the standards are firm and sufficiently large, in order that the climax may not be delayed while the hero adjusts a toppling pine. Disguise the standards, after painting them green, with evergreen

vines or twigs. Some large tree trunks lopped off will serve for seats, and rustic benches are easily obtained.

Certain directors of historical plays have a costume of the period which they are presenting for their own wear during the final performance. This enables them, in case of emergencies, to step boldly on to the stage or the greensward to readjust matters. Their presence seems to the audience merely as another actor taking a proper cue. Or they can be with the others during a mob scene or a group of villagers. In case of the sudden disability of any actor, they can generally be an impromptu understudy. Where there are a number of performances, the director should take the opportunity to mingle with the audience at least once during the series to get the effect from the front and with a full house, which is quite different from a quiet and empty floor space of a rehearsal.

The same rules that apply to the property man apply to the mistress of the robes. She should also catalogue every garment that sees the footlights, whether it belongs personally to the participant or not. Describe it briefly in regard to color, size, and condition, and add the name of the owner and the number of the trunk or chest that contains it and particulars for its return. Have one dress rehearsal very early in the series, to decide about the colors and modes. Then there need not be another till within a few days of the occasion. Make an arrangement of the dressing rooms, and allot the actors to them, so you may have the costumes ready in each dressing room a day or two beforehand if possible. Have also a generous supply of needles, thimbles, threads of different colors, and several pairs of scissors, extra belts and collars, hairpins, curling tongs, and so forth. Each room should also have

an assistant to serve as maid to the actors. Arrange for the make-up man at least a couple of hours before the curtain is to rise, and emphasize to your cast the length of time that a number of make-ups takes, in order to get them there on time.

The morning after the final and successful production, every one else may lie back upon his laurels except the property man and the mistress of the robes. They must be at the scene of the play as early as possible in the morning to see that the furniture goes off properly covered and directed, and in the hands of the right express company. The borrowed rugs are to be tied up and directed, the bric-a-brac rescued from the janitor, the hall opened for donors to call for their belongings, some one to pick up and save for identification the lost possessions, and other matters too numerous to catalogue. As soon as each item departs, *via* express, messenger, or owner, cross it off your list, and do not leave the spot until everything is accounted for. It will save not only trouble, but in nearly every case, the losing of valuables will be prevented.

The mistress of the robes must first see that the discarded costumes are in as good condition as when they were received. They will vary. Some may be returned at once, but others will need to be brushed and pressed, and nearly all the white goods will need to be laundered. Even if the costumes are the property of the association giving the play, if they are put away in proper condition, it will add to their length of life. The other garments may best be returned by the assistants of the wardrobe mistress. A half-dozen persons can be secured to be on hand with suitcases and return the suits and dresses personally. It will save expressage and packing and a day

or two in the delivering. If any alterations have been made in a gown which the lender is in the habit of wearing herself, they should be ripped out and the dress readjusted to its owner. When the last parcel departs, and a final inspection is made of the hall and dressing rooms, and nothing remains to dispose of, the director and his lieutenants may go to share the triumphs of the others.

THE COSTUMING OF A PAGEANT

More depends for the illusion upon the dress of the actors in a pageant than upon any other one detail. Scenery may be very inadequate, lines may be trite, action may be awkward, and a charitable audience will condone, but awkward and inartistic garb takes all the exterior beauty from the production. Therefore it would seem that the chiefest energies of the stage manager be directed toward the costume. The first to be settled is the color scheme of each group. In every one, some character should wear a striking color. Gray and brown are to be avoided on general principles, and black discarded for its depressing influence upon an audience. Reds, blues, and greens, in their various shades, take the light well and group to advantage, but two shades of the same color are apt to be difficult to group. Where reds predominate, introduce a brown; gray gives an excellent contrast to both blue and green, while for the completion of a suit of tin armor only gray is possible, and brass is improved by brown. The same shade will appear differently in the three textures, silk, cotton, and wool. Silk will reflect and look more brilliant, wool will soften, and cotton absorb the light. All reds darken by artificial illumination, and shades of rose and purple look tan and

brown, yellow and pink become almost interchangeable, and certain pale blues and delicate greens give wholly unexpected effects. These facts must be borne in mind in determining the colors, and all the gowns grouped by artificial light early in the undertaking. The costumes need not be worn then, but merely laid together. Even with this do not make the common error of having the only dress rehearsal by daylight. Professional stage directors recommend silk for the making of old and tattered clothing. Woolens and cotton look their best in the evening, and only silk gives the effect of rags and tatters.

Other than this, the texture of the goods is a minor matter, and offers opportunity for economy. Woolen goods are best represented by canton flannel, cottons by cheesecloth, silks by mercerized percalines, nearsilk, and like imitations. The cheapest of velveteens and cotton-backed satins will make exceedingly beautiful stage costumes, and they will be in better condition than if they were hired. In dresses and suits obtained at the costumer's, the general effect is often impaired by the slovenly condition of the garments. It is a fallacy to suppose that on a well-lighted stage, distance and electricity conceal stains effectually, and dirt and wrinkles are also imperceptible. In a daylight performance, these defects are ruinous; in an evening presentation, they are, to say the least, undesirable. So, in employing second-hand attire, look first to the fit and hanging of the garment, and then see that it is thoroughly cleansed and pressed. In women's clothing, take particular care in inspecting the length of the skirt, for the smallest defect is startling in its conspicuousness.

In the costuming of a cast whereof the number may easily run into the hundreds, any wholesale hiring of the

costumes would eat up all the profits, if it did not result in a deficit. Therefore as many as possible of the garments should be made for the occasion by the participants themselves. If the material is of the cheapest, and the participant stands the expense, of course possessing the garment after the play is done, the largest item of expense will be reduced to a minimum. The necessary study and research for the planning and execution of an historically accurate garment is of value to the actor and adds to the living information of the entire pageant. The labor aids the actor to feel the spirit of the times he represents, and hence more akin to the character he personifies.

In designing the costume, best results may be obtained by copying contemporary portraits or illustrations that are by artists of the period depicted. From these indisputable accuracy is obtained, while all artists are not impeccable when it comes to anachronisms. In aiming for beauty, they unconsciously vary slightly from the original, and the amateur costumer, copying with the utmost care, will again vary from the picture. On the other hand, the skilled artist of modern times reproduces the effect of the age, even if the detail is slightly varied, and makes a miracle of grace out of a clumsy fashion. The key to success will be found in studying both ancient and modern illustrator, one for accuracy, the other for beauty. The catalogues of the Copley Prints and the Perry Pictures abound in tiny reproductions of famous historical paintings. These catalogues are sold for a small sum and furnish a variety of studies of different periods. In copying medieval costumes, study the Holy Grail paintings by Edwin A. Abbey; for the drapery of symbolic figures, you will find no more beautiful models than those of Edwin H. Blash-

field; for studies of Indian costumes and poses, no one is better than Frederic Remington, and G. H. Boughton's paintings of the Puritans are the accepted models. Many libraries have large collections of illustrations, which they permit to circulate. These may be secured and posted in conspicuous places where the actors and costumers have opportunity to study them. Books devoted to the costuming of different periods are manifold, and the majority of histories are illustrated with reproductions of contemporary drawings and modern illustrations. There is no period where the average town library cannot furnish adequate pictures for costuming.

There is, however, another source of information in regard to costumes that is greatly neglected, and this is the art museum. No picture can interpret Greek and Roman costume as well as the sculpture of that period. Here all views and aspects are open to inspection. Groups tell more explicitly about manners and customs than the printed page. The groups of Tanagra figurines representing all kinds of town and country activities are a good example of this. Their information is not limited to dress, but includes furniture, utensils, jewelry, etc. Most museums have collections of antique silver and dishes, tapestries, and chairs and tables to be studied, and often specimens of ancient wardrobes. They have been known to loan certain of their possessions for historical plays, but of course this may not be counted upon.

Many of the catalogues issued by makers of paper patterns have designs for colonial, Revolutionary, and cavalier costumes, designed for plays and fancy-dress parties. These are fairly accurate, and their use is to be recommended. There are, however, people in every school and association

who can copy a picture very acceptably, and, what is still better, help others to do the same. All the costumes used in Mr. Parker's English pageants have been designed and executed by the townspeople themselves. Women's costumes offer less difficulty than men's, but the Old South Historical Society of Boston have made many of their men's suits, and the Blue and White Society of Deerfield, Massachusetts, clothed most correctly and artistically the entire cast of Deerfield players for Mr. Will Hutchins's play, "Jeanne d'Arc at Vaucouleurs." Among the advantages of this method of securing costumes are the absence of additional expense for repeated performances, the minimum of expense for the first performance, and, when the cast donate their costumes, the acquisition of a permanent wardrobe for the use of the school or association giving the performance. Such a possession may be of unlimited use in all dramatic productions for years, may be rented or loaned entire to other schools and dramatic societies, and thus be a source of revenue, or, even better, an opportunity to encourage dramatic work among others.

Among the details which must be either bought outright or rented are wigs and beards, guns, swords, riding boots, leather jerkins, and armor. Another detail, wherein no expense should be spared, is the securing of the best make-up artist to be found. Arrange for him a room to himself and all the time that he wants. Have ready pictures of all the historical characters whom he is to copy, listed and labeled to prevent delay or mistake, and begin marshaling in the cast as soon as he arrives. In any event, do not permit a single member of the cast to appear before the footlights without paint and powder.

In regard to anachronisms too much care cannot be taken.

In this category are included things that are not really inaccurate in themselves, but that suggest modernity. For instance, fur capes have been worn the last thousand years, but when an old fur circular appeared in a historical play a year or two ago, although there was authority for its presence, and it as nearly approached the ancient as some of the specially designed garments, yet its familiar appearance made it suggest our own grandmammas and not Tudor England. Another recent error was the presence of modern mattings on the floor. Where the unquestionably accurate may not be obtained, it is better to do without entirely. The amateur may not claim to write perfect episodes, or prologues with genuine poetry in them, or act with skill and spontaneity, but with care and study, he may claim historical accuracy, and rest assured his claim is indisputable.

In selecting the persons of a cast, first taking into consideration their dramatic ability, choose them with an eye to the effect at a distance. Complexion is to be set at naught, because artificial cosmetics are all-sufficient. Delicacy of feature means just one thing, and that is, sheer ineffectiveness. Age is not all-important. A slightly faded woman with strong and well-cut features, if admirably made up, will surprise the audience into a start of admiration.

First and foremost, look for type. Study the difference between the Roman profile and the Saxon, the Celtic and the Teuton. Above all, do not be deceived by prettiness. Again and again, the inexperienced stage manager will star with complacency a plump, pretty, pink and white girl, who becomes, on the stage, nondescript in face, while her plumpness is foreshortened by the elevation of the platform into awkward stoutness. Take a few days to watch the cast at a distance, on the street, at the length of

the hall, and both unsuspected beauties and defects will appear. Grace of bearing is the quality to be desired, and proportion in features or in figure puts the details of beauty completely in the shade. A fine complexion goes halfway toward making a beauty, and for once, this complexion is yours to bestow. Again it is repeated that every actor on the stage should be made up, even to the last supernumerary. No natural radiance of coloring will be found to have any beauty or finish beside the artificial aids when under gaslight or electricity.

Another point to be remembered is the grouping relative to height. A large woman and a very small woman should not appear on the stage simultaneously. Size, however, is relative, and the actors on a stage appear larger than they are, partly from the effect of the background and partly from being raised above the level of the audience. In placing actors for a procession, graduate them from the short to the tall, and the difference will be less perceptible than the reverse. As a rule, tragic figures should be tall and comic ones short. A tall woman should not play opposite to a short man. An undersized adult often will be more successful in playing a child's part than an actor of the age represented. There are many exceptions to this rule.

The Roman costume is probably the easiest to make of any period. The descriptions of the different robes in "The Private Life of the Romans," by Preston and Dodge, are extremely clear and detailed. Cheesecloth is inexpensive, especially at wholesale, and drapes beautifully. Colored borders of the same material add to the effect and outline the folds of the toga. In presenting a multitude, especially where many of the cast occupy the back-

ground and move about but little, the figures in the rear may be draped in sheets to represent the toga. The colors in use were few and easily obtained. White was the prevailing tone for all occasions and all ranks of society. Unless other colors are designated, it is safe to assume that white is intended. The most common material for all classes was wool. Linen came next, cottons were comparatively rare, and silks came into use during the Empire for the wealthiest of the Romans. For stage purposes, it will be easiest, and quite as effective, to use cheesecloth and Danish cloth. The colors in use were brown, black, gray, red, blue, and purple. The Tyrian purple is not in the market now and cannot be imitated. It was a miracle of dyeing that gave the effect of black shading into the deepest, richest crimson. The purple worn by conquerors later in the history of the nation was the present royal purple. As the imperial age drew near, the colors became more delicate and elaborate. We find Ovid recommending for a lady of rank pale sky blue, rose pink, faint amethyst, myrtle green, and acorn brown. A man of patrician rank had a narrow stripe of purple down the front of his tunic; an augur wore striped purple and scarlet; a curule magistrate had a narrow stripe of purple around the bottom of his toga; and a conqueror wore pure purple alone, and in common with certain emperors, purple with gold borders or embroideries. Happily for the costumers, they wore headgear so rarely that it may be omitted entirely from stage depictions. Sandals are very simple of manufacture. The woolen soles manufactured for the making of worsted slippers may be taken for the foundation, and the ribbons attached in any of the dozen ways which may be found pictured and wound about the ankle. The less the ribbon

is crossed and wound, the better, because the lines are apt to make foot and ankle look clumsy.

Medieval dress varied greatly from the simplicity of the days of Charlemagne, when the modified Roman dress was worn, to the elaborate attire of the early Tudor days. The only way to be accurate is to consult illustrated books on social customs. "Social England," by Traill, is profusely illustrated with contemporary pictures of every period. The illustrated edition of Green's "History of the English People" and "Manners, Customs, and Dress," by Paul Lacroix, are satisfactory sources. There are a thousand others, but they must be used with care. Not only was each period of time characterized by its own costume, but Italy, France, Germany, and England followed styles of their own. The amateur must needs be superintended here, or it will be found that he regards a lapse of a hundred years or so as a negligible difference. On the other hand, no other period offers more in the way of color and picturesqueness. Even the veiled hennin is a thing of beauty when worn with the trailing robes of silk and velvet that accompany it. A group portrait of Henry IV and his Parliament shows a great variety of color schemes. Briefly itemized, we find a black skull cap with a blue gown, a red gown with a slate-colored hood, lilac gown under a black robe and surmounted by a deep pink hood, a bright apple-green gown with pink sleeves, a blue robe with gold-embroidered sleeve with undersleeves of crimson. The remainder show that purple, mauve, scarlet, blue, and bottle green were equally popular. Plumes of all colors were worn as headdresses by men of rank.

The deepest mourning costumes were made of white, with black velvet to denote a slightly assuaged grief.

Hence, white was never used for wedding gowns, but only the colors, blue, red, and gold, made with a magnificence only limited by the wearer's purse. Embroidery was a requisite for any handsome costume, and embroidery in gold and silver at that. For our purposes any strips of figured damask or machine-made embroidery will suffice. For an example of the wonderful contrasts that exemplified the height of fashion, the following item from the "Lisle Papers" (1536) is quoted: "Robert Whethell brags freshly in the Court in a coat of crimson taffeta, cut, and lined with yellow sarcenet, a shirt wrought with gold, his hosen scarlet, the britches crimson velvet cut and edged, and lined with yellow sarcenet; his shoes crimson velvet, and likewise his sword-girdle and scabbard, a cloak of red frisado, a scarlet cap with feathers red and yellow. He hath many lookers on."

So much for the colors. The materials were wool and linen at first. Cotton and muslin were probably used in the thirteenth century, and then their different forms came readily into use, and lawn, buckram, holland, and mull are mentioned in diaries and wills. Silk was in use throughout the period in the form of sarcenet (probably closely resembling the ordinary soft taffetas of to-day), damasks, and samite, a form of satin. Shot silks were introduced into England about 1500. Cloth of gold was used early in the fifteenth century, but cloth of silver was confined to the Tudor period. The earliest furs in use were the skins of lambs and cats. Squirrel, minever, and martin were considered costly and fashionable. The minever or ermine has always denoted people of rank or importance. In the sixteenth century the wearing of fur became universal in the cold seasons, and even the laboring classes wore skins.

The minx, the wildcat, and the sable, and, curiously enough, lizard skins were worn by the upper classes.

The lapse of years between the garb of medieval times and the Puritan dress is not so great as the characteristics of both would seem to indicate. The Puritan was always subdued in appearance, but it is a fallacy to suppose he dressed only in gray, brown, and black. Herein is the Puritan confused with the Quaker, even as he was in his own times. He wore grays and browns largely, to be sure, but he also wore blues, greens, and dark reds. Now and then he was observed to have a weakness for scarlet. The sumptuary laws, so often referred to, were applied to income, not to religious rules of custom. The young lady in colonial Massachusetts who was summoned into court for wearing a satin hood was discharged as soon as she proved that her income permitted her to indulge in them. Even wigs were worn in the colony before the first hundred years had elapsed, and the Revolutionary costumes were elaborate in colors, modes, and materials.

The Puritan was easy to dress, it must be admitted. The cut of the women's costumes was very simple. A full skirt, a close-fitting waist with a small divided peplum, a white kerchief and cap, are all that is required. Low shoes with a long tongue, and possibly a silver buckle, shod both men and women. Full knee breeches, coat of the same material, or a leather jerkin served for the majority of the men. Their collars and cuffs were of bleached homespun. The Puritan sugar-loaf hat is easy to make out of heavy pasteboard covered with black canton flannel. Describe a circle about eighteen inches in diameter, and inside, with the same center, another about seven or eight inches in diameter. This, covered, is the brim. For the

crown, an arc of a circle, as long as the inside circle of the brim, makes the lower line of the crown, and a shorter arc, parallel to the first, makes the upper. Connect the arcs at their extremities, join like the frustum of a cone, attach to the brim, and cover and top with flannel. These may be made by the dozen and will serve for many performances. Knee buckles and shoe buckles may be made from sheet tin, which will be contributed by the local grocer from his shipping room. Sheet brass, such as is used for candle shades, makes more handsome ornaments, but more expensive. It will be found advantageous to have the Puritan hats, buckles, cuffs, collars, caps, and kerchiefs made either by the same persons, or a few working together. This will prevent too great variance in construction, and save the cost of material by its wholesale ordering.

Friendly Indians may have costumes made of leather or leather-colored canton flannel in the manner of long trousers and shirts adorned with cut leather in strips and beadwork, feathers, lines of paint, and fringe. Indian girls may wear short skirts and jackets similarly trimmed. These are supposed to have come somewhat under Saxon influence. If they are hostile and on the war path, nothing but brown fleshings, the loin cloth, and the war bonnet. Of course the more blue and yellow paint on the face, the better. Do not make the distressing error of sending them on hostile raids, with the blanket on their shoulders.

Coöperative dressmaking is most satisfactory. Let a single work-woman make all the Puritan cuffs and collars, for instance, and another take charge of the sugar-loaf hats. Providing tin buckles for the shoes may be assigned to another; coats, breeches, and the long Puritan capes should be made by the same hands. Given a paper pat-

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tern and rules, there is yet appalling possibilities of varying results. If the mistress of the robes organizes the dressmaking in a systematic way, there is more chance of having the costumes ready in time to permit plenty of dress rehearsals. To amateurs especially, the dress is sure to prove stimulating to the acting; it makes the pose more natural, suggests better business, more graceful motions, and the airs and manners of the period. Where skirts are long, many a stumble and awkward misstep may be saved by having the cast accustomed to the trailing robes. Such precautions are essential in stately dances, court receptions, and levees. Armor, weapons, heavy shoes, leather jerkins, are apt by their jangling or creaking to provoke a rippling smile from the audience, even if they do not drown a speech or two. If these defects do not appear until the dress rehearsal, there is rarely time, at that period of discouragement and brief patience, for remedying them.

Above all, do not abstain from attempting the making of costumes because the task is unfamiliar. Nothing in your field of work offers greater reward to the adventurous spirit, and even in so remote a contingency as failure, little is lost.

A ROMAN PAGEANT

SEVEN SCENES TYPICAL OF ROMAN LIFE AND TIMES

SCENE I. THE FOUNDING OF ROME

SCENE II. THE SIBYLLINE BOOKS

SCENE III. LARS PORSENA AND CAIUS MUCIUS

SCENE IV. THE DEFEAT OF THE PATRICIANS

SCENE V. REGULUS BEFORE THE SENATE

SCENE VI. CÆSAR'S DREAM

SCENE VII. THE TRIUMPH OF VESPASIAN

SETTING. An altar in front of the stage and before drawn curtains. The chorus may be recited by a young man, dressed in the regulation Roman toga, or by six old men in the same costume. The priests, as they are named, enter and take their places beside the low altar. The stage is dimly lighted, and at the end of the chorus the fire on the altar rises in a great blaze, the stage light is turned on, and the curtains are suddenly drawn back.

Prologue. Priests and prophets of the ages,
Vestals, augurs, pontiffs, mages, —
Burn away the hoary clouds;
Burn the dead past's dusty shrouds:
Kindle with flame-hearted vigor
Roman virtue, Roman rigor:
Sacrificial pigeons three
Offer to Mnemosyne, —
Offer wine to her of Cumæ
To unfold her volumes gloomy:
Let us see in pageant passing
Roman wealth of ages massing.

Robed in white and snowy-footed,
Bearing oak boughs fresh-uprooted,
Priests of Pan and virgins vestal,
Clad in purple robes ancestral,
Priests of Mars and priests of Ceres,
Lupercalians, Pinariis,

Brazen-belted, scarlet-shrouded,
Make the altar incense-clouded !
Pour wine to the underworld !
Sibylline weird pages furled, —
Open now, and to us gazing
Show great Rome, the world amazing !

GREEK DANCERS IN THE BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL PAGEANT

Photograph by Notman

SETTING. A rough, grassy plain, covered with turf, rocks, and gravel. A perceptible furrow across it, running at right angles to the stage. A drop in back to represent hills.

First Priest. At the waning of the day twelve vultures passed in slow flight above this hill, called Palatine.

Second Priest. Therefore do we know that the God Pales has determined that this be the site of our city.

First Priest. Then shall we now ask the pardon of the gods of the field and stream and mountain.

(Romulus advances to the altar and pours a libation of milk thereon.)

Chorus. Ye dryads of meadow and mountain,
Ye mænads and nymphs of the sea,
Ye spirits of forest and fountain, —
Now pledge us the loyalty.
Forgive us the reckless invader,
The builder of city and mart,
The inroads of warrior and raider,
The helmet, the spear, and the dart.

We pledge thee, though forests shall tremble,
And soiled be the streams as they pass,
Thy worshipers yet shall assemble,
Thy altars be built on the grass.
Libations be poured thee each morning,
And Pan shall not pass from our field:
Our children thy meadow adorning
Shall witness the thanks that we yield!

(Thunder from one side of the stage. Lightning from the other. The lightning, to be properly auspicious, must come from the left of the actors.)

First Priest. Jupiter hath shown us his favor. Let the sacrifices continue.

(Each of the Romans passes a circular pit and casts therein one of the fruits of the season.)

First Roman. Wheat to Ceres cast I here, —
Second Roman. Barley with the golden spear, —
Third Roman. Corn to harvest deity, —
Fourth Roman. Early apples from the tree, —
Fifth Roman. Berries from the wind-blown bush, —
Sixth Roman. Hay for cattle, rank and lush,
Seventh Roman. Olives with the silvered leaves, —
Eighth Roman. Oats, O grant us sheaves on sheaves!
Ninth Roman. Figs, the sign of fruitfulness, —
Tenth Roman. Fail not, Bacchus, grapes to bless!
Eleventh Roman. Proserpine, pomegranates give!
Twelfth Roman. Flowers, fair and fugitive, —
All. For the blessing cast we here
All the first fruits of the year.

(At this juncture let the altar fire blaze up more brightly to show that the gods have heard and approve.)

Romulus. Let now the building of the walls continue. Celer, master of the walls, let no one pass the furrow.

Remus. And I, brother? Thou dost not presume to command me? Forget not that I also am a prince, coheir with thou. I alone may cross yon furrow, may I not?

Romulus (scornfully). Hearest me, Celer? Let no one cross the furrow.

Remus (leaping over the furrow). Ha! Shall such defenses keep thy city?

(Celer strikes him down with his spade. Remus drops at the feet of Romulus, while Celer, fearing vengeance, rushes away.)

Romulus (with upraised arms). So let it happen to all who pass over my walls!

CURTAIN

SETTING. A large anteroom to represent the hall of the palace. To the left, a portion of the stage curtained off to afford means for the concealment and entrance of the sibyl. To the right an altar. In the middle and set back on the stage, Tarquin on his throne. Courtiers, priests, soldiers, and pontifex grouped about Tarquin. The augurs, who interpret the serpent, should be dressed in purple and scarlet, with conical hats and crooked staffs. The snake may be represented by one of those paper serpents sold in Japanese shops.

Enters violently, as if hindered from without, the sibyl, an ancient woman closely draped and veiled. A few dead leaves are blown before her across the stage. She bears nine large, rather flat books.

Chorus. Of Tarquin Proud, the last of kings,
The mournful chorus herein sings, —
Of mystic sibyl's priceless sheets, —
How Tarquin thrice the proffer meets, —
Of how the hidden serpent crawls
Unseen from out the altar's walls.
The doom and death of Tarquin fell
The sacred haruspice shall tell.

Tarquin. What dost thou here?

Sibyl. I have nine books for sale.

Tarquin. And what are they?

Sibyl. The secrets of the dead, and the lives of the unborn, the joys and sorrows of slaves, the doom of kings, the rise of a great nation and the fall thereof.

Tarquin. Who gave you your record?

Sibyl. The keeper of the gates of destiny.

Tarquin (incredulously). Even so? And your price?

Sibyl. A thousand drachmas.

Tarquin (laughs). Get thee gone, thou miserly wretch, and play thy jest elsewhere.

(The sibyl raises one hand, half in imprecation, half in warning, and goes out. A sudden cry from one of the courtiers draws attention to a serpent

gliding steadily from the altar towards Tarquin. The pontifex crushes it and then holds it up and casts it away. Murmurs of "A portent! A portent!")

Tarquin. Call the augurs. (They step forward.) What portends this lurking, secret viper at my throne?

First Augur. O Tarquin, hear and bow thine head,—
A serpent gliding from sinister sources
Betokens peril and a swaying throne,
A restless people and a haughty king,
War from the west, uprisings of thy people,
Death and defeat to an unworthy king!

(The side curtain is again drawn back. The sibyl stands there with her hand lifted as before.)

Sibyl. Desirest thou now the books, O Tarquin the Proud? See, I have six. Three are destroyed; their leaves are blown about the gusty Lake Avernus. (Some dry leaves are blown across the stage.)

Tarquin. What dost thou ask, slave?

Sibyl. The same. A thousand drachmas.

Tarquin. Go, fool!

(The sibyl casts a handful of dry leaves at him and departs. Enter a messenger hurriedly. He advances to Tarquin's throne and kneels.)

Tarquin. What news dost thou bring?

Messenger. War, my lord. The people at Ardea are rising in revolt, and march on Rome.

Tarquin. Call the people to arms! (No one stirs.) Call the people to arms, I say.

Pontifex. My lord, the people murmur against thee and say they will not fight for thee.

Tarquin. They shall fight or die!

Pontifex. They say that they will die, my lord, but not for thee.

Augur. Why didst thou let the sibyl go? Her books might have warned thee. Perchance have saved thee.

Tarquin. Call her back! What ho! Call back the sibyl.

(Suddenly the curtain is again rent away, revealing the sibyl as before.)

Sibyl. Dost thou desire the books, O Tarquin? Three yet remain.

Tarquin. What hast thou done with the others, mad woman?

Sibyl. They blow like dusty ghosts adown the road. They and the dead are one. Their pages are forever sealed, even to Tarquin the Proud.

Tarquin. Give me the three.

Sibyl. Yea, lord, for a thousand drachmas.

Tarquin. Give her the purse. (A courtier hands it to her.)

Sibyl (casting the books down before the throne). Read, O king, and profit if ye may. (Goes out slowly, with bowed head close-veiled.)

CURTAIN

SCENE. The Etruscan camp of Lars Porsena with tents in the rear. A man on a dais in a scarlet robe. A Roman youth creeps stealthily in, and rushing up, stabs the man through the heart. Instant hubbub. The youth is seized and in stalks Lars Porsena. The youth gives a cry.

Chorus. Upon the throne of ancient Rome
Proud Tarquin holds his sway,
And for the safety of each home
The Roman matrons pray.
The cries of fear are turned to rage,
Stern, shrill, retributive!
Ah, what avails the warning sage?
Kings die that slaves may live!

Lars Porsena. Who art thou?

Caius Mucius. Who art *thou?*

Lars. I am Lars Porsena. (The youth makes a wild leap for him, but is held by the guards.)

Lars. And again, who art thou?

Caius. I am Caius Mucius, a Roman sworn to take thy life.

Lars. And now we are to take thine. Guards, take him hence and run him through the heart.

Caius. Beware, O king.

Lars. Ha! What sayest thou? Perhaps thou canst inform me further. I hear there is a secret path to the Capitoline Hill. Wilt lead me hither?

Caius (scornfully). I am a Roman.

Lars. Ah, well. Romans yield to torture. Bring forward the lights.

(Two guards with blazing torchlights step forward. Caius leaps to the torch and holds his hand just back of the blaze until it appears from the front of the stage to be entirely consumed. He holds up a blackened hand.)

Caius. Does a Roman feel torture? Look ye, Lars Porsena, three hundred Roman youths are sworn to take thy life. I, of these, am but the first. Before the ides of Janus pass, they have sworn to plant a dagger in thy throat.

Cry from the rear of the stage. Ho, the Roman envoys are drawing near! Shall we out to slay them?

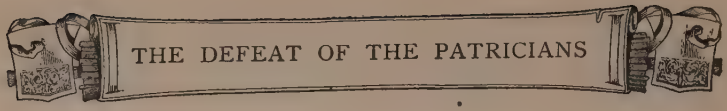
Lars. No, tarry.

Caius. Wilt see the envoys? Pause, Lars Porsena; three hundred youths are sworn to take thy life if thou dost not make peace.

(A long moment's silence.)

Lars. Bring in the envoys.

CURTAIN



SETTING. The Sacred Hill outside of Rome. An encampment of plebeians, gaunt, ragged, war-scarred, but determined. Sentry pacing back and forth. Groups of men scattered here and there, talking in low tones. A man, chains clanking on his ankles, his clothes torn beyond belief, very old and broken down, running and crawling alternately, enters.

Chorus. Now walk the proud Patricians past
The jail where lie repining
A thousand war-scarred debtors cast
By creditors maligning.
A tax lies on their fallow farms,
Too heavy, far, for paying,
Since while they followed war's alarms,
The foe their flocks were slaying.

In terror cast by threatening foe,
Patricians pledge their saving;
But at the peril's overthrow,
Return to old enslaving.
Their ultimate resistance then
The gaunt plebeians render,
And win from proud patrician men
Their tribunes as surrender.

Sentry. Who comes?

Man. A debtor to join his lot with you.

Sentry. Art a plebeian?

Man. Ay. (Men gather around.) A poor man, with one small farm, a flock to graze and a field to till. War came with the Volscians. The cry to arms brought me, a willing citizen. I fought valorously for Rome. Five times was I wounded; five scars bear I upon my chest. With plunder and spoils and vainglory I returned to Rome. My house was burned, my flocks slain, and my crops laid waste, and

the weary, burdensome taxes were due long since. Five drachmas did I borrow, five drachmas of a patrician. Could I foresee that the rains would come? Could I know that plague would carry off my cows? Within one year of the Volscian victory I was cast in jail for debt. Debt! Debt to those whose lives and farms and wealth I had saved. For months have I lain upon a dungeon floor, and taken into daylight only to be lashed. There be scars upon my back, now, and not honorable ones.

First Pleb. How got ye here? Your jailer?

Man. I stabbed him thrice in the back, hear ye? In the back, lest he bear honorable scars.

(An alarm of confused sounds. A few men hurry in and begin to consult in low tones.)

Men (confusedly). The patricians! The patricians! They come! Barricade the gates! Nay, let them in and massacre the slaveholders! Let in the scourge of the poor! Nay, peace, they bear a flag of truce!

First Pleb. Let them in! (Draws his knife.)

Second Pleb. Fool! (Strikes it from his hand.)

(Another alarm of drums. Enter an elderly patrician with four Roman nobles. The first plebeian stealthily picks up his knife. Murmurs of anger.)

Consul. Peace, men. I come as a friend.

First Pleb. (satirically). What, again?

Consul. Listen, I beg you. I have a tale to tell.

Second Pleb. We have heard your tales too many times.

Consul (evenly). Nevertheless, I beg you hear me now. Once upon a time all the members of the body revolted against the belly. "Sloth," said legs, "why do I labor all day, travel back and forth to wait on thee?" "Idler," said arms, "why do I bend and drive the spade and gather

the crops to give thee food?" "Drone," said head, "why do I think and direct and plan that thou mayst lie in peace and enjoy my labor?" Thus they reproached the belly, and convincing themselves, rose in revolt. "Henceforth," said the legs, "I work no more in thy behalf; I lie in the shade and bask." "Henceforth," said the arms, "I take my ease." "And I," said the head, "will likewise take my peace." Erelong the head began to grow dizzy, the arms to ache, and the legs to yield helplessly to the weight of the body. "O foolish ones," said the belly, "know ye not that my labors give ye your sustenance as much and more than ye yield me again?" Thereupon the members, convinced of their folly, went contentedly back to work; and the belly fed and strengthened them as heretofore. Look ye, men! We are the belly, ye are the arms and legs of the state. Ye supply us, we nourish you, and so the health of Rome is insured. What say you?

First Pleb. This belly is a glutton gorged. Trust him not, brothers. He does but gloze.

Second Pleb. Is there not some truth in that he speaks?

Third Pleb. The belly shall give us a bond! What say ye? Ask him for tribunes.

Men. Yea, tribunes! Wilt give us tribunes?

Consul. Nay, men, we are your tribunes.

Plebs. Nay, tribunes of the plebeians, our brothers, our fellow-laborers, our yoke-fellows. Let them be our tribunes.

Second Pleb. (stepping forward). Men, consuls, and lictors, this is our last proposal. We are determined to live in Rome no more, save with security sacredly pledged. Give us tribunes with their rights. Let them listen at the door of the senate, let them grant sanctuary to the oppressed,

and let them be chosen always from our ranks. We have besought this of you often; now we demand it. Give us this and we stay. Deny us and we leave for freedom in better lands.

(Consul and men deliberate.)

Consul. We have no choice but to yield.

Second Pleb. And we return. Now let us seal our pledges at the altar and sacrifice unto the gods.

CURTAIN

REGULUS BEFORE THE SENATE

SETTING. The interior of the senate house. The members of the senate, in flowing robes, white hair and beards, are sitting with quiet dignity. The Carthaginian ambassador, in similar garb, but with bronzed complexion, is asking for peace.

Chorus. At last, with thousand victories,
Rome long debates a sued-for peace;
But Carthage still in ambush lies
With lurking vengeance in her eyes;
And well, full well, her prisoners know
She waits to strike another blow.
The embassy present their claim,—
An honorable peace they name,—
This Regulus is brought to urge,
Shackled and chained, their erstwhile scourge.

Ambass. Hear me, O Quirites! I am come from Carthage, proud mistress of many kingdoms. Eleven years have we wrestled in fair combat, and now our men are weary; our wives disheartened; our children, our farms, our labors, need us. Peace, then, I come to ask and to offer. What say ye?

Consul. Dost thou mean surrender when thou sayest peace?

Ambass. Carthage never surrenders! I come to offer peace to a stricken foe. Have ye forgotten your wrecked fleets and devastated army? Have I not Atilius Regulus, once a Roman general, now a captive slave?

Consul. Thinkest thou Atilius Regulus would counsel an ignoble peace?

Ambass. I doubt it not.

Consul. What knowest thou of a Roman?

Ambass. I know a conquered Roman well.

Consul. And Mylæ, Ecnoma, and Panormus, — have they not shown thee the victorious Roman?

Ambass. They show the fortunes of war, that only. Again I say, I know the slave, Atilius Regulus.

Consul. If Regulus were here, thou wouldst die before he heard thee call him slave twice.

Ambass. Regulus is here! Yea, would-be haughty Romans, I know thy outward fearless words full well. I brought him overseas to teach a Roman senate house humility. (To servant.) Bring hither Atilius Regulus.

(Enter Regulus, ill, emaciated, with soiled and tattered tunic, chains clanking from his ankles and wrists, but carrying his head dauntlessly.)

Ambass. Now hear ye! I offer peace on fair terms, and an exchange of prisoners. Peace, and your general stays with you. War, and he returns to Carthage and to interminable torture. He will not be so blessed as to die. Speak, thou Roman, and counsel thy mad brethren peace.

Regulus (speaking feebly at first, and then gaining voice). Senators and Quirites, I know whereof I speak. Glory and victory lie within your grasp if ye continue war. Carthage is wasted and enfeebled, but she is a viper; trust her not! She now lacks wealth, armies, and ships. Her people cry out in discontent against her daily. Think not of me, for ye have other and more daring generals. Think not of your prisoners. Let those who have surrendered when they ought to have died, die in the country that has witnessed their disgrace. Senators, I counsel war.

(The senate rise and shout with one voice, "War, then!" The Carthaginian ambassador strikes Regulus full across the face with his arm, and roughly casts him before him out of the door; when he himself reaches the door, he turns toward the senate with a menacing gesture and says, "War be it!")

CURTAIN

The Prologue recites:

Upon the age-old Roman throne the dreaming Cæsar sits;
The Tyrian robe imperial, the laurel wreath befits
The emperor majestic in his mind and in his soul.
Sleeping he dreams of regnant Rome, her future and her scroll
Of glorious conquests, Jove-descended kings, and no less those
Who brought upon her tragic and innumerable woes.
Augustus passes in his pride, Tiberius in state,
Vespasian, Caracalla, and Aurelius the Great,
Zenobia the unsubdued, in queenlihood and grace,
And Diocletian, all-surpassing in his royal race.
Then grace of God gives perfect boon to Rome in Constantine,
Who bears a Christian standard high into a pagan scene.
Yet Rome has not atoned for all her sins against the right,
And Alaric shall lay her waste with savage, Gothic might,
Till Attila, the King of Huns, the dreadful Scourge of God,
Shall threat to clear of Roman men the sacred Roman sod.
Ah, Julius Cæsar, does thy dream seem bitter sad to thee?
Even now the dawn comes slowly up beside the Gallic sea,—
Again an emperor shall be worthy regal Roman state,
In Rome, Pope Leo crowns the anointed head of Charles the Great!

(This scene is to be given in the form of tableaux. Each character will announce himself as he pauses before Cæsar, and then depart. Cæsar wears the imperial robe and laurel wreath and sits upon a throne, resting his chin on hand, apparently in deep thought. He does not change his pose throughout the scene. The characters herein named are rather suggestive than arbitrary.

Augustus represented as a young ruler, Tiberius as emperor in all his pomp, Nero, carrying a roll of his own poems, Vespasian as a triumphant conqueror, Marcus Aurelius, Zenobia in royal purple, Diocletian surpassing every one else in magnificence, Constantine bearing the Christian standard. After him Alaric, tall and fair-haired, dressed in battle array, and the terrible swarthy figure of Attila, the Scourge of God. After these, Pope Gregory I, then Charlemagne, who kneels in the front of the stage and is crowned by Pope Leo III, who hails him as "Charles Augustus, crowned by God, great and pacific Emperor, life and victory!")

CURTAIN

Chorus. Io triumphe! Raise the pæan!
Io triumphe! Hail the Victors!
Hail the conquests Herculean;
Hail, all hail, ye priests and lictors!
Great Vespasian, Jove-descended!
Titus, god and conqueror blended!
Silken tissues, warp and weft,
Gold and silver thread entwined,
Diadems from princes reft,
Eikons, all of brass refined,—
Borne by slaves in purple tunic,
Chanting rhythms, stately, runic;
Follow priests and pontifex
Leading sacrificial slaves,
Soon the ax upon their necks
Jove appeases, Roma saves.
Blind with fear moves toward the altar,
The arch foe, sneered at and tormented,
Chained and girt with hempen halter,
Hate of hosts upon him vented,—
Soon the Stairs of Terror trod,
Slave no more, but ghost of God.
Now in pictured pageant passing,
All the conquered countries given,
Clods of earth and rocky masses,
Fruits and reeds and trees upriven.
Ebon, ivory, and gold,
Come the treasures yet untold.
From the Temple's inmost fane,
Dragged from high priests, foully slain,
Moses' Tables of the Law,
He whom God on Sinai saw,
Glittering in sevenfold,
Candlesticks of burnished gold.

In the ear of prince and king,
Ever slaves are whispering, —

"Though the laurel crown thy brow,
Though the throng hail thee immortal,
Though the plaudits deafen now,
Though thou nearest Heaven's portal, —
Dust thou art, Vespasian!
Titus, thou art but a man!"

Now again the shouts arise,
Fill the air and cleave the skies.
Io triumphe! Raise the pæan!
Io triumphe! Hail the Victors!
Hail the conquests Herculean;
Hail, all hail, ye priests and lictors!
Great Vespasian, Jove descended!
Titus, god and conqueror blended!

THE TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION. The procession should be arranged so that, while passing the stage from left to right, those leaving the stage may make a circuit in order that they may appear again if necessary. They may be dressed in slightly different garb or carrying other treasures. All the actors of the previous scenes may be requisitioned, and by two or three appearances of the same actors a very imposing triumph may be arranged. Four white oxen were driven by the priests in the real Roman processional, and the conquerors were drawn by white horses. These, perforce, will be omitted at indoor presentations.

The parade should be arranged in the manner indicated in the narrative chorus: first the treasures, gold, silver, ivory, embroidery, crowns, jeweled images of the gods, then the priests and the pontifex maximus leading human sacrifices, and finally the Jewish general Simon, chained and halter-hung, who is shortly to be sacrificed at the Scalæ Gemoniæ. The lictors, clad in scarlet tunics, bearing fasces without axes, but wreathed in laurel, follow. Next come large platforms on wheels, resembling floats. These are covered with cloth of gold, and, by means of turf, rocks, trees, and bushes, represent the land conquered by the Emperor. Then come the treasures taken from the temple at Jerusalem, the Table of the Law and the famous seven-branched candlestick. Preceded by a glittering statue of Victory in ivory and gold and priests burning incense to the victors, come in a chariot the Emperor Vespasian and his son Titus. They hold boughs of laurel in their right hands and ivory scepters crowned with eagles in their left. They should be dressed in purple with gilt embroidery. Beneath the chariot tinkle tiny bells to warn

off evil spirits. Statues of Fascinus, god of protection, may be added. The foot soldiers, shouting "Io triumphe!" and chanting Latin songs bring up the rear.

Epilogue. Draw the curtains, shroud the stage;
Time hath slain the living Rome;
Still its soul may haunt the page
Folded in the mighty tome.

Where does valor purely dwell?
Where may we the patriot find?
Where does love of justice swell
The heart of sternest humankind?

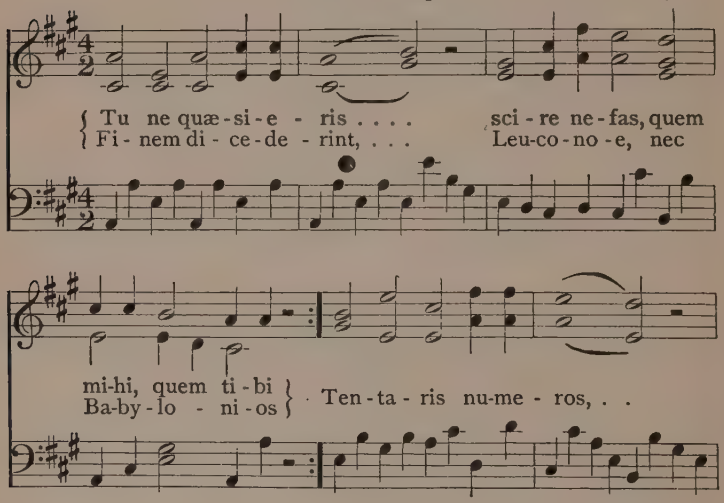
There the Roman ghost walks still;
Cæsar bends benignant eye;
Regulus' undaunted will
Bids him to save Rome and die.

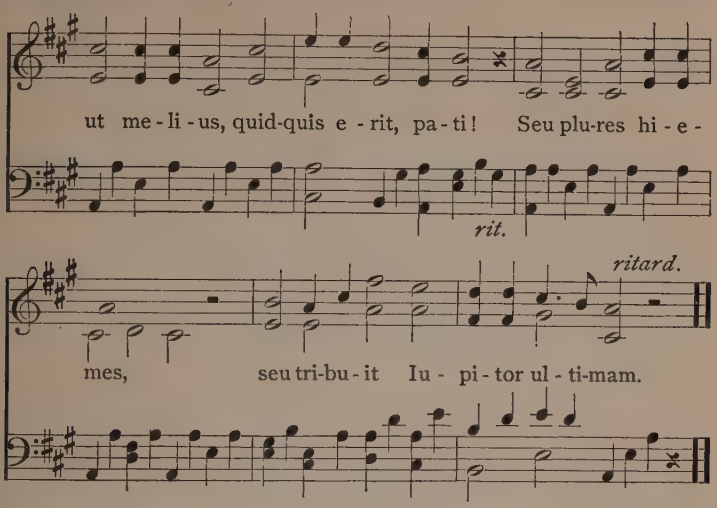
He who runs may ever read;
Stage on stage may show the play,
Clearer vision finds the screed
Where to-day is yesterday.

Suggestions. The intervals between the episodes of the foregoing pageant should be occupied with songs and dances. A group of maidens bearing green branches, swaying in rhythm to their singing, or going through the steps of the Greek chain dance, which was introduced in Rome by Greek slaves, would be very effective. Suggestions for Roman dances may be found in "Dancing," by Mrs. Lily Grove, and data regarding accompanying observances in "Roman Festivals," by W. W. Fowler, and "Roman Life and Manners," by Ludwig Friedländer. Choruses of professional Roman musicians, dressed in purple and gold, may furnish the singing. The two following songs of Horace have been set to music by Professor Frances E. Lord and are here inserted by her kind permission. Others from the same book, "Rivi Tiburtini," may be used.

CARMEN I, ix

Adapted from a Welsh Melody



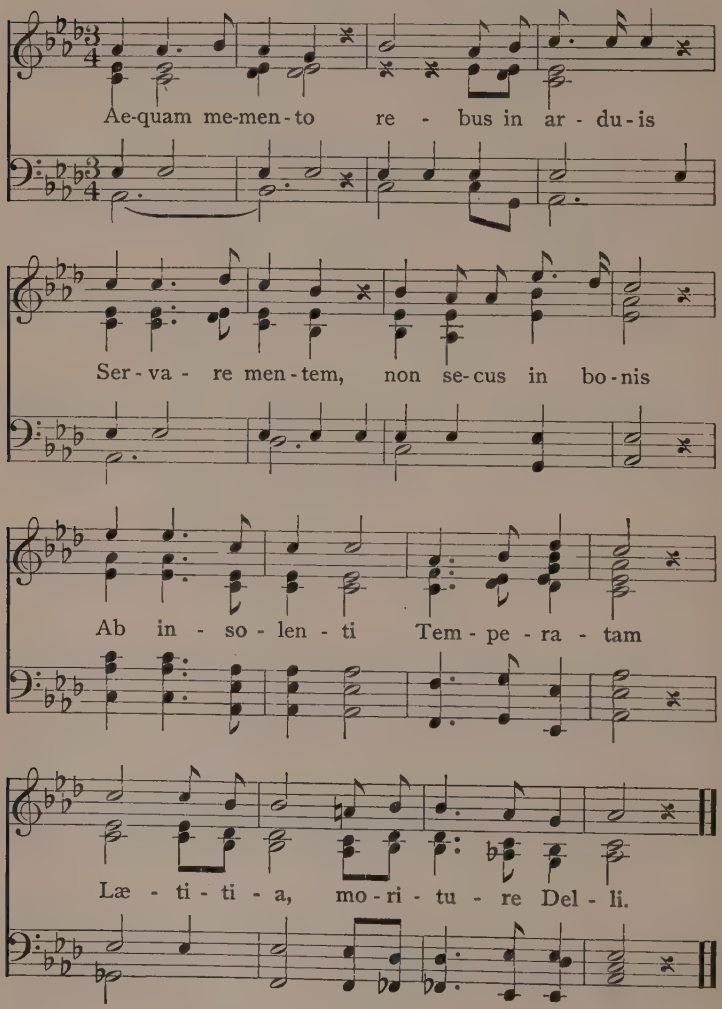


Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum: sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur fugerit invida
Ætas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

Seek not thou to be told — wrong is't to know — what to me, what to thee the end the gods have decreed, Leuconœ, nor Babylonian tables bootless essay. better by far, whatever shall be, to bear, if more winters beyond Jove will vouchsafe, or this the last bestows, which now breaks on the wave-worn rocks the charge hurled by the Tuscan sea storm-tost. wiser be thou, filter the wines and to the fleeting hour cut back far-reaching hope. even while we speak, fled has the envious present: pluck thee the day, little as may be to the morrow trust.

CARMEN, II, iii

Adapted from SCHUBERT, Op. 142, No. 2



2. Seu maestus omni tempore vixeris,
Seu te in remoto gramine per dies
Festos reclinatum bearis
Interiore nota Falerni,

3. Quo pinus ingens albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis, et obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo:

4. Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
Flores amoenae ferre iube rosae,
Dum res et aetas et sororum
Fila trium patiuntur atra.

5. Cedes coëmtis saltibus et domo
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,
Cedes et exstructis in altum
Divitiis potietur heres.

6. Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest, an pauper et infima
De gente sub divo moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

7. Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium
Versatur urna serius ocius
Sors exitura et nos in aeternum
Exsilium impositura cymbae.

Tranquil remember still in adversity
thy soul to keep, nor less in prosperity
restrained from proud and overweening
pleasure, O Dellius, death-appointed,
if all thy life thou spendest in wretchedness,
or if on distant greensward reclining
through feast-days thou dost at ease regale
thee with the inner brand of Falernus.

Where mighty pine and silvery poplar tree
delight their boughs in sweet hospitality
to weave, and throw their shadows athwart
the hurrying course of the eager streamlet,
bid wines and perfumes and the evanishing
bloom of the sweet rose hither be brought to thee,
while youth and fortune and the fateful
thread of the sisters three permit it.
Depart thou wilt from thy dear-purchased woodlands,
mansion and villa, washed by the Tiber's waves,
depart thou wilt, in all thy store of
high-piléd riches thy heir will revel.
If rich and sprung from ancient Inachus
it matters not, or poor and of lowliest birth
thou pass thy days out under bare skies,
victim alike of unpitying Orcus:
all are the same way driven, for all of us
the fatal urn will later or earlier
give forth the lot and for the eternal
exile embark us on Charon's wherry.

A MEDIEVAL PAGEANT

BEING SEVEN DRAMATIC MINIATURES TYPICAL OF MEDIEVAL INSTITUTIONS

1. CHARLEMAGNE'S SCHOOL
2. THE KNIGHTING OF A SQUIRE
3. A FEUDAL CEREMONY
4. THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE
5. THE DISCOVERY OF PRINTING
6. THE PEASANTS' REVOLT
7. THE COURT OF ELIZABETH

The prologue is recited by a young woman in the Grecian costume. She addresses alternately the old men, who, representing magicians, are seated on either side of the curtain. They are wearing long white robes girdled at the waist and sealed with the zodiacal sign of Mercury, and over these are thrown crimson garments sweeping the ground, while their hair is long and white. As many of the astrological instruments as possible should be present, — the globe, the astrolabe, the telescope (of course without glass), vials, retorts, and blue fire, made by burning denatured alcohol. While she is giving the prologue, they should be drawing large circles on the platform floor, quadrisecting the circles east, west, north, south, making the sign of the cross over them and moving their lips constantly as if uttering incantations. The altar, which of course must stand within the circle, may have some decoction cooking in the glass retorts, to which the magicians should add with gravity from time to time. As the flame rises highest, they may take from the altar each a crystal gazing globe, and during the entire pageant they should be gazing at this intently, as if seeing there what the audience sees on the stage. As this is precisely the way a medieval magician would proceed, they need not be careful to preserve an unbroken pose, for that would be too difficult, but may shift their positions as much as comfort demands.

Make as much use of cabalistic symbols as possible on the garments of the sages and on the altars, the signs of the zodiac, Hebrew characters, Arabic signs, the name of Hermes Trismegistus, stars, moon, the astrolabe, and so on.

Prologue. Weird seers who gaze into an antique age
And see on cloudy heights the king and mage,
Who watch in slender vision come and pass
Races and somber wars and all the mass
Of tragedy, in whose dark house, they say,
Democracy was born but yesterday, —

These ancient men, like wizards garmented,
Still see the living where we see the dead.
For them in conclave Alcuin teaches still
His royal school upon the palace hill,
For them in vigil still the maiden knight
Kneels through dark hours before the altar's light,
For them each feudal vassal bends the knee
To noble liege in purest fealty,
And monks in cloistered peace at eventide
Pace through their garden closes, side by side,
And gray cathedrals pierce the sunset sky
To cry "God give you rest!" to passers-by.
The pilgrim with his staff and scallop shell
Pauses his brow to cross, his beads to tell.
Then crying, crying, down the century
Comes the hoarse voice of outraged peasantry.
But through the clouds of pestilence and dearth
A sunlit shaft of romance gilds the earth, —
A blazoned court, a virgin sovereign,
Celestial poets, high navies, kingly men,
And fair as desert visions in deep drouth
A golden continent looms west and south,
A land where promises of all the past
Find perfectest redemption at the last,
Where splendid futures, purged of soil and dross,
Give purity for stain, and gain for loss.
Old visionary men, ye perfect seers,
To whom, through darkness, farthest light appears,
Hold now the touchstone to this masking rout,
And bid the inner flame of truth gleam out;
Touch with thy cabalistic art these mimes
And bid them walk, the spirits of their times.

DANCERS IN THE BOSTON NORMAL SCHOOL PAGEANT

Photograph by Notman

Chorus. Who rises knightly in the West,
What king with noble heart and face,
Who spoils the foe on every quest,
Who christens each barbaric race,
Who builds a church on every plain,
Who loves his church as Charlemagne?

Far, far, across both time and space,
A gracious nation still is fair,
Still keeps its ancient feudal grace
And ancient learning high and rare;
Who knew this race would aye remain,
Who built to last, but Charlemagne?

The echoing wars are hushed to-day,
The field of conquest bright with bloom;
The din of battle and affray
The muffling distances consume;
Yet who made lands in vigor gain
And hold their might like Charlemagne?

Great heir to Roman throne and heart,
Upholder of the Christian faith,
Builder of fortress, town and mart,
Keen ruler without fear or scathe,
Whom yet we praise, knight without stain,
King without pride, great Charlemagne!

SETTING. A large bare room with a tapestry-hung wall, some benches, heavily carved, high-backed chairs and a curule chair, some bear or tiger skins upon the floor, some dull brown books and parchment rolls. Seated on the benches are a dozen or so little boys, some dressed very handsomely, and some poorly garbed. They are at work transcribing on rolls, measuring with a compass, or playing chess. The two daughters of Charlemagne and his wife are busy twisting thread from a distaff. Charlemagne is seated in the curule chair as token of his rank. He wears a woolen tunic fastened with a silk belt, a cloak of blue stuff, very long behind and before, but short on the

side to give freedom for his arms. Over his feet and legs are fitted crossed strips of blue or gray, and he wears a sword. His wavy hair falls to his shoulders, and his magnificent beard is long and wavy.

Charlemagne. Hither, Paul, and show us how thy writing fares. (Paul runs eagerly to him and leans close to him.) Faith, well writ, in sooth! Thou shalt be our white son. Continue in well-doing. (Paul goes happily back to his seat.) Angilbert, what hast thou done? (Angilbert hangs his head.) Angilbert! Kings do not tarry!

Angilbert (mumbles). Nothing.

Charlemagne. What? Sluggard! Theodulf, thy book. (Theodulf very reluctantly takes his book over to Charlemagne.) Well! I trow ye didst this full uncunningly. Take off thy witness to thy sloth. If ye were both hanged, I pass not a farthing! Hermann and Martin, show me thy handiwork! (Two boys of the lowest rank bring their work hesitatingly forward.) Ah! 'Tis well-wrought and fair, and there is inwit in thy words. Thou canst good skill in letters. Sit thee down with the favor of thy king upon thee. Now, Lewis and Clothair, let us see if thou, too, canst use fair wit in fairer words. No have, sir? Bring us thy work! (The two boys approach their father, taking the longest way.) What! Is this thy work? Digne as ditch water to be wrought by a king's son! Ye are knaves and we wilt do no more for thee! Fit for the tree, the both of ye! Know ye that our land hath no worse enemy than the man we save from hanging! Go! (The boys slink into their seats.) Peter, let us see thy diligence. Fair, Peter, and sweet with charm of wisdom. Hark to thy king, lads. I shall place, like the Eternal Judge, the good workers on my right hand. Great is our pleasure in these, that they have taken pains in their labor, both for their profit and their king his

pleasure. Reach ye perfection, and we will give ye great monasteries and bishoprics, and ye shall be highly honored in our sight.

Go ye on our left, ye dainty little gentlemen, ye pretty, little high-born sons of princes, who grow great in pride of birth and weal. Ye have wasted your time in high living, in foolish occupations, in games and plays! (Throws the chess-board to the floor.) By the Lord of heaven, I care little for your noble birth and your pretty looks, though others think them so fine; and let me promise you this: If you do not make haste to make good your former negligence by careful diligence, never think to get any favors from Karl!

(The boys go to work very shamefacedly, and with hanging heads. Enter Alcuin, in priestly robes, with the priestly tonsure. Following him are three or four young monks carrying rolls, books, and quill pens.)

Charlemagne. Greeting to thee, O most learned Alcuin, whom we now call Flaccus after the great scholar. What problem of the heaven and earth have you for our learning to-day? Yesterday we held long discourse whether the brain was formed for the head or the eyes.

Alcuin. Will our honorable king David talk of scripture or of magic?

Charlemagne. Will the honorable Flaccus then please Our Blessed Lord in discourse of things miraculous?

Alcuin. Therein shall then thy servant do thy will and the will of his Great Master. For as it is fit that we learn of him whom we worship, let us apply the subtlety of metaphysics to his great powers.

First Monk. My master Flaccus, tell us, as thou didst of yore in Paris, how one would reckon how many gracious angels of God may stand upon a needle's point.

Charlemagne. Well said! and we will hear thy subtleties of logic.

Alcuin. My lord, it shall be done as you have commanded. But let us first see that thou hast lads in thy palace school that have their lesson well-y-learnt. Then shall we hear from yonder learned doctor, my friend Adalhard, Bishop of Corbie, singularly seen in all the seven sciences.

Charlemagne. Well spoken, learned Flaccus. Now take great thought, lads.

Alcuin. What is the Holy Tetrad, Angilbert?

Angilbert. Four worlds.

Alcuin. And yes, and what are they? Ah, Hermann, I perceive that thou knowest.

Hermann. The four worlds that contain us, fair sir, be the world of archetypes and bliss, where be thrones, seraphims, cherubin, dominion powers, empires, archangels, angels, saints, martyrs, and confessors.

(He crosses himself, and so do the others.)

Alcuin. Fair words and fairly spoken. Martin, canst tell us of the next world?

Martin (plainly timid). The stars, sir, and the planets and the zodiac.

Charlemagne. Thou shalt be a priest in a priory yet, boy.

Alcuin. And the next, Lewis?

(Lewis sulks and kicks his chair.)

Charlemagne. What! Art thou a prince's son and dost not know the world where you live?

Lewis (still sulkily). This world.

Alcuin. Paul, what animals has the world where we live?

Paul. Man, the walking animal, snake, the crawling

animal, fish, the swimming animal, and bird, the flying animal.

Alcuin. And, Clothair, what is the last world? (Clothair has been showing a picture to Lewis and is plainly nonplussed.)

Clothair (with an effort at bravado). There be no more!

Charlemagne (roars). There be but one left, and that where shalt thou abide in flames, thou ungodly sloth. The world of torment, sir! Dost thou hear me? May the four fiends of the evil spirit and the four demons take thee if I do not make thee learn somewhat.

(At this moment one of Charlemagne's emissi runs in and kneels at his feet.)

Charlemagne. Speak, sirrah.

Emissus. My lord the king, most great and powerful Karl, keeper of the gates of the world and sender after knowledge, I bring tidings of unworthy tribes. The Lombards rise in war and seek to ally with the Gepidæ.

Charlemagne (rises). Ah, now will we see some brave fighting. I will either slay these toads of Lombards or baptize them in Holy Church. They shall know who is king and lord of them. They shall bend the conquered knee or be baptized in running blood. (Abruptly.) Alcuin, thy blessing! (He kneels before the priest and receives the benediction, while all the others cross themselves.) To war! To war! (Goes out swinging his sword in great gyres. Clothair runs after him, swinging his tiny sword in imitation of his father.)

CURTAIN

Chorus. Long, long ago, all ancient dreams were done,
No more the tourney breaks upon the field,
No more the gleaming gules upon a shield
Ride forth to battle, till the spurs are won.

No more upon the clear-cut castle wall,
Against an azure sky the mangonel
Casts rock and fire, and guards in the tourelle
Deal death where mad besiegers vainly crawl.

Before the altar kneels a virgin knight,
Watching his arms while dawn creeps on apace,
Hoping in fray to wear his lady's grace,
Yet lusting for the death-avenging fight !

SETTING. Construct the stage to make the scene as large as possible, since the room in the medieval castle where this would take place would be much larger than any ordinary setting, so the effect should be one of space. The walls should be hung with tapestries, antlers, heads of animals, and weapons. Let there be little furniture, — some bear and tiger skins, a few chairs of the curule and the pulpit variety, possibly a long bench, or a great fireplace and a deep window or two. In a niche to the left, an altar with candles where the knight is kneeling. He is clad first in a white robe to signify purity; over this is worn a red robe, to exemplify his courage, and last, a black robe, to signify the ultimate victory of death, is thrown about him as he watches his arms. As he kneels there in prayer, he is supposed to have undergone the preliminaries of bathing, fasting, confession, and communion, and to have watched his arms all night. Suddenly the white-robed choir enter, each bearing a tall wax taper lighted, and chanting the following hymn : —

Fairest son of fairest lord,
Take thy baldric, gird thy sword;
All the livelong night alone
Hast thou knelt at God's white throne;
All the livelong night hast prayed
To be just and unafraid.

Michael and Saint George have heard,
Taken thee knightly at thy word;

In the din of battle fell,
By the crashing mangonel,
Michael will thine arm sustain,
Saint George keep thee free from stain.

(At this juncture enters a large concourse of knights and ladies, laughing very softly and murmuring to each other. Accompanying them come two page boys and the court jester with his cap and bells. Among the group are Geoffrey de Montresor, father of the kneeling squire, Fulkes de Loudoun, Gautier, the Count of Vendome, Eudes of Blois, and other lords with their squires. The ladies are Hawyse, sister to Hugh, Anastasia de Langeais, beloved of him, and Mellicent, Bernicia, and Mariamne, ladies in waiting upon Anastasia. As they become silent, Geoffrey speaks.)

Geoffrey. We are here this morning to witness the knighting of my son. All the dark hours hath he watched his arms, he hath confessed and been shriven, he hath bathed and anointed himself, he hath been arrayed in the knightly colors, white for his purity, red for his courage, and black in token that death may come full speedily upon us. Rise now, Hugh, son of Geoffrey, that we may question thee.

(Hugh rises, crosses himself once more before the altar, and comes to stand before the knights.)

Geoffrey. Wilt thou, Sir Fulkes of Loudoun, give him his vows?

Fulkes. Yea, that will I do right joyously. And I will request the Abbot of Mirabeau to draw hither with his rood.

(The Abbot comes forward, holding a long slender cross over the young knight's head, which he poises there throughout the vows.)

Fulkes. Hugh, son of Geoffrey de Montresor and loyal subject of our most gracious liege, King Louis, and vassal under thy father of the March of Flanders, wilt thou cleave first unto thy king as thy suzerain and thy lord?

Hugh. By the help of God and Our Lady that will I do.

Fulkes. Wilt thou ride abroad full knightly in pursuit of deeds of valor; wilt thou give redress to the wronged, conduct thyself as a brother to all afflicted maidens, take no unfair advantage over thy foe, and ever in the fight swear by Saint Michael and Saint George?

Hugh. In sooth, so helping me all holy angels, this will I strive mightily to do.

Fulkes. Will ye, that ye may enter into this high and worshipful order of knighthood, swear to love God above all things, and be steadfast in the faith, and sustain the church, and be true of word and promise alway?

Hugh. May my tongue rot if I fail in these things.

Fulkes. Will ye suffer no murderers nor extortioners of the king's people to abide in the country where ye dwell, but rather will ye take them with your power, and put them in the hands of justice, that they may be punished according to the will of thy most gracious liege the King?

Hugh. Yea, and may the wrath of God fall on me if I fail herein.

Fulkes. Well said, Sir Hugh. Rise now, that I may gird thy sword about thee.

(He fastens the sword about the waist of the applicant and hands him his shield.)

Fulkes. Now shall this squire declare his reason for entering this order of knighthood.

Hugh. I now publicly make known to all these present that I desire to enter the noble order of chivalry for the reason that I truly wish the honor of the Faith and Chivalry.

(He kneels to Fulkes, who strikes him three times on the shoulder with the flat of his sword, crying out —)

Fulkes. In the name of God, Saint Michael and Saint George, I dub thee, Sir Hugh de Montresor, Knight! Be brave! Be bold! Be resolute!

(Fulkes sweeps off the black robe, disclosing the red underneath. His father comes over to him, raises him, and kisses him. Hugh then goes to the Abbot and kneels while the Abbot silently blesses him.)

Abbot. Forget not, Sir Hugh de Montresor, that you are a true knight, and therefore shall not hesitate to shed every drop of your blood in defense of Holy Church.

(Hugh rises and goes last to the ladies, whom he greets by kissing their hands. The room is filled with a murmur of low talk and laughter, when three clear notes from a bugle without are heard.)

Geoffrey. The hour is now come, my son, for you to prove your arms. Pages, admit the herald.

(The pages throw open the door, and a herald in red and silver, with the tabard hanging from his shoulders, enters, carrying a slender clarion. He kneels to Geoffrey. He is followed by a pursuivant.)

Herald. I come from my master, the Count Gerard of Narbonne, with greetings and a challenge.

Geoffrey. Read us the challenge of thy master.

(The herald bows deeply to the ladies, and begins reading.)

Herald. Count Gerard of Narbonne desires to challenge Sir Hugh of Montresor to courteous combat, on account of his valiance, prudence, and great chivalry. In token of this he sends him the sword to signify that he burns to fight in a tourney of arms with him, in the presence of ladies, and damosels, and others, on the day of his attaining to his knighthood. The Count Gerard of Narbonne offers to Sir Hugh de Montresor the choice of judges.

Hugh. Go from hence, and say to the Count of Narbonne that Sir Hugh de Montresor accepts the challenge,

not to make show of his own prowess, but to give Count Gerard pleasure, and the ladies diversion.

(The pursuivant steps forward.)

Pursuivant. Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Be it known to all princes, seigneurs, barons, knights, and squires of the mail of the Isle of France, of the March of Champagne, of the March of Flanders, and to all knights of all Christian countries, if they are not enemies to the King, our Sire, to whom God give long life, that on this self-same day, in the jousting-place of the Count of Narbonne will be a great pardon of arms and a very noble tourney, fought after all the ancient customs, at which tourney the chiefs are the very illustrious Sir Hugh de Montresor, defendant, and the most valiant Count of Narbonne, appellant; and all knights of all Christian countries, provided they are not at variance with the King, are hereby invited to take part in said tourney, for the glory of knighthood and the fame of their ladies!

(The pursuivant raises his parchment high in the air as he finishes, and then sweeps the ground with it as he bows very low and retires.)

Geoffrey. Let all that desire to attend come speedily to the tourney ground. Let our son go before.

Hugh. There lacks me one thing ere I enter on the tourney field.

Geoffrey. And that?

Hugh. I have no royal lady's favor to wear in my helmet.

Geoffrey. Canst thou remedy the lack?

Hugh. With thy permission I may sue for it.

Geoffrey. Thou hast my permission and my good will.

(Hugh crosses over to Anastasia.)

Hugh. Will the lady Anastasia grant me her favor, that I may joust in the tourney field with greater honor?

(Anastasia unfastens her sleeve, which is only a deep cuff lightly attached and gives it to Hugh, who kneels and fastens it in his helmet, and then kisses her hand.)

Anastasia. An thou wilt have it, my sleeve thou shalt wear in thy helmet in the fight.

Hugh. Right fain am I to win, now that I wear thy favor. Shall Fate give the victory into my hands, thou shalt be crowned that which in any case thou art, "The Queen of Love and Beauty."

(Anastasia curtsys and Hugh makes a deep bow.)

Geoffrey. And now to the tourney field!

CURTAIN

Chorus. Baron and lord, from sea to sea,
Had lands to their content,
And gave them forth for seizin and fee
And aids and labor rent.

Abbot and prior and bishop great
Through all that lovely land,
Held manor and fief and fair estate
Sealed to their saint's dead hand.

A man bestained with mortal sin
Did render fair his field,
And won his hope to heaven therein;
His grace to God did yield.

Then took he back his land once more
On homage-bended knee;
With tithes and aids and love, he swore
Forever fealty!

SETTING. The Hospitium or guest-room of a monastery. Bare stone wall, some tapestries representing sacred subjects, a Christ on his crucifix hanging on the wall, and the image of the Virgin in a niche. Candles burning before the Christ. The Abbot is seated, reading his breviary. A monk comes noiselessly in.

Monk. John Ffoliott is without and desires to speak with the Holy Father.

Abbot. Bid him enter herein.

(Monk goes out, and the Abbot resumes his reading and does not immediately look up as John Ffoliott enters. When the Abbot does look up, he rings a small bell, and the monk comes in again.)

Abbot. Bid Anselm and Benedict come hither with parchment and ink. You will find them in the scriptorium.

(As he goes out, the Abbot turns gently to John.)

Abbot. John Ffoliott, thy sin of four months past yet troubles thy soul?

John. Ah, Holy Father, I have not slept sweetly since. I see and see again the face of Francis Aberford as he fell backward from my blow. I hear tales of his grieving wife and his fatherless son, and I have lost my peace.

Abbot. But the king's court absolved thee?

John. Yea, at Whitsuntide, saying that I was fair attacked.

Abbot. Why, then, art thou troubled?

John. Father, I see his wife go down the village lane and she walketh heavy-hearted. His little son cursed me with his baby wit but yesterday. I thought that if I made my peace with Holy Church, I might find rest in heart.

Abbot. John, thy wish shall yet be granted thee. Thy henchman yesterday told me thy will, and I receive thy tribute willingly. He reported that thou didst desire to give our abbey lands and holdings as a penance gift, and those lands did contain thy mill at Nortun.

John. Ay, that I do.

Abbot. And wilt thou then receive thy land again in feudal loyalty?

John. If so be thy wish, father.

(The Abbot again rings his bell and the first monk enters, followed by the other two.)

Abbot. Hast thou the deed drawn up?

Anslem. Ay, and Benedict hath the fellow page.

Abbot. Read it fairly, my son.

Anslem. Be it known to all the sons of the Holy Mother Church, as well present as future, that I, John Ffoliott, have given and granted in pure and perpetual alms, and

by this, my charter, confirmed, for the welfare of my soul, and those of my ancestors, and heirs, to God, Saint John, and the monks of Pontefract, the West Mill at Nortun. This mill I grant, give, and confirm on this the day of Saint Stephen, on which day I set my sign.

John. That be both fairly writ and spoken. I sign it readily with my cross and circle, and seal it with the Ffoliott seal.

(John signs it, and the abbot takes it and studies it.)

Abbot. Ye have witnessed the sign of John Ffoliott. Will ye add recognizance?

(The other monks laboriously sign their names.)

Abbot. Now, John Ffoliott, is it thy will to receive this land in fief again?

John. If that is thy pleasure, father.

Abbot. Bring in the tokens of the pledge.

(The monks go out and return with a clod of fresh earth and a good-sized twig.)

Abbot. Come hither, John Ffoliott, and kneel to me as my faithful vassal, and pledge me thy fealty.

(John kneels before the Abbot and lays both his hands in those of the Abbot.)

John. I, John Ffoliott, am a weak and sinful man, and in token of my frailty and mortal sins, do place my lands, my life, my trust, in the hands of the holy abbot, Jocelin, of the Abbacy of Pontefract. I do swear that I will be his true and faithful man, that my life shall be at my lord abbot's disposal, that my heirs shall look to him for guidance at my death. My gold and silver, my lands and estate, my body and soul, I commit to his keeping, and

may God, His Holy Virgin, Saint Michael, Saint Benedict, and Saint Joseph keep watch over my fealty.

Abbot. I, Jocelin, Abbot of Pontefract, do receive thee, John Ffoliott, as my true and loyal vassal, and I render thee again, as fief, the land and West Mill at Nortun, that ye do employ it thriftily and featly, and do render the Abbacy of Pontefract true and just account thereof. In token of thy holding, I give thee this glebe and this tree.

(John takes the clod and twig from the hands of the Abbot.)

Abbot. Know ye now, brethren, that John Ffoliott hath received the peace of the holy saints and is now our dear and loved vassal.

(The Abbot rises from his chair and kisses John and raises him as the

CURTAIN FALLS.)

Chorus. Of all the grief of all the world,
None cries so keenly down all time,
As where the children, flags unfurled
And crosses raised, marched on sublime!

What baby faith, what pure pretense,
What homes heart-broken left behind,
What vain and childish penitence
Sent them the Orient to find?

Oh, little eyes, that looked to see
The Mount of Olives sweetly rise,
Though not the shores of Galilee,
Ye saw the shores of Paradise!

Some slept beneath the soundless sea,
Some bartered were in Moslem mart,
But every child, by death made free,
Was gathered to his mother's heart.

SETTING. A wooded valley with a grassy foreground flanked by trees. In the distance the lights of a village are appearing; the dusk has already deepened and a light wind may be heard whistling very softly. In the far distance a hymn is faintly heard; it increases in volume, and as it grows louder the words of the crusader's hymn may be distinguished. Finally the crusading children, still singing, come straggling on. They are dressed in the short tunic of the Middle Ages, girt in at the waist. They wear crosses of red on their garments and carry crucifixes made of flowers and leaves. The first boy, Stephen of Cloyes, carries the oriflamme of Saint Denis; he is a slender, dreamy, inspired-looking lad of twelve or fourteen. Of those who follow, some bear aloft lighted candles, some swing burning censers, some have crosses. They are all ages, from six and seven to thirteen and fourteen, girls and boys. (Although adults are said to have accompanied the children, they need not be represented here.) They are not marching regularly, but wandering in groups, with every appearance of exhaustion, and one by one drop on the ground as if for the night's rest. There should be one or two lame children and a blind boy led by a smaller girl. Let the stage be gradually darkened as the scene proceeds, and only lit by the censers and the guttering candles. They are finishing their song.

"Fairest Lord Jesus, ruler of all nature,
O Thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, Thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

"Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

"Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling, starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer
Than all the angels heaven can boast!"

Stephen. Here will we halt and tarry this night. To-morrow will we press onward to Marseilles, and there on the margin of the sea will the next miracle be vouchsafed to us.

Bertrand (the blind boy). Will the Lord make me to see there, Stephen? (He touches his eyes that the audience may see he is blind.)

Stephen. It may be, if you have sufficient faith.

Bertrand. But how can I have faith if I cannot see?

Eudes (the lame boy). When He makes Bertrand see, He will make me no longer lame.

Alois (the little girl who came in leading the blind Bertrand). Then, Bertrand, you will no longer need me.

Bertrand (gallantly). Then will I marry you.

Alain. But what will be the miracle that we will behold on the margin of the sea at Marseilles?

Stephen (solemnly). The waters will divide and let us walk over the dry sand, as the waters of the Red Sea divided for the children of Israel.

Nicholas (stoutly). How do you know?

Stephen (sternly). If you doubt the word of God, Nicholas, you have no place in a pilgrimage going to the Holy Land. There is only room for believers on this pilgrimage.

Nicholas (very much subdued). I did not know you had the word of God, Stephen. When you were keeping sheep on the hills of Cloyes, you did not seem to have much word of God.

Stephen. It was on the hills of Cloyes that the Lord appeared to me in a vision and bade me lead a crusade of children to the Holy Land. He cried to me in a loud voice, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings have I ordained strength, because of mine enemies, that I might still be the enemy and the avenger. Go, boy, and lead little children unto my sepulcher, and then shalt thou show the mailed warrior and the proud baron how invincible are the hands of a child when God is leading him."

Alois. Tell us again, for Bertrand's sake, how He looked when he came to you.

Stephen (after a pause). He wore a chasuble, like that the Abbot wears, only it was all gold and shone like jewels in the monstrance. His eyes were very soft and blue and kind, as the water in the Loire at sunset, and I could not look on His face for it blinded me like the winter sun upon the snow of the mountains. His voice resembled the sound of the river when the spring freshets come down.

Eudes. How did He go, Stephen?

Stephen. That I do not know, for I lay with my face upon the ground.

Alois (breathlessly). What did you do then?

Stephen. I went after my sheep, for they had strayed, and when I saw them, I kicked them because they had walked off while there was a miracle. I said to them, "It

was not thus that Balaam's ass did act when he did see the Lord." And immediately they all did kneel to me, and then I knew once more that there had been a miracle.

Nicholas. By my faith, I would like to have seen Stephen's sheep kneeling to him.

Alois. I would rather see my mother than anything now.

(At this a very small girl in the background starts to cry, and Alois goes over to comfort her.)

Eudes. How dark it grows! (A bell in the distance is heard tinkling faintly.) Hush! What is that bell?

(The children are very silent and begin to draw together in fear. The little girl begins to cry very softly again, and declares she wants her mother. The bell grows more distinct, and a tall, gaunt figure robed in white comes slowly into view. He is hideously white and emaciated, but his hands are raw and livid. He rings a small bell as he walks. The children cower away.)

Bertrand. Is that the Christ?

Nicholas. Hush! It is a leper!

Stephen (rising and fearlessly going towards him). What wish you?

(The leper suddenly bounds toward him and seizes him by the arm, but Stephen is apparently unmoved.)[1]

Leper. What are you?

Stephen. I am Stephen of Cloyes and I lead these children on a pilgrimage.

Leper. Where are you going?

Stephen. To Jerusalem, to the Holy Land.

Leper. And what shall you find there?

Stephen. Our Lord.

Leper (after a pause, during which he still holds Stephen). Are you not afraid of me?

Stephen. Why should I be afraid of you, white wayfarer?

[1] For this incident of the leper, I am indebted to Marcel Schwob.

Leper. Because I am a leper! Do you not know what that means? All the world fears me and runs from me. Even the beasts are afraid of me. I walk alone, alone through the forests and in the outskirts of the towns wherefrom they stone me away. Verily, God has forsaken me. He has left me solitary in white darkness. Go to your Lord in your baby peace and say to Him that He has forgotten me!

Stephen. Come with us to the Holy Land, and there, perchance, a miracle will make you clean.

Leper. Wouldst have *me* go with thee?

Stephen. Aye.

Leper. Thinkst thou Jerusalem would make me clean?

Stephen. Other lepers have found healing there.

Leper. Wouldst thou have me bring my hideous sores among your flock in their white purity?

Stephen. Nothing can harm a pilgrim to the Holy Land.

Leper. Would I might go! But then, thy children fear me. See them cower in the gloom.

Alois (running over to him). We are not afraid of you.

Leper. Away! Away! I am unclean! I may not go with you. I may not stay among you lest I pollute you. I must go away alone. Forgotten till the resurrection day. Pray for me when you reach Jerusalem, and bid thy Lord remember that I might have come with you and did not. For that He must remember me.

(He goes off slowly into the dark, ringing his bell, while Alois weeps silently. Stephen stands aloof from the others watching him, and finally returns slowly to the group.)

Stephen. The darkness has fully come. We must commend ourselves to God and then sleep. By to-morrow we may touch Marseilles.

Alois. May we have prayers for our poor leper to-night?

Stephen. Aye.

Alois. Come, children, come, to prayers and then to sleep.

(Stephen goes to one side of the stage and holds a slender cross above his head, while Alois and another girl take tall tapers and stand beside him. All the children kneel to the cross, one by one.)

CURTAIN

Chorus. Although the cloistered walls were gray,
Silent and sad the monks' long day,
The hours were fleet and the heart was still
While they inscribed with fairest skill
Ancient annals and manor rolls,
Legends and chronicles and scrolls;

With gold and scarlet and azure wrought,
The rare old pages, with beauty fraught,
Were traced with a fond and longing eye
For rare rich tint and symmetry.
Though ever the text was quaint and old,
Full godly words did it enfold.

Yet think how when the tidings came
From Bruges town of ancient fame,
That men with block and print and page
In one day wrought what erst an age
Could scarce attain! Why, then, I wist
Sore grieved the faithful copyist!

His work he thought despised and scorned,
But when the marvel clearer dawned,
He saw how all the peasantry
Might read God's word right joyfully.
His slighter grief in joy was drowned,
What he had lost, a world had found.

SETTING. The scriptorium of a monastery. Bare walls with as much free space as possible. The prevailing color should be gray to suggest masonry, and if the construction of the stage permits, arched cornices and pillars. Long benches and cross-legged chairs, rushes on the floor and a single crucifix upon the wall complete the furnishings. The monks, Anselm, Theobald, and Jocelin, are busy copying deeds, keeping manor rolls, and illuminating the Scriptures. They are garbed in the customary monkish habit, girt about the waist with a rough cord; they are tonsured and clean-shaven. A very beautiful illustration of just such a scene may be found in John W. Alexander's painting in the Congressional Library of "The Manuscript Book."

(A moment's silence after the curtain rises.)

Anselm. We shall have to ask the precentor to fill again our color box. It grows full scant.

Theobald. Yea, thou wilt find that the precentor will furnish thee forth right fairly; he takes overmuch pride in the wrought books our abbey makes. We labor here in the sun of his pleasure every day. Thou workest in Holy Writ, yonder Geoffrey is busy with his Chronicle, Jocelin does rubrics from the Psalms, and our novitiates draw deeds, conveyances, and manor rolls all day. Surely our writings do present both time and space. What wouldst thou think, Anselm, if wise priests should find our writings many hundred years from now and wonder much at them?

Anselm. Surely they would find them fair, but, saving Holy Writ, of small account. The grace of God does value not temporal things. These moth and rust will corrupt. But (crossing himself) will not the blessed judgment day come ere then? Truly, these sunset nights, when the clouds mass in purple beyond the sheepfold, and the pool burns like a rose and all the winds sink, I fancy that I see our blessed Lord coming across the long green hill where the sheep go down. Would He, I question, seem to come so near, if the time were not at hand?

Theobald. A gracious vision, Anselm, nothing more. To how many of His servants has our Lord appeared? The holy Anthony, and Benedict, and Santa Clara and Saint Augustine, and they rumor that Brother Matthew, who scourges himself so bitterly at night, has seen Him thrice. But do not speak of it to him, I pray, for he but cries out bitterly and fasts the more.

Jocelin (a young novitiate). I verily believe, that if our Lord were come He would not appear to us, but to

those beggared serfs that cry out for bread for their children. They grow more hoarse and desperate hourly.

Theobald. I wish they might have the words of the Lord with them ever, in the watches of the night and in their hours of pain. We, here, have daily solace that we cannot always give.

Anselm. They may kneel before the altar.

Jocelin. Does the altar give them bread? and meat? and drink? Does it pay the rent and heal the sick?

Theobald. Hush! If our holy abbot should hear you, he would give you penance for your unfaith.

Jocelin (bitterly). He could give me no more aching penance than the pain of seeing poor men suffer.

(The door swings suddenly open and a large, stout, sunny-faced monk comes in.)

Theobald. Here comes our good manciple. Where have you been tarrying, Brother Andrew?

Andrew. Tarrying? Aye, tarrying to chaffer with that backfriend, the flesh-monger! I offered him our thirty swine, killed and cured, for seven shillings, and he swore the price was a round one!

Anselm. And what would he pay?

Andrew. He offered me five shillings and two trusses of hay in return. I told him he could not come in to mass with the sin of covetousness like that on his soul!

Jocelin. Poor man. He has eleven little ones to feed and clothe.

Andrew. But only seven shillings for thirty good hogs!

Jocelin. Come, brother, and leave thy bargaining and see the fair letters that I rubricate.

(Andrew goes cheerfully over to inspect Jocelin's work.)

Andrew. By my faith, they are fair wrought. We shall send you to Italy yet to study with great masters, and then you shall return to us to tint our reredos.

Jocelin. Nay, for my place is here always. Out of the world, for here is peace.

Theobald (sighs). Once I thought the world was a fair place, but now I like it not.

Jocelin. Yea, here are calm days and starry nights; our cloistered walks, our fair garth, the beauty of our chapel, our many labors and our schools, and every day, at eventide, there comes to us in our devotions somewhat else more precious yet. And every day to copy Holy Words! What could I ask of heaven more?

Anselm. An our precentor comes not soon with ink and colors, thou wilt pause, perforce. Our azure grows full thin.

(At this moment Brother Bertrand, greatly excited, enters. He has with him a knight from London, who has paused for a day's respite from the ardors of his journey. He is dressed in fifteenth-century costume, which may be copied from Alexander's painting, "The Printing Press.")

Bertrand. Peace be with you, brethren. I bring unto you Sir Nicholas Warringford, who comes from Flanders with marvelous news.

Theobald. Our guest is right worthily welcome. God and Saint Benedict be with you, Sir Nicholas!

Nicholas. Give you fair thanks, brother.

Bertrand. Show him thy book, Sir Nicholas, and tell thy tale. It will not bear delay.

(Sir Nicholas produces a small, dull brown book, and without a word, but very impressively, hands it to Theobald. The other brothers crowd around, but no one seems for the moment impressed.)

Anselm (patronizingly). Yes, a fair little book.

Nicholas (smiling). It be more than that.

Jocelin. There is somewhat strange about the lettering. The lines change not in size, and how heavily are they drawn! There is labor of years in that. And wasted, forsooth, in a secular book, "The Game and Plaie of Chesse!" Truly, no monk would do that.

Nicholas (still smiling). No monk did it.

Theobald. And where in the world, Sir Guest, is there a place where writing is done and not by monks? Unless it be done by kings, and they lack time and pains. I trow there is no illuminating done elsewhere in England. This —

Nicholas. This was done in Flanders.

Andrew (hotly). Thou canst good skill in fables, friend, for I have been in Flanders and I know thou sayest wrong.

Bertrand. I trow I can wait no longer! This were not done with hands!

Jocelin. A miracle!

Nicholas. In one way, yes. In another, no! There is a marvelous man hight William Caxton, who dwells in Bruges in the country of Flanders, and he wrought this in one day!

Andrew. I trow thou hast traveled with Mandeville! 'Tis a good round fable that thou tellest us. Dost think, because we wear hoods, we are wantwits?

Bertrand. Peace, brother Andrew, and read us the preface.

Andrew (eagerly grasping the book, inspecting it, and hesitating). List, brethren, to what the foreword saith. "For as much as in the writing of the same, my pen is worn, my hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyes dimmed with overmuch looking on white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labor as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me

daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to divers gentlemen and to my friends to address them as hastily as I might the said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dispense to ordain this said book in print after the manner and form as ye may see, and is not writ with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once, for all the books of this story here emprynted as ye see were begun in one day and also finished in one day." Great Hermes Trismegistus! The day of magic be not passed!

Jocelin. Nay.! Still I say a miracle!

Theobald. Brother, believe him not! Think how we labor for years over a single missal! It is not possible.

Bertrand. Yea, Theobald, this man speaketh truth to us. Sir Nicholas, make clear, I pray thee, the working of the book to my brethren.

Nicholas. Right willingly. It be called a block-book, because the letters were first hewn out on a deep block of wood, then the block was smeared right plenteously with ink and then the imprint left on a fair piece of parchment, and again this were done and again, and as many books as the journeyman desired, that did he imprint, and this one did I of him purchase after I did see him work.

Jocelin (bitterly). Then is my work ended and the Lord hath no further use of me. Now is the day of the cloister passed and evil times are come upon us.

Anselm. Nay, for God will always need His children, whatever befall the world. It is growing dusk and even-song will soon be here. We thank thee heartily, Sir Nicholas, for thy presence and thy tidings. Will it please thee to abide the night, now that dark cometh? The

road is beset with mire, and highwaymen are abroad betimes.

Nicholas. I thank thee, and with the permission of thine abbot, I will tarry the night.

Jocelin (musingly). Books begun in one day and finished in one day! Truly, then, my work is naught. What avails the labor of the hand, when artifice shall take its place? Ere many years be passed any wight can have a book. (A thought strikes him.) Then any wight can have a Bible! And so — and so — Why, then, dear Lord, it irks me not!

(Bells are heard faintly in the distance. The brethren rise in sudden silence and file out with their guest. Jocelin waits till they are gone, and then takes up his parchment and tears it across in sudden bitterness.)

CURTAIN

Chorus. Drenched deep in wrath of countless years,
Uncouth, unlearned, save in tears,
The peasantry of England rise
To turn their unavailing eyes
From Heaven and all her saints whom long
They sore besought with prayer and song, —
Turn they from God and look to blood
To snatch them from their servitude.

Even the Church cannot them hold,
This clamorous throng of tongues so bold,
So mad of blood, so heart-inflamed,
Flaunting, desperate, unashamed,
Led by the babbling priest of Kent
And traitorous Tyler, devil-sent.
Yet not in vain these poor serfs died,
Who later lived blessed those who died!

SETTING. A street in London, empty of wayfarers. The side of a tall building to the right of the stage. In the back, a drop to represent the river Thames and a breakwater or a shore. A confused and angry cry is heard very faintly in the distance, and very gradually increasing. Suddenly a wild- and ragged-looking woman runs in with a bundle of hay and faggots and lays it hurriedly against the side of the building, looking round in fear of detection. Then two or three men, equally wild- and desperate-looking, come in and pile up more straw and faggots. The voices increase, and the incendiaries hide in corners of the stage to mingle with crowd later. The words of the chant become distinguishable.

"John Balle greeteth you alle,
And doth for to tell he hath wrung your knell:
Our masters they grind us small and small,
But the King's Son of Heaven, he shall pay for us all.
Hear us, O God, for now is the time!"

Loud Cries. Now is the time!

(The gaunt men and women who have been piling straw are about to light it with flint and tinder, but a rough man knocks the box from their hands,

saying, "Not that!" Just then a thin, fiery priest strides in with a parchment in his hand. A mob, armed with knives and bows and arrows, follow him on to the stage, still chanting and crying, "Now is the Time!" The priest hushes them and mounts a near-by step.)

Balle. I am John Balle, the mad priest of Kent. I call you to arms and to revolt. Why are ye herded like cattle and dumb like sheep? Were ye born heirs of labor and kin to poverty? Did the gracious Lord make two kind of men, the baron and the hind? I ask you that.

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who then was the gentleman?"

Balle (continued). Too long have we prostrated ourselves and cried to God; but, Christ save us all, now is the time!

Voices. Now is the time!

Balle. Good people, fair people, I have been silent in the dungeon for three months. Now, like Lazarus, I rise uncorrupted from my bed of corruption, and come forth here to preach to you.

Voice. Come down, false Lollard! (Voice suddenly muffled.)

Balle. As I lay there in the dungeon, I was distressed with much pensiveness of heart. I raised up my arms from the slime and cried out: —

"Now reigneth Pride in price
And Covetise is holden wise,
And Lechery withouten shame,
And Gluttony withouten blame,
Envye reigneth still with treason,
And Sloth is taken in good season,
God give us aid, for now is the time!"

Voices. Now is the time!

Voice. Come down, false Lollard, come down, you ribald one, afflicted with Lollardry. Dare ye not gainsay — (Again suddenly muffled.)

THE CAVEMAN'S DWELLING IN "FROM CAVE LIFE TO CITY LIFE," A PAGEANT GIVEN AT THE BOSTON ARENA

Photograph by Notman

Balle. Forbear, thou member of the devil and fellow of antichrist. My people, I tell you that the time is come. No more shall you be afflicted with tithes, taxes, and corvées. No more shall ye be bound upon your soil, like cattle in foul pasture. The voice of the people shall be the voice of the land. Our king is but a boy, and knows not what he does. Woe to thee, O Land, when thy king is a child! I hear advancing the step of our leader in arms. (Enter Wat Tyler, greeted by shouts.) Ah, bonny Wat! here is our leader. Will ye take us right soon to the king?

Tyler. There is no need, my people. The king comes to us here, and that right soon.

(A sudden stir in the rear of the stage, and King Richard and the Mayor of London and certain councilors appear. Richard is only a slender lad of sixteen.)

Mayor. What! what! what! What are all these lazy vagabonds doing here? I command you all, good people, to go instantly to your homes and your labors.

Tyler (sternly disregarding the mayor and striding toward Richard). Sir King, seest all those people yonder?

Richard (curtly). Yea, truly, why sayest thou so?

Tyler. Because they be all at my command, and have sworn their faith and troth to do all that I would have them. (Fingers his sword and looks meaningly at his men.)

Richard. Foul traitor! Thou liest! Who can be king but me?

Tyler. Then, my men, the king will not hear us. We must use our arms if we stay not in bondage longer. Take the first in thy way! Kill! kill! kill!

(Tyler starts to leap upon the king, but the mayor is too quick for him and, leaping on him, stabs him and he drops. At this juncture a body of armed men sweep on to the stage in the rear.)

Richard. Ah! Well come, in sooth!

Voices. Our captain is dead; we are betrayed. We are trapped. Verily, he told us to ware of guile in borough. Oh, we are lost! Our captain is dead!

Richard (steps into their midst). What say ye, my masters? What are ye doing? Tyler was a traitor; I am your king, and I will be your captain and guide.

Voices. Know ye not how we are oppressed? Beware, he may have guile!

Balle. Cunning bloweth! The blind eateth many a fly.

Voices. No, he is our king. He fears us not.

Balle. And what shall ye promise us, fair sir?

Richard. What is it ye ask? I hear nothing of you but vague and angry cries. I ask again, what will ye?

Voices. Nay, now, hark to our king! He will give us what we want! He is no backfriend. He holds not venom in his stomach! Hither, good John Balle, and tell the king what we ask!

Balle. Sir King, we ask first to be relieved of our corvées, that we may pay a money rent for our lands, and not labor. Wilt give us that?

King. Aye! That shalt thou have!

Balle. Further, Sir King, we ask that we may not be bound to the soil; that we, our children, and our grandchildren, may leave it as we wist. We ask to be free to go and come.

King. Truly I will try to better that.

Balle. Again, Sir King, we ask that our tithes and taxes burden us not so heavily.

King. That, in sooth, will I try to do! Now, my people, ye have a king's covenant. Will ye now go peaceably to your homes and your labors? We have now broken our

minds to each other, and have made a compact without craft and without guile. Go ye now in peace.

Voices. God save King Richard! Yea! Yea! God save our good King Richard! Relieved of our corvées! Lightened of our taxes! God save King Richard! Freed from the soil! Free to come and go! A king is our leader! Yea, we have a king's covenant! God save King Richard!

John Balle. Death is suppen up in victory! Yea, God save King Richard!

CURTAIN

Chorus. Across the hills, across the moors, across the purple seas,
There lies a land of virgin woods and undreamed mysteries;
Nor even wizard wisdom knew, nor prophet marvel-wise
Could lift his inner sight to search these new-world mysteries.
But she, keen-eyed, their virgin queen, of royal mind and mood,
Did she, I wist, imagine once their far-off magnitude;
And see the fleet ships scudding fast before the flying skies,
And colonists departing sad and lifting homesick eyes,
Yet ever turning steadfast where the last horizon lies?

SETTING. The presence chamber of the palace. To the right a large fireplace with carved tiles. To the left, mullioned windows with long draperies. Between the windows and the fireplace a large door, also draped. The walls are tapestried, and all the furniture heavy and elaborately carved. Elizabeth sits upon a chair raised on a dais. The others are standing. Among the courtiers are Sir Nicholas Bacon, Sir William Cecil, Tarleton, the queen's jester, and a group of ladies and gentlemen. Later, to these enter Sir Walter Raleigh, the captains, Amidas and Barlow, two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese, and a little Indian boy. Elizabeth should be dressed in all possible magnificence, following any of her well-known portraits, the courtiers also in splendor, but eclipsed by Sir Walter Raleigh, whose satin vest, embroidered doublet, plumed hat, and jeweled sword-belt must take the eye instantly. The Indians should appear in all the glory of paint and feathers that the costumer may compass. Amidas and Barlow should be dressed in contrasting simplicity. Tarleton wears blouse and full knee-breeches, pointed cap, with the peak falling to one side, and carries a drum and fife.

As the curtain goes up the courtiers are somewhat shamefaced and silent.

Elizabeth. Dumb, all of ye? Not a word for thy sovereign? Is't deaf-mutes adorn my court? Are all the apes in my apery tongue-tied? Speak, some of ye! Buzz somewhat in the ears other than the silence of the tomb! Have ye no seemlier manners than to stand like gaping fools and let thy queen berate ye?

Burleigh. Not so, my queen, we were but waiting for the voice of our gracious majesty.

Elizabeth. And heard it not? Where is my fool? Make merry, sirrah! What art thou here for?

Tarleton. I thought it was the tomb for silence, and did stand thus to compose mine epitaph.

Elizabeth. Then, by my halidom, give forth that jest, to feed the grins in this my apery.

Tarleton (beats a funeral measure on his drum to time with the verse):

Here beneath this sullen earth
Lies Dick Tarleton, lord of mirth.
Once he lied on earth, I trow;
Now he's lying down below.

(He ends with a more cheerful tattoo upon his tiny drum, and a jig.)

Elizabeth (she laughs, whereat all the courtiers slavishly laugh). Finish it out, man, finish it out!

"And in his grave he laughing gapes,
Who were his clowns are now his apes."

Tarleton. Nay, I meddle not with your majesty's privilege. 'Tis thou'lt lead apes in hell, not I. (He dances and drums again.)

'Tis often said that maids unwed,
Who die before they're marri-ed,
For scorning men on earth that dwell
Are destined to lead apes in hell.

(This time the courtiers' laugh is louder than the queen's.)

Elizabeth. I may not die a maid for all that, while still I have a loyal suitor or two. Why shall I not wed my good Cecil here, or Essex, my sweet coz, or, perchance, young Walter Raleigh? And by that mark, where is my courtier? It were time he were here.

Sir Nicholas. Your majesty will be right well-beguiled by his report of strange adventures that his men have undergone. For I saw him yestereven, and heard his man's relation.

Elizabeth. Keep it, Sir Nicholas, keep it, until thy sovereign require speech of thee.

(At this moment, a little Indian boy runs softly in, and kneels at Elizabeth's feet.)

Boy. Oh, Ruler of the Court of all Delights, Queen of Love and Beauty, humblest of thy servants, but thy best lover, my master, has sent me to you as a postboy, with a letter in which he announces his approach.

(He hands Elizabeth a letter.)

Elizabeth (opening it). Right glad are we to see our faithful courtier, Walter Raleigh, with his trusty captains, who come, we hear, from wondrous strange lands, and bring with them much treasure trove.

Boy (kneels again). And he bids me to say that I am one of your majesty's most loyal new subjects in that far-off new land, and that I, like them, do pledge my loyalty.

(Tarleton, in the rear of the stage, has been mimicking everything that the Indian boy has done, and when he finishes, he punctuates his close with a tattoo.)

Elizabeth. Leave thy gibing, fellow. (To the boy.) And comes when thy master?

Boy. Anon, your majesty.

Tarleton. And may he come anon, but not a non plus!

Elizabeth. Stint thy wit, master Tarleton. We ask no more of it, nor you!

Tarleton.

A wagge I am, none can prevent me;
And my desert, it shall content me.

(At this moment enters Raleigh, followed by his two captains, Amidas and Barlow, and the two Indians, Manteo and Wanchese. He advances, kneels to his queen, and gestures to the captains.)

Elizabeth. Od's life, but 'twere right well to see thee, my good Walter. We play at comedy without thee, but now thou'rt come, we'll have romance and rare at that. What news do bring thy captains from overseas?

Raleigh. Gracious liege, my trusty captains would fain do homage here. They are two good esquires and loyal to your English realms. (The captains advance and bend the knee.)

Elizabeth. How now, my masters, what have ye to tell?

Amidas. Your majesty, my tongue is only fit to tell a rough-hewn tale of wild seas and tossing storms, new lands and wondrous sights. I cannot give it fair with these my blundering words. My master has my log. Let him recite my tale.

Elizabeth. Ye did the deeds, good men, and though your master give report, ye shall reap fair recompense. (To Raleigh) And who are these that stand like wooden masks as though to deck a pageant on Lord Mayor's Day?

Raleigh (gesturing to the Indians, who instantly come forward and prostrate themselves before Elizabeth). These be thy slaves Manteo and Wanchese, who come across the windy seas to do thee reverence.

Elizabeth. Brought ye naught else?

Raleigh. My men found a land of rare beauty, most lovely and most fair, green shores dipping into the azure ocean, purple mountains kissing the sky in vain efforts to

reach thy majesty's heavens, and a race of strange and dusky men, who lived in peace and gentlehood, after the manner of the golden age. And when our captains spoke your majesty's name to them, they bowed the knee instantly in love and terror. (He gestures to the Indians who again prostrate themselves.)

Elizabeth. Proceed, proceed, good Raleigh, and give us the meat of thy discourse. Got they any gold?

Raleigh. Not to take back with them, great queen, but they did hear rumors of fountains of gold running freely into the sea, and beds of diamonds outshone alone by your majesty's eyes!

Elizabeth. Go to, thou flatterer!

Raleigh. But one gift brought they to their queen, — a string of pearls, as big as peasen, for thy neck of swan. (He hands her a casket.)

Elizabeth. Thy captains have done well. But they shall bring us gold, anon, and diamonds, not pearls. Didst thy captains take full and formal possession of that land? We would not suffer it to fall unto the dogs of Spain.

Raleigh. They did, and left thy arms erected on the shore. There daily do these simple children of nature repair for worship.

Elizabeth. Gave they it a name?

Raleigh. Nay; the king, Wigini, of that land, did call it Roanoke.

Elizabeth. Od's body! Hath that wilderness a king? And peers?

Raleigh. Nay, no peers, and king in simplest like.

Elizabeth. Sure, and so fair a land should not lack peers. We'll remedy that, and soon. What sayest thou, Cecil?

Shall we create this Indian, Manteo, a lord, and found a family of peers in far-off Roanoke?

Burleigh. An it please thy majesty (stiffly).

Elizabeth. I know thou thinkest there be more worthy here, and yet unknighted they? Ah, well, patience, good Cecil. (To Manteo) Hither, thou creature without a tongue, and kneel before thy liege.

(In response to another gesture from Raleigh, Manteo kneels before Elizabeth, while Wanchese is restrained with difficulty from advancing, too. He, however, is soothed by Tarleton, who knights him in dumb show, while Elizabeth creates Manteo, Lord of Roanoke.)

Elizabeth (tapping him with her sword). Rise, Sir Manteo, Lord of Roanoke. Now, good Cecil, thou shalt have thy wish. Go tell thy friend of Raleigh that we would fain honor him, too. He hath deserved much at our hand.

Raleigh. My honor, gracious queen, shall consist in the perpetuation of thy love. Wilt thou not name these new-found shores which bear the crest and arms of England's virgin queen?

Elizabeth. I like thy modesty in this delayal of thine honors. They, being sure, may tarry even now. And as for this our new-found realm, thy words have given me its name. Virgin Queen, sayest thou? What say you to Virginia for its name?

Raleigh. Queen and liege, a fairer name shall never meet our ears. Virginia shall it be, for ages yet to come. The English tongue shall there be spoken, and English colonists shall inhabit there. Nations arise, and world-receiving harbors stretch their arms, noble galleons issue forth therefrom, and cargoes of frosted silver, sunny gold, and night-dispelling diamonds shall be sent unto thy majesty, and from rolling year to year, thy majesty's flag wave

o'er the noble country of Virginia, dear possession of the Virgin Queen.

Elizabeth. Rare words, good Raleigh. Thou dost outpoetize our poets. Now ask thee for thyself a boon.

Raleigh. In rewarding these my trusty men, you have rewarded me. My favor now as ever, good my liege, lies in thy kindly words.

Elizabeth. Good Raleigh, we like thy modesty, and for thy worthihood now shalt be done that which thou long hast merited. We now will knight thee for thy services. What say you now to our plan, good Cecil?

Lord Cecil. Thy majesty says many gracious things, but none more gracious to our ear than this.

Elizabeth. And you, Sir Nicholas?

Nicholas. I do approve most heartily of your majesty's benevolence.

Elizabeth (rises). Thy sword, Master Raleigh. (He unclasps his sword and gives it to Elizabeth, who taps him lightly three times upon the shoulder.) Rise up, Sir Walter Raleigh, belted knight. Take back thy sword. Estates and lands await your ownership. Now guard thy lands, and keep the faith, and love thine England's queen.

CURTAIN

Epilogue. The hour is gone, the spell is past,
The gleaming vision overcast,
For shattered is the gazing globe,
And impotent the magic robe.

Yea, where the hoary Merlin went,
Into that Isle of Far Content,
There have our motley masquers gone,
And all their deeds are dead and done.

Yet are they not so wholly gone,
But some faint echo still lives on,
Some murmur ringing in the ears,
As one who holds a seashell hears.

So may that echo ever be
A dream of love and chivalry,
Of fairer lands, a rarer race,
And perfect and more perfect days.

SUGGESTIONS. Between the first and second interludes interpose the singing of the old English ditty, "Summer is A-Coming In." (See Bibliography, for books on ancient songs and dances.) After the second scene, the dancing of the "Pavane"; after the third, the singing of "The Victory at Agincourt"; after the fourth, the dancing of the "Coranto"; after the fifth, the "Egg Dance," and after the sixth, the "Morris Dance" with all the dancers in fancy costume, depicting Robin Hood and his men, jesters, men with horses and dragons' heads, etc., and all the dancers wearing countless little bells fastened to their knees. If other songs are desired, a large choice of ancient songs and their tunes will be found in Mr. Chappell's volumes. The complete directions for these above-mentioned dances will be found in Miss Ardern Holt's book, and the authentic music for them also.

Songs and dances to accompany a Medieval Pageant are comparatively easy of access now, since reference may be found in the bibliography to several admirable books that have been published the last few years in England. The best authority on ancient songs is William W. Chappell, who has published several volumes of words and music modernized and harmonized. For quaint customs of the earlier medieval period, Mrs. Lily Grove's "Dancing" is the best, but for steps and music, with illustrations showing costuming, Miss Ardern Holt's "How to Dance the Revived Ancient Dances," is better. "The Guild Book of Play" (see bibliography) and other publications by the same publisher contain both songs and dances, steps and music, and are com-

paratively inexpensive. For patient workers a study of "Orchesographie," by Thoinot Arbeau, will give a complete and accurate set of early French dances, all the steps being given by diagrams and words and music to accompany. However, the amateur will find both rather involved.

THE PAVANE[1]

1. Begin side by side, hand in hand, with a curtsy and a bow. Start with a *pas marché* down the floor, making four steps, the cavalier taking the lady's left hand. They commence with opposite feet. The cavalier holds the lady's right hand *en tour*, — that is, they turn with four steps. He then takes her left hand and goes up the floor backward with four steps. He again takes her right hand and turns with four steps. This accomplishes the first movement.

2. In the second the cavalier passes from his lady from his right to his left in three steps, both change hands, and pose in a line, facing the audience. The cavalier passes the lady to his left in three steps, when both pose, with their backs to the audience. All is performed in stately measure.

3. In the third movement, the lady passes under the left arm of the cavalier, holding hands as they do so, but they lose them when the movement is over. Standing *vis-a-vis*, they take one step to the right and salute, which means that the man makes a sweeping bow and the lady a very low curtsy.

4. For the fourth movement, the cavalier passes the lady under his right arm, makes a step to the left, and bows. They then make a step to the right, placing that foot over the left, then carry out the half turn, point left toe to toe, and shoulder to shoulder, in a very graceful pose. This is repeated four times, forming a sort of cross with the feet; the last time, instead of the pose, they salute each other.

This is the entire dance, and its step gives pretty well the keynote to many other dances of old days. The movements can be repeated as often as is deemed convenient, but when the end comes, instead of bowing to each other, the dancers bow to the audience. The music should be played by the spinnet or the flute, and the time marked by drum. The following should be sung by lads or maidens to accompany the dancing: —

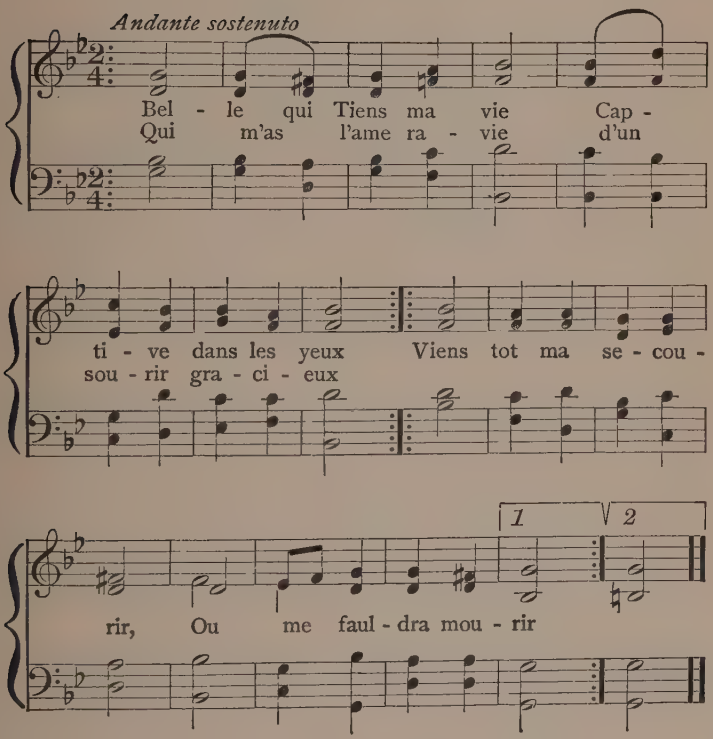
THE PRISONER

Beauty, thou who holdst me fast
Prisoner in lovely eyes,
Rescue me, ere grief at last
Makes me a sacrifice.

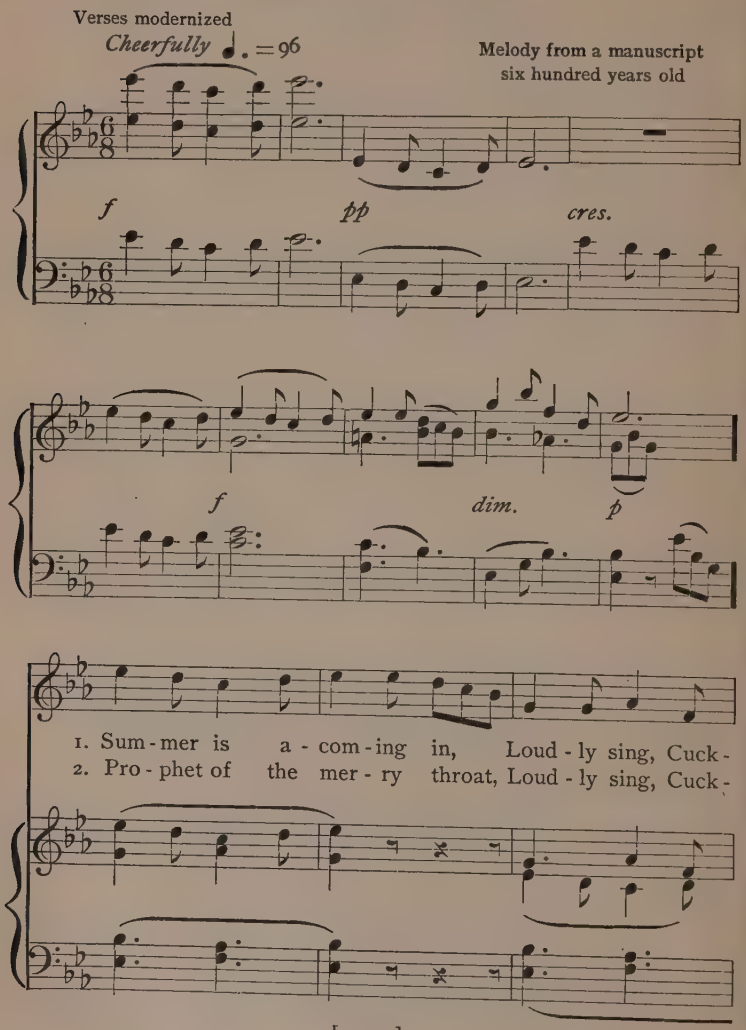
[1] From "How to Dance the Revived Ancient Dances," by Ardern Holt.

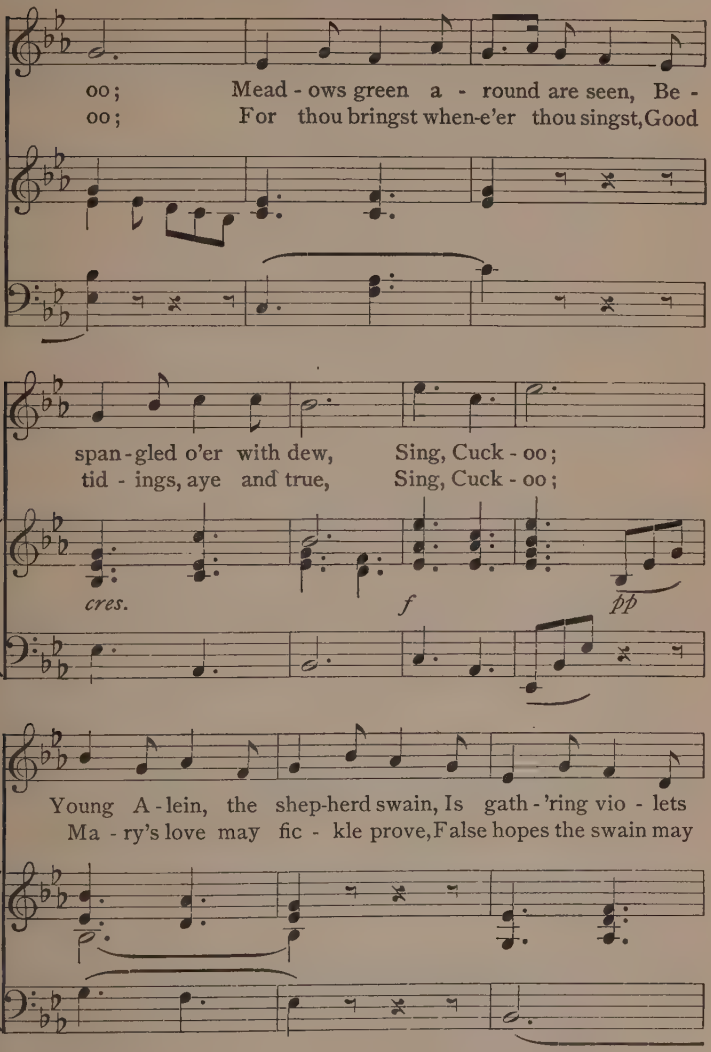
And, when thy lovely smile
Frees my soul from pain,
Bend thine eyes to make awhile
Me prisoner again!

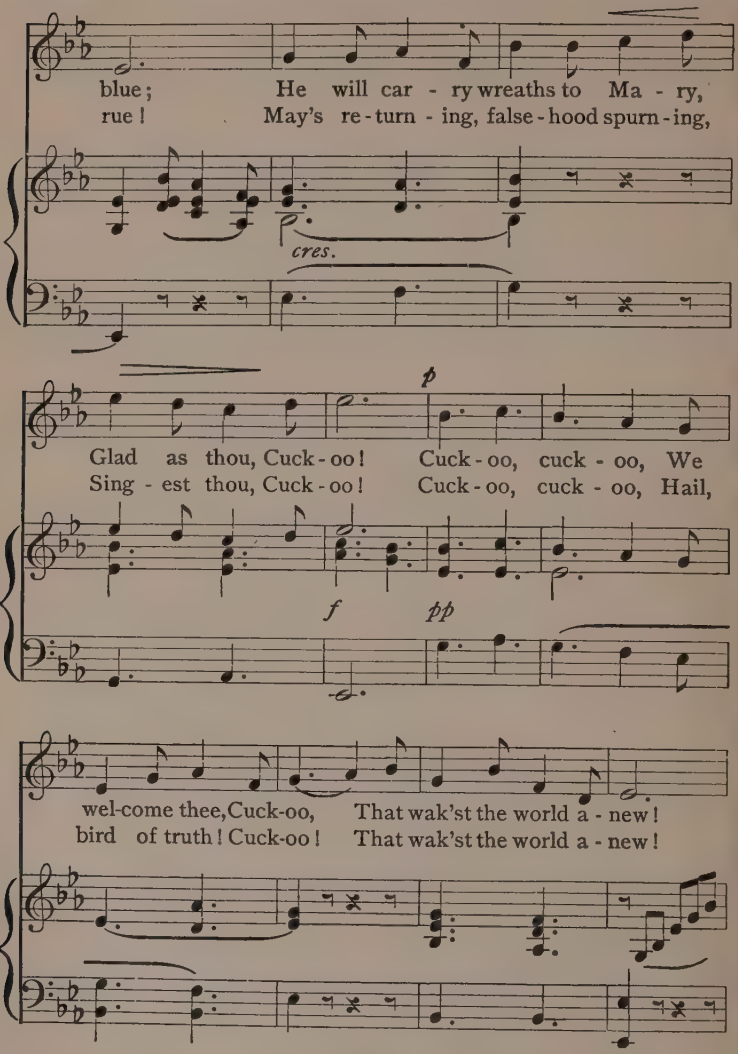
THE PAVANE

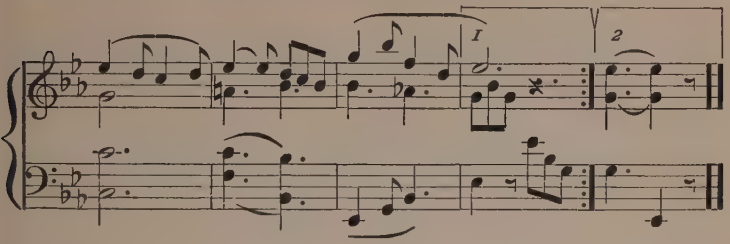

Andante sostenuto
Bel - le qui Tiens ma vie Cap -
Qui m'as l'ame ra - vie d'un
ti - ve dans les yeux Viens tot ma se - cou -
sou - rir gra - ci - eux
1
2
rir, Ou me faul - dra mou - rir

"SUMMER IS A-COMING IN"

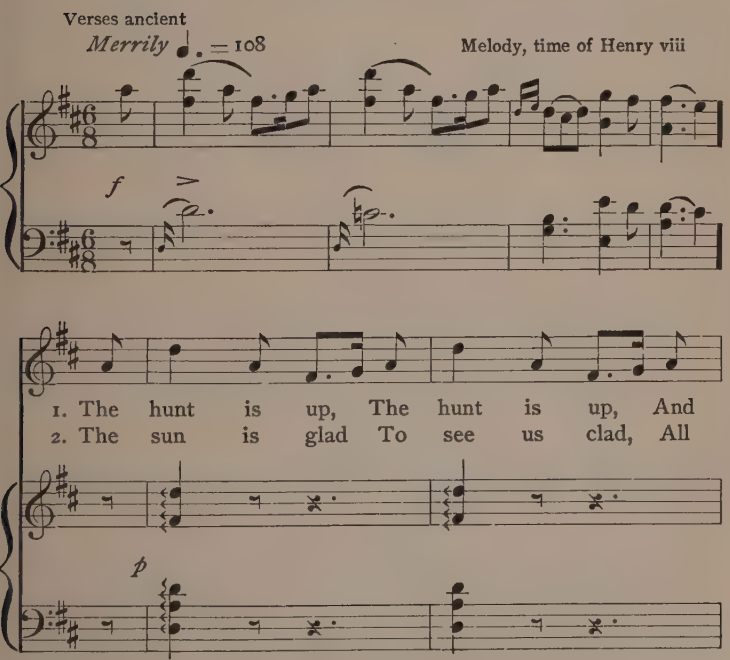

Verses modernized
Cheerfully ♩. = 96
Melody from a manuscript six hundred years old
f
pp
cres.
f
dim.
p
1. Sum - mer is a - com - ing in, Loud - ly sing, Cuck -
2. Pro - phet of the mer - ry throat, Loud - ly sing, Cuck -

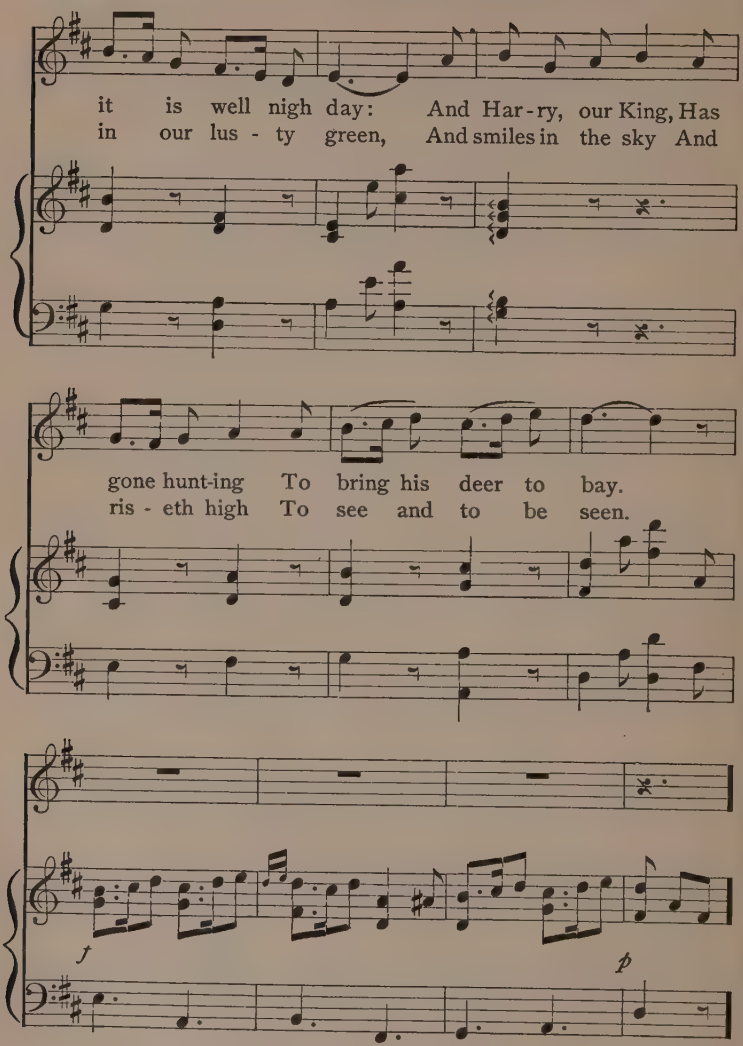

oo; Mead - ows green a - round are seen, Be -
oo; For thou bringst when-e'er thou singst, Good
span-gled o'er with dew, Sing, Cuck - oo;
tid - ings, aye and true, Sing, Cuck - oo;
cres.
f
pp
Young A - lein, the shep-herd swain, Is gath - 'ring vio - lets
Ma - ry's love may fic - kle prove, False hopes the swain may

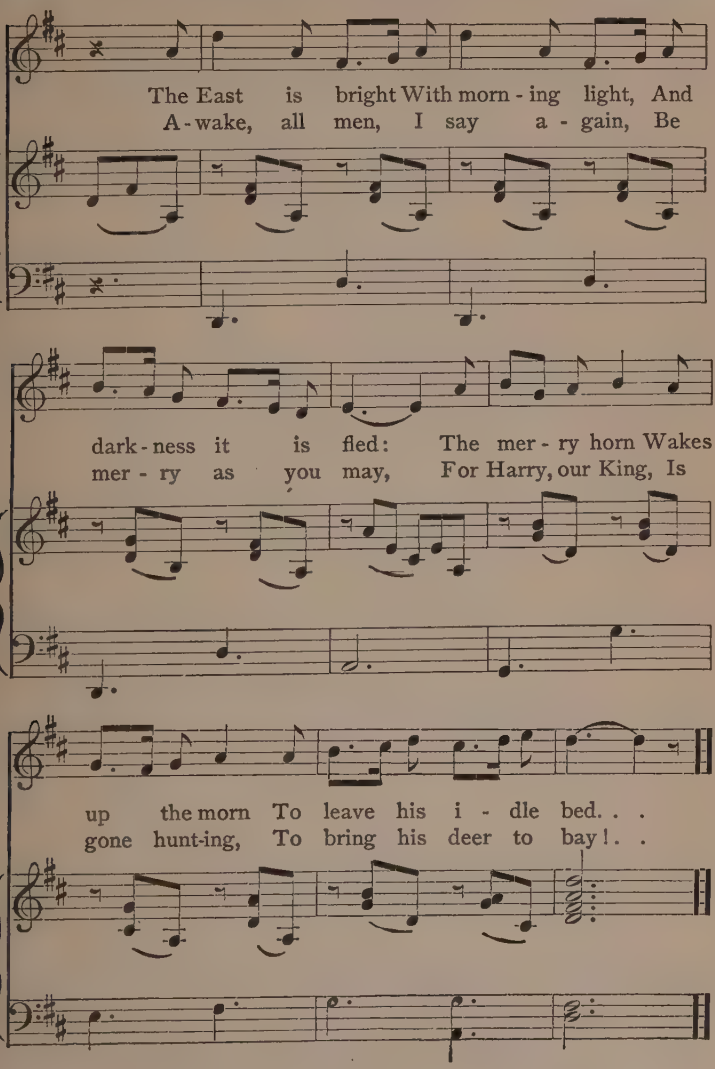

blue;
rue!
He will car - ry wreaths to Ma - ry,
May's re-turn - ing, false-hood spurn-ing,
cres.
p
Glad as thou, Cuck-oo!
Sing - est thou, Cuck-oo!
Cuck-oo, cuck - oo, We
Cuck-oo, cuck - oo, Hail,
f
pp
wel-come thee, Cuck-oo,
bird of truth! Cuck-oo!
That wak'st the world a - new!
That wak'st the world a - new!



"THE HUNT IS UP"




it is well nigh day: And Har-ry, our King, Has
in our lus - ty green, And smiles in the sky And
gone hunt-ing To bring his deer to bay.
ris - eth high To see and to be seen.
f
p


The East is bright With morn - ing light, And
A - wake, all men, I say a - gain, Be
dark - ness it is fled: The mer - ry horn Wakes
mer - ry as you may, For Harry, our King, Is
up the morn To leave his i - dle bed. . .
gone hunt-ing, To bring his deer to bay! . .

A COLONIAL PAGEANT

A PORTRAYAL OF THE ELEMENTS AND INFLUENCES OPERATIVE IN THE GROWTH OF THE COLONIES INTO NATIONALITY, 1650–1775

1. THE DISCOVERY OF MANHATTAN
2. THE DAME SCHOOL
3. THE RESCUE OF HADLEY
4. THE MAYPOLE AT MERRYMOUNT
5. A WITCHCRAFT INTERLUDE
6. ESTHER DUDLEY AT THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE
7. A VIRGINIA BALLROOM
8. THE CHARTER OF CONNECTICUT
9. THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

Prologue. Where Time long since has reaped, and Change has wrought
Transfigured pages in the Book of Thought, —
Where in recessional has passed away
Full many a pageant in the world's wide play, —
Where king and court, philosopher and page
Have passed to death and dust from age to age, —
Where those pale pilgrims, who were counted blest,
The shifting hour glass fulfilled of rest, —
We take you back to-night upon the stage
That you may read this old colonial page:
And, as the leaves of centuries unfold,
Find witches, kings, and regicides enscrolled;
Midst magistrates and Puritans therein
Perchance some jester find or harlequin.
Should laughter fail, not so the living Truth, —
That keeps its words, archaic or uncouth!

* * * * * *

Come back with us, for through its misty door,
With silent step the past returns once more;
And, playing gentle ghosts, our cast behold!
Witness these scenes, and hear their story told,
And whether, friends, our play shall please or pall,
We ask your kindly patience for us all!

After the prologue, dressed in academic costume, has read his lines on the platform before the closed curtains, the orchestra begins playing the music

for "Drink to me only with Thine Eyes" very softly. Suddenly the curtain is drawn back and the herald enters the stage, pauses before the audience, and blows a few notes on a bugle. At this the music increases in volume and the procession is heard singing the words. They march slowly, two by two, across the stage, followed by the calcium spot light. If there are not enough in the cast to make this imposing in number, the same persons may appear and reappear. If the construction of the hall admits, they may pass from the platform to the aisles of the hall and make a circuit to the platform again. The music for this song and for many other old English glees may be found in "Ancient English Ballads," edited by W. Chappell.

© Frances and Mary Allen

THE DAME SCHOOL, FROM THE DEERFIELD PAGEANT

Prologue. On bare, horizoned seas they deemed them lost,
So many months wind driven and storm tossed.
Across strange wastes each death-long day moved by;
Strange stars relentless nightly spaced their sky;
Yet moved they on, these sturdy pioneers,
And held them dauntless 'gainst besieging fears;
Found their reward, as their old log book reads,
"A right fair land," and meet for all their needs,
A land with wealth of furs and treasure trove,—
Small wonder that Manhattan settlers throve!

SETTING. A background of forests with greensward in the foreground. If possible, a back drop suggesting a river or inlet winding distantly. At one side of the stage a knoll whereon an Indian may mount to peer out into the bay which is supposed to be fronting the stage. One or two tents may be put up, with the smoke rising from a dying bed of coals, and the carcass of a deer being stripped for roasting. An old Indian squaw is busy plaiting grasses. To her enters in extreme terror a young Indian lad. He gestures toward the bay and cries "Manitou! Manitou!" and runs off into the forest. Then six or eight other Indians enter in the same state of excitement, crying "Manitou!" They huddle together, until the old woman apparently upbraids them. Then come, in much state and dignity, four chiefs in all their trappings, who summon the young braves, and take them into the rear of the stage, and there converse inaudibly with solemnity. In the meantime, the younger Indians go to the knoll to gaze, fascinated a moment, then return in terror. The braves and chiefs advance to the front of the stage, and begin to dance and chant to propitiate the supposed deity. The conjurer leads the dance, sets the braves to beating the tom-tom, and the young squaws to bringing out their idols, and praying to them. Then ensues a grand dance in which all the men take part, to the beating of the drums, and the chanting of the following. (This chant, if it is used, should be half chanted, half intoned, without varying the pitch above three tones at any time, and with an occasional minor cadence introduced. It is the devotional portion of an Indian war chant given in Schoolcraft's "The Red Race of America.")

The braves turn their eyes first to the clouds.

O sha wan ong — From the place of the south
Un dos e wug — They come.
Un dos e wug

O sha wan ong	
Un dos e wug	
Un dos e wug	
Wa go nain, e win ?	Why do ye, warriors,
A be yun ah ?	Stand back ?
Wa go nain, e win	
A be yun ah ?	
Ne ma je, e yeh !	I go to the spot.
Ne ma je, e yeh !	
A be tuh ge zhig	Under the center of the sky
Ne baim wa wa	I utter my baim wa wa (Sound of thunder)
A pit she Mon e doag	The high gods
Ne mud wa wa	My praise
Wa wa ne goag	They sound.
Baim wa wa	
Baim wa wa.	

(At the close of the dance, a young lad perceives the close advent of the white men, and all the Indians instantly betake themselves to the recesses of the forests, where they may remotely be seen, peering forth from their ambush. A group of a dozen or so white men, dressed in the antique Dutch fashion, with Adrian Block, as captain and dressed in red, commanding. They are armed and also carry a load of baubles, for they have evidently come to treat with the Indians.)

Block. A fair land, men, and a fertile one. After four months upon the sounding waves, it be doubly fair.

Hendrick. Aye, Captain, but now it is summer, and all the world is fair. What would we say to it, think you, in midwinter snows ?

Block. It would be no colder than the wind on Zuyder Zee.

First Man. Faith, Captain, this is as fair a country as any the foot of man has trod. Further, there be no schools, here, no, nor laws. In these harsh times, that alone would make any land excelling.

Block. Where better could we find a place for our trad-

ing station? Here are trees to furnish logs for block-houses, here a good outlook to the sea to guard against marauding dogs of Frenchmen, a spring, methinks, near by, and running water.

Hendrick. A better site for trading lies not on the coast.

Block. Then what say you, men, and who will tarry here?

Second Man. How long shall we be left among these savages?

Third Man. What surety have we that you will return for us?

Block. My word. Is that not enough?

Fourth Man. Faith, yes, and the wealth of furs awaiting your return.

Block. Have ye forgot the rich lading of fox and musk and otter that Hudson's galliot brought into Amsterdam?

First Man. Captain, I will stay, an you wish it.

Second Man. Hist, Dirck, you do not know what you say. Think of six months, perhaps a year, in this wilderness. Why, man, you will forget your dame school wit by then. And we, returning, will find you living in a wigwam with the red man for your brother.

First Man. Not so! You will find me as a king among my subjects. Huzza! (He tosses his cap into the air and sings.)

> Here's no more work for thy friend Dirck
> But a merry wild life in the wood!

Block. That's the way to talk. Look ye! These Indians regard us all as gods. Look how they regard us through the thickets. I verily believe that they are coming now with sacrifice! What would they not do for a white man's trading station? Think of the furs a season's trade would bring us to carry back to Cleef.

Second Man. I would not spend a solitary winter in this place for all the skins in all the land.

Block. You have not yet been asked. But none the less are you a fool. Who else will stay? Look on these kindly folk, and think that thou can be their king. Aha! They come to hold parley, yea, and bringing gifts!

(The Indians have been slowly and timorously emerging from the woods and now, perceiving themselves observed, they advance in solemn, chanting rhythm, repeatedly bowing to Block, whose red garments they apparently venerate. One by one they lay gifts of fur, wampum, and beads of shells at his feet, still chanting. Block bows repeatedly, and most absurdly, apparently overcome with embarrassment. At last an idea strikes him. He slaps his knee.)

Block. We will do them honor in return, boys. They shall have a gulp of something warm and gay. Bring us the pockhack, and some stores from the canoe.

(Two of the men run off the stage, and reappear almost instantly with a jug and a gourd. Block gestures to the Indians, who expectantly arrange themselves in a circle.)

Block (gesturing picturesquely as he talks). Now, all my red brethren, we invite you to partake of Holland's best. Drink with us, now, that we may be friends and brothers for many moons to come. (He pours the liquor into the gourd, drinks, passes it to his lieutenant, who drinks and returns it to Block. He again gives it to the nearest chief, who starts to drink but smells of it first and passes it untouched. The next hesitates and refuses in the same way, the next, and the next, and so forth until the end of the circle is reached, and the young brave there makes gestures of scorn to his companions, takes a solemn farewell of them, and gulps down all the contents of the gourd. He staggers, raises his hands high above his head, and falls. The Indians look reproachfully at the white men, who are laughing uproariously, and start to leave in sullen resentment.)

Block. This will not do. They think that we have slain their brother. We cannot let them leave in grief and anger. Hendrick, summon them back.

(Hendrick runs after them, and beseeches them, in dumb show, to return. They hesitate, and finally retrace their steps with much dignity.)

Block. Let them have the gifts now, for they must be our friends. (He and his men begin distributing handfuls of beads, knives, axes, hoes and stockings.) Take these tokens from us to signify our good will. Your friend but sleeps. He will awaken soon.

(He points to the stupefied Indian, yawns, pretends to awake, rubs his eyes, and the Indians comprehend. They run to the brave and feel of his body to find it warm and breathing. Other Indians are making extraordinary and naïve use of the gifts, using the stockings for tobacco pouches, etc. The brave slowly revives. He tells in a low guttural of his delightful sensations after partaking of the liquor, and one by one, the others take sly draughts of the jug. The chief calls in all the Indians by a gesture, approaches Block and the white men, bids them, by wave of hand, to be seated, lights the peace pipe, and as they begin to slowly smoke it, the curtain falls.

THE DAME SCHOOL

Prologue. Once on a time, our academic ways
Were trod in simpler guise. In other days
Our fathers learned the hornbook and the rule,
They toed the line or topped the dunce's stool;
An ancient dame presided as they read,
And if they erred, her thimble rapped each head;
Each little girl a sampler made, in time,
And wrought thereon her simple faith in rhyme.
View not these artless ranks with laughing scorn,
Here was the higher education born!

SETTING. A dull gray background with real or artificial small-paned windows. In one corner a fireplace with a crane and kettle hanging thereon. Sheaves of corn and crook-neck squashes hanging to dry over the chimney-place. A dilapidated wooden pail of water with a gourd to drink from lying by it. In the back of the room, a cupboard containing willow ware and pewter platters and porringers. The seats are small three-legged stools, benches, and a few stiff-backed chairs. There is a blackboard on an easel, with some simple work in addition and a small caricature of the teacher in the corner, of which she is unconscious. A dunce block and dunce cap are both in use. The smaller the children are, the more attractive the picture. There should be from fifteen to twenty, and their ages should be from three or four years to ten. The dame an elderly woman dressed in the costume of 1700.

There may be three tableaux. The first may show the industrial aspect of education in those days. The dame is engaged in plucking a huge goose. The little girls are working on their samplers or patchwork. A small boy is shelling peas, much to his disgust. Others are husking corn, and one is taking a stealthy drink of water from the gourd.

The second tableau may give the spelling class, toeing the line. One has just spelled his word correctly and one gone to the foot of the line.

The third tableau may present the New England Primer in use. The reading aloud of the alphabetic couplets from this will not fail to amuse the audience.

Prologue. Among its pines and pointed firs, so still
Lay Hadley underneath its cedared hill,
That scarcely dreamed the busy pioneer
Of savage redman with its warwhoop near;
Or, close at hand, hid in some secret place,
A judge who once condemned a kingly race.
But, piercing shrill, upon one Sabbath day,
The cry of Indians echoed down the way;
Confusion, cries, and panic filled the road,
Till in their midst a gray-haired figure strode,
Called valor up and wakened old renown,
Till he who killed a king had saved the town.

SETTING. In the rear of the stage the wooden front of a log church with doors that may open. The front should be made in three sections so that it may be easily taken down. This is flanked on every side by dwarf pines and cedars and the floor strewn with sand. Behind the doors of the church are the congregation, consisting of about nine men and twelve women and children. The men have their muskets with them. All are in Puritan costume. They sing the last verses of the Doxology as the curtain rises. While they are singing, a single Indian comes skulking on to the stage and peers through the windows. He is in war paint and feathers. He steals off and returns with another Indian, then another follows, and another. They look through the window, one by one, and retire, evidently in consultation. Their pantomime betrays that they are planning an attack. As they go silently off to arrange the attack, Goffe, in Puritan hat, black velvet suit, and long cape, gun in hand, comes stealthily out from behind a tree, watches the Indians as they retire, and a moment later, makes a dash to the church door, and batters upon it with his gun.

Goffe. The Indians! The Indians! Men of Hadley, to your guns and your defenses.

(The song stops suddenly and out rush the congregation in an utter panic, the women are screaming, and the children crying and clinging to their parents. Confused cries of "Where are they?" "What is the trouble?" "Back to the church with the women!" The men are priming and loading their guns and urging the women back to the church. In the midst of the confu-

sion the Indian warwhoop is heard, repeated again and again, and a minute later, a dozen Indians appear from behind the trees, shooting with bows and arrows, or perhaps a musket. Goffe suddenly takes command.)

Goffe. Women and children back into the church!

(The women and the children are hurried in, crying and terror-stricken and the doors are shut upon them. The men are now drawn up in line, and are picking off the Indians as they appear, one by one.)

Goffe. Now, men of Hadley, forward, and drive the skulking devils from their ambush. Are you ready? Andrews and Hooker, stand guard here!

Men. Aye!

Goffe. Forward, march!

(By this time, the Indians, except two lying apparently dead, have left the stage. The men march off, and when they have all left the stage, the warwhoop is heard again. This is immediately followed by a volley of musket shots, and, after a moment's silence, another charge of musketry. Confused cries of triumph, and then one more charge of shot. Meanwhile, all is quiet within the church except a crying child. The men on guard stand with guns cocked and eyes on the alert. The sound of marching feet is heard, and the Puritans come back in regimental order.)

Andrews. Are they gone?

First man. Aye! When they found that we were ready, they ran, like the cowards they are.

Hooker. Open the church doors, our wives and children are safe now.

(The doors are opened, and the women pour out, flinging themselves in rapture and relief upon the husbands.)

First woman. Are they all gone, and are we safe?

Second woman. Is no one hurt?

Third woman. Where is my goodman? Oh! Here! How I feared for you!

Fourth woman (very clearly). Who gave us the alarm?

First man. Yea! Who warned us, as we worshiped?

Andrews. A stranger gray and old! What was his name?

Hooker. He knew us both, and bade us stand a guard.

Minister. Mayhap it were an angel sent of God.

Second man. An angel in velvet breeches and cape with samite lined?

Third man. In any case, he saved the settlement.

Fourth man. Methought he resembled a judge of High Commission!

Hooker. Hush! He is gone, and we cannot thank him now.

Minister. We can give thanks to God who sent his servant to us.

First woman. Shall we not end our service here with a song of thanksgiving?

(Some one strikes up Doxology again and they all join in singing it.)

CURTAIN

Prologue. Not only goodly elders crossed the wave,
But wastrel, spendthrift, vagabond, and knave
Came hither once, and dwelt in merry mood,
And many pranks played they from lustyhood.
They raised a pole, and there in motley dight,
With rout and revelry and vain delight,
They danced a Maypole dance, and tried therein
The Indian girl and Plymouth maid to win !

SETTING. A background of trees and forest scenery. Pines and shrubbery at the side of the stage. The rout of revelers suddenly run on, carrying a Maypole, which they set up in the middle of the stage. The men are dressed in dilapidated cavaliers' dress with as many incongruities as possible. There should be a jester among them. The girls include a few Indian maids, a runaway Puritan, and the rest, gayly dressed English lasses. Two Indian boys imperturbably hold the Maypole in place, while two other Indians, equally unmoved, lie under the tree and watch the proceedings.

They dance any of the well-known Maypole dances to old-fashioned music and wind up the ribbons as they dance. When it is finished, they suddenly run off the stage with laughter, as the curtain falls.

Prologue. When Ignorance, her mantle not yet furled,
Summoned the powers of the underworld,
Men saw in every shadow and dusky nook
The Devil waiting with a sable Book;
And each poor woman, destitute and bare,
They thought was leagued with Powers of the Air.
And yet, there was no Christian country round
Wherein a guiltless witch had not been drowned!

SETTING. The background used in the first tableau may be used here, by removing the stools, benches, and blackboard, and changing about the cupboard, adding a table, and a spinning wheel and a low chair. A broom made of twigs leans against the table and a fire glows in the fireplace. As the curtain rises, Goodwife Osborne is spinning at her wheel, and singing.

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath His feet He trod
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally He rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Went flying all abroad.

(As she is singing, Tituba, an Indian witch, half negro, half Indian, enters silently. She is cloaked and hooded and leaning upon a staff. She crosses the room and is not perceived by Goodwife Osborne until she is full upon her.)

Osborne (starting). Out upon you, Tituba. How dare you creep in upon me so? Know you not it is unmannerly to enter unannounced?

Tituba (significantly). I come to announce others, not myself, Goody Osborne. They come soon to take thee hence, Goody Osborne, where prayers, nor hymns, nor psalms to your cold Manitou will help.

LIBRARY

Osborne. What meanest thou, Tituba?

Tituba. They'll take thee where all sorcerers go, where the peering eye, the pointed finger, the outstretched arm will be upon thee, — where Goody Martin went not three weeks gone, for overlooking Goodman Pyncheon's pigs.

Osborne (pathetically). Comest thou to fright me, Tituba? And why? I have not harmed thee, no, nor ever shall. Who comes, and whither are they taking me?

Tituba. Dost thou not know, poor Goody?

Osborne (waveringly). No!

Tituba. To Danvers gaol!

Osborne. Ah! Never!

Tituba. Yea! To Danvers! For dealing with the Black Man, for laying a curse on Goodman William's cows that they all fell ill of the distemper, for afflicting Ann Parrish, who cries out upon thee hourly, and for sending a fit to carry off Mistress Hubbard's child!

Osborne. Indeed I am innocent of these! Mine enemies have digged a pit for me!

Tituba. Innocent! Innocent! An thou wert not innocent, thou shouldst go free now! Look ye! Goody Osborne, an ye hark to me, I will teach you fine revenges.

Osborne (retreating). Avaunt, witch!

Tituba (following her). Look ye! I will teach ye to make a fine poppet of wax and hog's bristle, which, melting slow before a flame, will make yon prating brat waste and pine. Ye may lay a curse on all your accusers. I will teach ye to fly out of the windows of yon gaol and ride on the air till dawn! Ye shall be death to cattle, blight to corn, cast thine enemies into strange palsy, and make the Devil himself thy servant. All this, an thou wilt sign in the Black Book of the Evil One.

Osborne. Take thy poppet, and put it from my sight! These be evil things thou speakest, Tituba, and never will I sign in the book. Get thee hence out of my house!

(As she speaks, Tituba slyly drops the poppet on the floor near the fireplace, and Ann Parrish, one of the afflicted children, enters with a warming pan.)

Tituba. An thou wilt not live a witch, go and die a witch! (Perceiving Ann Parrish.) Aha! What have we here? One of the sore-afflicted children, methinks. How, now? Didst come to see thy tormentor? Yon she stands? (Pointing to Osborne.)

Ann. Nay, I came for coals from Goody Osborne. Our fire fails most unaccountably.

Tituba. Fails? Does it? Look you that there be not witchcraft there. Mayhap Goody Osborne hath overlooked thy fire, as she did neighbor William's cows.

Osborne (in a passion of fear and anger). Thou liest, witch. Go home, or I will drive thee hence with my broom.

Tituba (significantly). Her broom! Mark how skillfully she wields it! Maybe 'tis her steed at night. (Shuffles to the door.) (To Ann) Make haste and leave this habitation ere the affliction fall on thee. Feelest thou not the pricking already? She's sticking thee with pins! Get hence, or thou wilt fall forever in a fit! Get hence, I say! (She goes past the child stealthily, pricking her as she passes.)

Ann. Torment me not, Good Osborne, I go! I go! (She creeps in terror to the door, and then runs out shrieking.)

Tituba (laughing). Wilt thou sign in the Book now? Wilt thou not league with the Black Man?

Osborne (desperately, with her back to the wall). Sooner will I die than league me with the Evil One.

Tituba (looking toward the door). Aha, the afflicted child has summoned her mother. They come now to accuse

thee. I must go, that I be not found consorting with a witch. (She laughs.) Give you good day, Mistress Osborne! Give you good day! (She exits left, and Osborne sinks sobbing into a chair.)

Osborne. What have I done? What have I done?

(The door is flung open, and a crowd of villagers enter in great excitement, all talking and pointing to Goodwife Osborne.)

Mrs. Parrish. There she is!

Mrs. Nourse. There is the witch! There is she that hath signed in the Book!

Mrs. Corey. There is she that's in league with the Black Man.

Mrs. Parrish. What didst thou do to my child?

Osborne (desperately). Nothing! I know not whereof you speak!

(Murmurs of horror from the group.)

Ann Parrish. She's tormenting me now, mother. She's sticking me with pins. Oh! Oh! Oh! Bid her cease!

Elizabeth Hubbard. She hath overlooked me, now, mother. She is pricking my hand! See, it is red!

(The women examine her hand in corroboration.)

Abigail Williams. She looks at me, mother! Oh, bid her stop! (She cries out loudly and then falls to the floor, and lies moaning.)

Susannah Martin. She is a witch, and now she hath overlooked me, and I shall nevermore be well.

(Enter Minister Parrish, accompanied by the Reverend Cotton Mather.)

Cotton Mather (impressively). What wonders of the invisible world have we here? Hath the Devil entered with fire and flame to torment this flock? In the name of Heaven, Goodwife Osborne, what is it that thou doest?

Osborne (weeping). I know not what I do.

Mrs. Parrish. Hear her testify against herself. She knows not what she does!

Mrs. Nourse. She cannot bear to hear the name of heaven!

(The afflicted children begin anew to cry out and moan.)

Ann. Oh, Master Mather, the Mad Dogs of the Underworld do bite me now!

Elizabeth. An invisible hand is pinching me! Oh! Oh! Bid her cease!

(Abigail moans constantly.)

Susannah. She chokes me and I see my shroud!

Mather. Hast thou taken the Evil One for thy Master, woman?

Osborne. I know not what you mean, and if I say aught, it will be construed against me!

Mrs. Parrish. Ah! Here is testimony, indeed! (She picks up the poppet that Tituba has dropped. Osborne shrieks and casts it on the fire.)

Osborne. It's not mine! Tituba left it here! It's not mine, I say! It's not mine!

Ann. Oh, mother, mother, she's burning me!

(The minister snatches the poppet from the coals and Ann subsides. The door opens and the sheriff with his halberd and Judge Calef enter.)

Judge. Good sooth! What have we here?

Mather (solemnly). One whom in all perversity and lying hath verily given herself unto the Devil. See these poor children whom she hath grievously bewitched. (The children again begin their noises.) I charge thee, Goody Osborne, by the Holy Writ, to remove thy spell from this maid.

Osborne. Indeed, I cannot. This is grievous accusation and wicked!

Mrs. Parrish. Sure a witch can cure her overlooking by her touch. Touch the child and heal her of her fit.

Osborne. I will not touch her. Ye shall not betray me into it.

Judge. Woman, I command you. Touch that child.

Osborne. I will not.

(The women drag and push Goodwife Osborne across the room and lay her hand by force upon the moaning child, who immediately revives as from the swoon.)

Mather. Thou art in truth a witch and shalt be apprehended by authority.

Judge. Sheriff, I command you to arrest the person of this witch and bring her speedily to Danvers gaol.

Mrs. Williams. Aha, now shall this she-devil be brought to trial! Now wilt thou make a poppet of my child? Now wilt thou overlook thy neighbor's cows?

Mrs. Nourse. Now wilt thou afflict my child? Now wilt thou bring distemper on my pigs?

Mrs. Corey. Now wilt thou blight the corn and walk in the wood with the Evil One?

(They crowd her to the door, shaking their fingers in her face and exulting over her. At the door Goodwife Osborne, with the judge and sheriff on either side of her, straightens herself and looks at them with scorn.)

Osborne. I have led a virtuous and holy life. I never harmed one creature on God's earth, and now you take me to my certain death. May God forgive you, for I cannot.

Mather. Thou blasphemest and devisest wicked lies. Sheriff, proceed!

CURTAIN

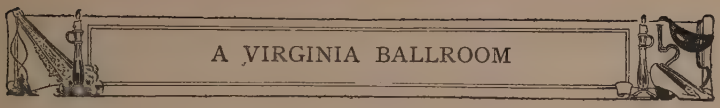
THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE

Prologue. What time the Governor, Sir William Howe,
Did leave the Province House, and there allow
Old Mistress Dudley, ancient pensioner,
Right to remain where roof would shelter her, —
The ancient dame dwelt with antiquities,
Summoning the ghosts of old festivities,
Held court with wraiths and phantoms of the past, —
Till she herself became a ghost at last!

SETTING. A richly adorned background hung with tapestry, mirrors, and sconces ablaze with candles. In the center of the back drop a large opening surrounded by a gilt frame, as if for a mirror. There may be one or two artificial windows with crimson curtains, a large rug on the floor, an armchair, table with candelabra, candlestick, taper, and behind the scenes a deep-toned bell or chimes. The curtain rises on a perfectly dark stage, and a violin and piano are playing very softly, and continue playing throughout the scene. The music swells in a very slow crescendo until the health is drunk, and then diminishes gradually until the end of the scene.

As the stage is revealed, Esther Dudley is asleep in the armchair, and only a single taper burns in the candlestick. She is very handsomely dressed in black satin of the pre-Revolutionary period. She rouses herself very slowly, goes with faltering and feeble step to the table, lights the candles upon the candelabra, and taking the taper again goes to the window and looks out earnestly in search of British ships. She sadly shakes her head, again sets the taper on the stand, and sinks into sleep again. A deep-toned bell strikes twelve very slowly, and she again awakes. She goes to the mirror, arranges the folds of her dress, and steps one side of the mirror and poses as if about to receive a series of guests. Then she strikes the floor three times with her cane very solidly. Two black slaves enter through the mirror frame and stand on either side. Then through the mirror come a large concourse of people, — six royal governors and their wives, four generals and their wives, three Indian chiefs in all the bravery of their trappings, and a Puritan clergyman in black with long flowing cape. Couple by couple or one by one they go forward and greet Mistress Dudley in pantomime, and then promenade back and forth across the stage, greeting each other and curtsying very low. In the midst of the company the slaves bring in large trays of wine glasses and serve the guests, and as the clock strikes one, one of the governors suddenly raises his cup and cries, "A health to King George!" The rest of the company

respond, "Long live King George!" and clink their glasses and drink the health. Then one by one they take their leave, still in pantomime, and pass out of the mirror, the lights grow dimmer, the slaves retire, Mistress Dudley snuffs out the candles one by one with an old-fashioned candle snuffer, then goes to her chair and falls asleep as the curtain goes down.



A VIRGINIA BALLROOM

Prologue. Where the Virginia creeper softly falls
About the porticoes of Southern halls,
Across the floor colonial couples pace
And take their graceful postures face to face.
They turn on airy toe and turn on heel,
And dance night long the gay ecstatic reel.
A pigeon wing each lightfoot gallant turns
And for a space the polished floor he spurns.
The village beauties, crimson flushed in face,
More breathless grow, but still dance on apace,
While through the hall, melodious, haunting, thin,
The wistful cadence of the violin
Makes mute the darkies, gathered at the door,
Who smile to watch the dancers on the floor,
And each thinks inly with his loyal pride
His mistress lovelier than all beside.
This is the ballroom scene we show tonight,
Which still resounds with music and delight.

SETTING. The same as in Scene 6, but with no rug upon the floor, and an abundance of roses everywhere, with vines showing through the open window. A negro fiddler against the wall plays "Money Musk," and four couples in rich Southern colonial costume may dance either a reel or a minuet. If a reel is danced, the fiddler should call the figures as they come, and when each new couple begin the measure, should bow deeply, and sway in time to the measure, without ceasing his fiddling at any time. From time to time, the faces of pickaninnies and plantation servants should appear delightedly through the windows and these be pushed aside to enable others to get a glimpse, and this business continued throughout the dance. Toward the end, a black mammy, dressed in bright colors, with a scarlet bandanna on her head, and a tray surmounting that, should pause admiringly in the doorway to watch the dance. Curtain as the dance is ended.

Prologue. An oak once sheltered England's king from wrack,
While rebel Roundheads spurred upon his track,—
Far nobler purpose served our Charter Oak
Which saved Connecticut from tyrant yoke.
The deputies and royal governor
Sate long in bitter argument and sore,
Which naught availed. Out went the candles then!
O'erthrown the tables, papers, ink, and pen!
The Charter vanished. Whither none could guess,
Save one who hid it in the oak's recess!

SETTING. A large, bare room with long windows at the rear, one of which extends to the floor and opens out upon a small balcony, whence steps reach to the ground. A set of tables or forms occupy the back of the room in the shape of the letter T. Benches, stools, and leather chairs are drawn up to the tables to accommodate above thirty deputies and the governor's staff, Sir Edmund Andros, and his orderlies. The leather chairs are placed for the important members of the conference. Two seven-branched candlesticks are near the governor's seat. The windows are partly curtained by valances.

The stage is empty when the curtain goes up. Enter, quietly, Mistress Ruth Wyllys, dressed in Puritan costume, with a cape and hood. She goes to the balcony and looks out, arranges the curtain of the valance, inspects the candelabra, and sits down, lost in troubled thought. In a moment enters James Wadsworth. She rises and they clasp hands.

Ruth. And so you are here!

Wadsworth. The King and all the King's horsemen could not keep me away.

Ruth (smiling). Much less Sir Edmund Andros.

Wadsworth. I met him and his trumpeters this morning, he upon his steel-gray horse, and thirty redcoats following him. I never saw a finer horse, and when the Major detailed me to hold his rein, as I stepped up, he looked not overstern at my salute, and said I held the rein of the best bit of horseflesh in New England.

Ruth. That sounds as thou didst like the man.

FLOAT REPRESENTING THE LOG CABIN OF COLONIAL DAYS, FROM THE HADLEY PAGEANT

Photograph by J. Maxwell Clark

Wadsworth. I could like him well, without his present errand.

Ruth. But thou art not weakened in the purpose, for the which thou didst meet me here?

Wadsworth. I would not spare the life of my dearest friend to save the Charter, and did my friend spare mine in like circumstance, I'd call him no more friend.

Ruth. Where is the Charter now?

Wadsworth. Thy brother Nathaniel has it safe. He renders it to-night to Andros.

Ruth. Never!

Wadsworth. And how can that be?

Ruth. It must go elsewhere! 'Tis ours by right, and 'twould never have been threatened save for that tattling Randolph with his false witness bearing!

Wadsworth. Odds fish! I would we had him in the stocks!

Ruth. And since 'tis ours, then we must keep it so.

Wadsworth. You would not defy Sir Edmund Andros. It would not be expedient.

Ruth. Expedient! Expedient! Oh, how I hate that word "expedient"! If naught were done save things expedient, where would our colony be? And thou? And our dear faith? We would be singing psalms in Dutch in Amsterdam. Or lying in Bedford gaol for heresy.

Wadsworth. Nay, Ruth, be not so hot. I'd give my life, thou knowest it, to save the Charter. Even doing so, it would but delay, and not prevent its loss. If we refuse Sir Edmund what he asks, a dozen ships would bombard us in a month, and soon there would be no Connecticut, naught but an Indian-ridden wilderness, which would not need a Charter.

Ruth. And canst thou think not of a subterfuge?

Wadsworth. I like not subterfuges.

Ruth. But thy well-loved King Charles was saved by subterfuges. And had he not been saved, he would not have lived to sign our precious Charter. Dost not remember the oak at Boscabel whose branches hid thy King? Was not that subterfuge? Yet think how now that oak is honored? And yet 'tis not so wonderful a tree as the giant oak that stands below the sloping lawn at home.

Wadsworth. The hollow-hearted one, wherein I sent thee letters once?

Ruth. Yea.

Wadsworth. King Charles might well have slept at ease within its heart.

Ruth. Do you begin to see?

Wadsworth. See what?

Ruth. How very dull thou art. Truly a child at dame school would know more!

Wadsworth. Why, first thou speakest of Charters, then of oaks, but why I cannot see.

Ruth. Nay, first I speak of Charters, then of hiding, then of oaks. There now I have told thee all! It is my brother's plan and thou art to execute it. To-night, in this chamber, the Charter will be shown. Try fair means first, so says Nathaniel, and when all hope is past, if it so run, one of the deputies will dash the candles down. And all will be dark. Then ere the lights return, the Charter goes to shelter where its author sheltered was, — in an all-embracing oak. No house would do, for houses may be searched. Then when all fear is past, and liberties restored, it shall be brought to light once more. And our grand old

tree shall be as famous as the oak at Boscabel, and strangers travel many miles to look on it!

Wadsworth. But I cannot take it thither and return before the lights are brought. And if they miss me, that will be a clew.

Ruth. My brother thought of that. Thou art to stand up in the balcony without, and never be seen at all.

Wadsworth. Why, then, I do believe 'tis possible!

Ruth. Nay, James, you mean "expedient"!

(Enter Nathaniel Wyllys. James goes to greet him.)

Wyllys. And Ruth has told thee our plan? And thy part?

Wadsworth. She has, and I embrace the undertaking with all my heart.

Wyllys. 'Tis not without its risks, remember, James.

Wadsworth. I love it for its dangers.

Ruth. The prudent James thinks it to be "expedient."

Wadsworth. Nay, no more jesting, Ruth. It is a wicked word, and I will abjure it like a heresy.

Ruth. Save the Charter, and thou wilt be forgiven. Hush!

(At this point the orderlies enter and put the room to rights, rearrange the chairs, set the candelabra near the center, draw the shades, etc., and light the candles, because it has grown dark. Ruth slips away, while Nathaniel and James assist the orderlies.)

Wadsworth. Comes Sir Edmund Andros soon?

First Orderly. Within the hour or less.

Wyllys. And his trumpeters?

Second Orderly. They be in the tavern reveling with such scant revelry as may be found in such a psalm-

singing-prayer-and-fasting place as this town be, I wot. But I would be with them, even with that scant cheer.

Wyllys. What hinders thee?

Second Orderly. Naught but the setting of these chairs to rights and the procuring of a quill or two with ink.

Wadsworth. We will perform thy labors, friend, an thou dost wish to leave.

First Orderly (suspiciously). Why so ready to assist, my friend? What purpose of thy own is herein suited?

Wadsworth. Faith, my father owns the tavern whose good cheer thou dost despise. I merely had an eye to father's trade.

Second Orderly. That be a reason I may comprehend. Come, let us tarry not. His Excellency may send for us again before the first potful may be tossed. We thank you, sirs. Command us when you will. (Exeunt orderlies.)

Wyllys. We must not lose a moment. James, get in here, and drape the curtains so you are concealed. Remain here until the lights go out. Then stretch thy hand forth and grasp what heaven sends thee. Run, then, run! The rest is clear. Wait, take thy cloak to hide thy face from chance encounters. Another thing, if time permits and it seem safe to thee, take the mastiff, Lion, and tie him at the oak. He terrifies more souls than one might think, I trow that he would make the royal crown safe from robbers. Now hist! Some one is coming!

(Enter a group of members from the neighboring towns, who gravely and sadly greet Wyllys and each other, and seat themselves. These are followed by a few more, talking in low tones, and last the governor enters with Deputy-Governor Bishop; whereat all the members rise gravely and seat themselves, while the governor seats himself. Then a bugle is heard without, and Sir Edmund Andros enters with two attendants and his secretary. The members, governor, etc., have hitherto removed their hats, but they do not rise to greet Andros, who wears his hat alone throughout the meeting.)

Sir Edmund. Close the doors! (The doors are closed and fastened.) Secretary West, read to the assembled deputies my commission received by me at the court of Saint James from the hand of our most noble sovereign, King James, to whom God give long life.

Secretary West. "James the Second, by the grace of God, of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, — To Sir Edmund Andros, greeting. We require you to command the Governor of the English Colony of Connecticut in New England in America, to render unto you what Charters, Liberties, Franchises, and privileges have heretofore been granted unto said Colony."

Sir Edmund. Read now the articles filed by Edward Randolph with the Lord Commissioners for the Plantations.

Secretary. Article 1. That they have made laws contrary to the laws of England.

Article 2. They impose fines upon the inhabitants and convert them to their own use.

Article 3. They enforce an oath of fidelity upon the inhabitants without administering the oath of supremacy and allegiance, as in their charter directed.

Article 4. They deny to the inhabitants the exercise of the religion of the Church of England, arbitrarily fining those who refuse to come to their congregational assemblies.

Article 5. His Majesty's subjects, inhabiting there, cannot obtain justice in the courts of that colony.

Article 6. They discourage and exclude from the government all gentlemen of known loyalty, and keep it in the hands of the independent party in the Colony.

Sir Edmund. Bring hither the Charter.

(Governor Treat signs to Nathaniel Stanley, who brings over to the governor's side a tin box containing the Charter. Governor Treat takes it out and unties the deerthong, and spreads it out upon the board. He addresses Andros.)

Governor Treat. This Charter represents the accumulated efforts of the founders of this Colony, and the toil and saving of its children. It was granted to those men who loved liberty of conscience above all worldly good. These men left their homes, left their families, left their country which they loved, braved death upon stormy seas, braved famine, and cold, braved the terrors of the unknown and the death, and worse than death, at the hands of savage and cruel tribes. This document gave them courage, this kept them in hope, this was their surety that their toils and pains were not fruitless. We have never made laws contrary to the laws of England. If we have imposed fines and laid them to our own use, they have saved this province from the tomahawk and the flaming brand of the Indian. How could we enforce fidelity without reference to this our Charter, made precious to us by the hand of the sovereign who bestowed it? If we have denied to other inhabitants the worship of the religion of the Church of England, it has been because such houses of worship are not yet established among us. If his Majesty's subjects cannot obtain justice in our courts, then no one can, because there be none here to be tried save his Majesty's subjects to act as judge and jury. This Charter is our most precious possession. It is to us as the Great Charter.

(Governor Treat sits down. Andros is unmoved. John Wadsworth, brother to James, arises.)

John Wadsworth. I came here as a child, walking for weeks across the wilderness with my hand clasped in that of my father. At night I have waked to hear the warwhoop, and seen the lights of blazing houses dance upon the wall. With my musket in my hand, I have rushed over the piled bodies of the dead to save an Indian-beset fort. I have

sown my fields and harvested my crops with my musket at hand, lest I be surprised, and the town invaded unawares. Has his Majesty other subjects who have done so to guard his dominions? Because Randolph, a disappointed man, and a betrayer of his brethren, offers accusation, shall our liberties and our rights, that are necessary to our very life, be taken hence? Answer me that, Sir Edmund Andros.

Andros. Members for the colony, and deputies, I make this request at the bidding of my sovereign and yours. Can you not trust his royal Majesty to insure for all his people that which their needs require?

Andrew Leete (roars). NO!

Sir Edmund Andros. Then I will parley with you no longer. I ask that the Charter be now given into my hands, and we will declare this meeting adjourned. (He stands as if to receive the document into his hands, but Andrew Leete rises, swaying from the violence of his emotions. While he speaks, Andros also remains standing.)

Leete. By God's help, Sir Edmund Andros, you shall retire from this room discomfited! There is neither human nor divine right which has the power to take this Charter from us. You may invade the rights of slaves, but not the rights of loyal subjects. The life of my father, and my own life, the lives of nearly every man in this room have been consecrated to that colony which our Charter alone makes possible. This document is in force at this hour. It is granted under the great seal of England, and that seal cannot be broken nor disregarded. Measures obtained by force do not endure. Go back and tell that to your king!

(Leete has been swaying back and forth throughout his speech, while his voice rises higher and higher. When he finishes speaking, he falls headlong upon the table extinguishing both the candelabra by knocking them over, and

then lies unconscious.[1] Under cover of the darkness, the Charter is snatched and transferred to James Wadsworth, who departs with it.)

Voices. Lock the door. It is locked, already. Bring in the lights! Who has a tinder-box. Mind your musket, there. Orderly! Ho, orderly! Have a care, man. Without, there, bring in candles. Unlock the door, you fool. Who has the key? Silence, gentlemen, and order!

(At last the door is unlocked and a badly frightened servant enters with a single candle, with which he slowly and clumsily lights the candelabra. The members resume their seats.)

Secretary. My Lord, where is the Charter?

(A general start of astonishment.)

Governor Treat. My Lord, do you know where the Charter has gone?

Andros (scornfully). Not so well as you, I presume, Governor Treat.

Governor. Nay, I protest —

Andros (interrupting). Nay, protest not. It will not avail. Bring me the records!

(While the records lie before him, Andros bids his secretary write a few words in an inaudible voice.)

Andros. While my secretary is inscribing my orders, permit me to condole with you, gentlemen, over your unfortunate loss. Secretary West, I pray you read the last entry.

Secretary. His Excellency, Sir Edmund Andros, Knight, Captain General and Governor of his Majesty's Territories and Dominions in New England by order of his Majesty James the second, King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, the thirty-first of October, 1687, took into

[1] Leete is said to have suffered from epilepsy.

his hands the Government of this Colony of Connecticut, it being by his Majesty annexed to the Massachusetts and other Colonies under his Excellency's Government.

Andros. And now write "Finis" at the end of the records, and write it large. Gentlemen, I see no occasion to continue this meeting.

CURTAIN

Prologue. Here honor we these men, remembering
Who threw a gauntlet down before a king;
Daring an empire with their scanty store
Of men and arms, with courage heretofore
Unparalleled. Here Jefferson appears,
John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and their peers,
And here in Independence Hall arose
A nation mightier than all her foes.

SETTING. Copy as accurately as possible the painting by Trumbull, of "The Declaration of Independence," both in furniture and the pose of the signers. The cast may stand in tableau for about thirty seconds, and then Thomas Jefferson may read the passage beginning, "We hold these truths to be self-evident," etc.

CURTAIN

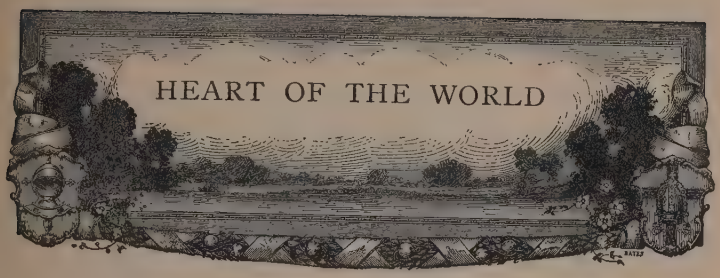
Epilogue. We are the youngest of our ancient race,
Enacting thus our fathers in this place;
Recording legends, chronicles, and dreams,
Perpetuating what our line beseems;
We bear a torch through shadowy vaults to search
For ancient annals of the crown and church.
And if our plays show great and valorous,
'Tis but those deeds they have bequeathed to us.

The players pass from court and green and porch,
Time turns his glass and Life inverts her torch,
The curtain falls, the lights fail one by one;
The mummers leave, their mimicry is done;
The book is closed, but in its pages, mark!
How history still pageants through the dark!

As a finale, marshal all the actors upon the stage while the epilogue is being read. It will be essential to do this rapidly, so as to avoid keeping the audience waiting. Then raise the curtain, and have both cast and spectators join in singing "America."

THE HEART OF THE WORLD

A MASQUE OF MYTHS



ARGUMENT. A little boy, who is destined to be a great man, is carried to the heart of the world in a dream, and all the myths of all the ages attend him and show him the secrets of the heart of man. He is shown Beauty by the Greek myths, Power by the Saxon myths, Woodcraft and Field-lore by the German elves and trolls, Pastime by the Gaelic fairies. But none of them can show him Love, for that belongs to humanity and takes the place of the fairies' gifts denied to man. Since he keeps asking them which of the myths can show him Love, they finally tell him that it can only be found on earth. Each scene depicts him as besought to remain in mythland, but each time he refuses, because they cannot show him Love. The last episode shows him a mortal bewitched, who can only be released by the love of another mortal. The boy breaks the spell, and the mortal tells him this is not really the heart of the world, because Love is not found. Together they leave the spot with all its beauty to find the real heart of the world with the human kind.

The scene is laid in the Heart of the World. It is represented by a long, grassy sward. Low fir trees guard the wings at left and right. Tall oaks skirt the rear. A distant hill line marks the horizon, and a gentle slope in the foreground gives long entrance upon the stage. This masque should be performed out of doors if it is a possible thing, and preferably in the daytime. If it is to be given indoors, put on any outdoor set the stage provides, the wilder the better, and bank the foreground with small firs and spruces. Entrances from left and right.

As the play begins, the stage is empty. In the rear and as far as possible from the audience, may be seen a flutter of white or faintly colored garments. Now and then a wood nymph or a dryad peeps from behind a tree or crosses the stage swiftly at the extreme rear. Two or three meet, interlace arms, or talk in dumb show. These movements must be slight and suggestive, designed to give atmosphere rather than to detract attention from what the Spirit of Poesy, performing the function of Prologue, is telling the audience.

The Spirit of Poesy.

Below Parnassian slopes, where milk-white sheep
Feed by the silent, blue Eubœan deep;
Far from where altar smoke is heaven-borne
By lithe Greek priestesses at pearl-pink dawn;
Farther and farther from the sultry earth,
Barren of beauty, sordid in its dearth,
With velvet lawns that bound the turquoise skies,
Yet lace with tree boughs all their boundaries;
Here to your mortal vision lies unfurled
The haunt of dreams, the Heart of All the World.

And hither, god-attended, comes a lad,
Even from the earth, and yet, so beauty-glad
That we, the gods of once-enchanted Greece,
Shall give him of our beauty and our peace.
For we, with lovely spell, shall mist his eyes,
And drug his will with heavenly sorceries;
Teach him to sport with naiad, faun, and grace,
Nor heed the passing of wind-footed days,
Nor sorry circlings of care-ridden earth,
Till he is perfect for immortal birth.

(The Spirit of Poesy goes to one side of the stage and calls to the dryads, who have suddenly become silent and invisible.)

Hither, ye dryads! Fitly strew the grass
With asphodel and cyclamen adrift,
Weave round the altars ivy and the vine,
And let rose petals fall like perfumed snow
Upon the summer sward.

First Dryad. I come!
Second Dryad. I come!
Third Dryad. And I with fern-fronds flake the lawn.
Fourth Dryad. And I!

(The dryads scatter flowers and flower petals everywhere, while four others dart one by one from behind the trees, bearing flowers with them, and as they finish they begin to thread a dance. The Spirit of Poesy retreats slowly to the back of the stage and watches them.)

Spirit of Poesy.

Weave on, ye dancing dryads, for he comes!
The little lad and Hermes draw anear.
I go to weave a spell of mist and moonshine
For baby poets. Dance, ye dryads, dance!

(The Spirit of Poesy goes off. They dance more and more swiftly. Two fauns emerge from a thicket of pines and pelt them with flowers and then curl up elfishly on the grass and watch them.)

First Dryad (sings).

How tall I grow the elm trees know
And wherein I abide,
Yet forth to fare I do not dare
Lest ill thereof betide.

Chorus Yet forth to fare we do not dare
Lest some mischance betide!

(They dance again.)

Second Dryad (sings).

But when at night I dance so light
Amid the lapping leaves,
Men hear me pass upon the grass
But none the nymph perceives! (The fauns laugh.)

Chorus. They hear us pass upon the grass
But never a man perceives!

(They dance again.)

Third Dryad (sings).

What moves them so they do not know
Nor ever think of me;
But I have wrought their maddest thought,
A dryad in a tree!

Chorus. And we have wrought their gladdest thoughts
In dancing round a tree!

(They join hands and circle round the largest tree. While they have been singing, Hermes and the boy, Deodatus, have entered and stand looking

on. Hermes is a young man, with close-cropped hair and eyes that are always laughing. He moves with extraordinary quickness and grace and all his actions are adroit in the extreme. The boy is sweet, adorable, and serious, and habitually pauses before he speaks. He draws near the dryads and studies them gravely.)

Deodatus. How lovely all you are! Now I am sure
This is the world's heart. Never, heretofore,
Have I seen beauty hung on every side
And joy on every face. You must be good,
To be so happy here.

Hermes. When we are happy,
We do not need be good. Morality
Is for the sad, grim consolation.

Deodatus. I do not understand.

First Dryad. You do not need.
Hermes was born a mocker, it's his way.
Besides we are not here to gravely talk,
But dance and sing and look on loveliness,
And see Olympian immortals pass,
Win from the waves Poseidon's nereids,
Perchance hear Pan beside the river piping,
Or play with flower-faced Persephone,
While Ganymede shall bear thy golden cup
And Hebe be thy handmaiden.

Deodatus. But why?
I am not heaven-born or even a prince,
But just a mortal from a mortal world.

Second Dryad. I'll whisper it. Because it is the will
Of Poesy's bright spirit that hither brought you.

Third Dryad. She wishes you to learn to love us well.

Fourth Dryad. You know what Greek gods are most perfect in?

First Dryad. You know what poets care the most about?

Deodatus. Why, Love!

(The fauns laugh consumedly but silently.)

Second Dryad. That's second to it!

First Dryad. Why, guess again,
Deodatus.

Deodatus. I'm sure that I am right.
Third Dryad. And you a poet! Shall we tell him now?
What's loveliest in woman, Deodatus?
Deodatus. Why, Love!
Third Dryad. No, child, it's Beauty!
Deodatus. (disappointedly). Oh, is it?
Here in the Heart of the World?
Dryads. We'll show you!

(They rise and dance, this time the fauns joining in. They do not sing the following words, but chant them sweetly and a little softly.)

Come, ye maids of Aphrodite,
Footing swiftly, footing lightly,
Fleet of limbs and fair of faces,
Dawn-beloved, come, ye Graces!

(They separate toward either side of the stage and the Graces appear rather swiftly, but not with the suggestion of haste. They pause in tableau for about half a minute before they speak.)

Euphrosyne. Look on me, lad. I am Euphrosyne;
I bear a gift. Far-famed in courtesy,
Gracious in bearing, these twain shall you be.
Thalia. Men call me Thalia. I, too, am a Grace,
And I will dower thee with look of race;
Fine shall your breeding be, noble your days.
Aglaia. Aglaia am I, and my gift to you
Shall be the speech of prince and poet, too,
Large shall thy wit be, but thy words be few.

(The Graces pass on.)

First Dryad. Were they not lovely? And they dowered thee!
Second Dryad. Perchance the Muses, too, will shower gifts.
Third Dryad. Now dost thou not like Beauty more than Love?
Deodatus. Not so.
Fourth Dryad. That is not pretty speech, O gifted one.
Deodatus. But in the Heart of the World, may we not tell
The truth?

First Dryad. When it is beautiful and kind.
But wait! And hist!
All Dryads. Another vision comes!

(They chant in Greek chorus with simultaneous gestures.)

Daughters of Mnemosyne,
Goddesses of Poesy,
We, thy servant, summon thee!
Jupiter and Memory
Bore them daughters, three times three,
We, the dryads, summon thee!
History and Tragedy,
Choral Dance and Comedy,
Muses Nine, we summon thee!

(The Muses enter, pacing slowly to stately music — violin or flute. They stand as before, silent for a moment.)

Clio. Why are we summoned from the waters of
Fair Helicon and from Parnassian heights?
First Dryad. To bless and dower yonder mortal lad.
He seeks the Heart of the World, and we, forsooth,
Want him to find it here. And therefore, pray,
Grant him thy gifts that he will love us more,
And Beauty here will satisfy his soul.
Polyhymnia. First he must see, then love, then long to stay.
Deodatus. And Love is what I've long been looking for,
Have I not, Hermes?
Hermes (twinkling). Sooth, that's what you said.
Modern humanity seems rooted deeply
In little mortal boys of nowadays.
It's quite unlike our Greek divinity,
But somewhat fitting for Deodatus.
Urania. Have all the deities of earth and sea
Passed in fair dream before his mortal eyes?
When he is spellbound with their loveliness,
Then will the Muses give him of their meed.
Hermes. Do you hear that, Deodatus? The gifts
That they are going to give a mortal poet?
If—

Deodatus. And if?

Hermes. Ah, well, we'll see about it.

Euterpe. If he will sing our praise in stately verses;
Hymn to the gods with morning sacrifice,
Then, as of old, Olympus, sky-engirdled
Again shall see the mortal altar fire,
Again shall breathe the incense-laden air,
Again shall dwell in trees and brooks and mountains,
And mortals turn from dull democracy
Unbeautiful and altruistic maxims
For earth-born brethren, slaves of forge and shop,
And back to beauty and Greek worship fly.

First Dryad. First let us have the Nereids come hither
From lucent wave and misty sea foam wafted,
Blowing on conch shells and the nautilus,
And hearing ever in their inward ear
The song of ocean surges. Come, ye dryads.

(They dance again to very soft and dreamy music suggestive of the sea. Several long, low notes on the flute just before they enter.)

Up from clear and emerald surges,
Where Poseidon ever urges
Sea horse with the golden hoof
Over caves with coral roof,
Sirens, Nereids of the sea,
Hither hie, we summon thee!

(The Nereids enter, swaying slowly from side to side to suggest wave motion. They should all be fair-haired and dressed in pale sea-green as diaphanously as possible, and bear conch shells in their hands on which they appear to blow, the music being really furnished by the flute. They stand in tableau. Then they pass very slowly off to the music. The first dryad now goes to the rear of the stage and speaks very clearly, but low, as if Pan were listening afar off.)

Now, ye woodland pipes of Pan,
Sound across the mead,
Play as if for Syrinx, Pan,
From thy slender reed.

Win the heart and woo the ear,
Sweet as heaven-bound lark,
Break a mortal's heart to hear,
Hark, ye dryads, hark!

(The music begins imperceptibly low at first and then gradually increases. The dryad continues.)

Let thy distant notes far-reaching
Pierce the star-spaced skies,
And, immortal gods beseeching,
Help to our emprise.

Bid them send and summon thither
Radiant deities,
Flying, iris-winged, hither
Toward our mysteries.

(Thunder and lightning. The dryads fall back toward the center of the stage and group themselves so as not to obstruct the view of the audience. They appear awe-stricken, but not so Deodatus.)

Deodatus. What's that?

Hermes. The voice of Zeus. He hears the pipes
Even on Olympus height and casts his bolts
And thus reveals his power to mortal men.

Deodatus. It sounds if he were angry, doesn't it?

First Dryad. Not to us who know him well. He once
Would let us see him, god-like, hyacinthine,
Wrapped in great clouds wherethrough his piercing eye
Would dazzle like the sun, and when he spoke
The sound of cataracts filled all the air.

Second Dryad. Great Zeus approves and sounds his thunderbolts
To usher in his starry-crowned immortals.
Watch ye, Deodatus, that ye may see
What mortal vision has not gazed upon
Since, more than nineteen hundred years ago,
A star shone in the East, and Magi three
Went journeying desertward to find a king.

Deodatus. Oh, I know what you mean, I know, I know!

Third Dryad. Then fled we from the haunts of men who once

Had worshiped us. We left the woods and brooks,
And vanquished Pan gave up his sovereignty.

Deodatus. Where have you been since then?

Hermes. Where we are now, in the Heart of the World.

Fourth Dryad. Ah, listen, for Persephone is here.

(Enter Persephone to music.)

Persephone. Mortal, I am Persephone, the bride
Of gloomy Dis, the maid on Enna's slope.
My tale is this: I was Demeter's daughter,
Fair as the daffodil in north-bound spring.
I followed fast upon the flying feet
Of summer through the lovely world. One day,
With blossoms garlanded, I plucked the hyacinth
And filled my fluttering skirts. Sudden I heard
The galloping of fiery horses past.
An arm caught me from earth and bore me down,
Past Acheron and sad Eurydice,
Past misty Lethe and slow-moving Charon,
To the dark palaces of swarthy Dis.
There did he keep me sore against my will,
The while my mother roamed disconsolate
Upon a barren earth; and when she found me,
She could not take me back with her because
Six seeds of ripe pomegranate had I taken
Beneath the dull, earth-arched domains of Death.
If naught had passed my lips, I could have left him;
But now half each long year I tarry
The bride of Dis in Hades. Then, with spring,
Earthward and skyward haste my flying feet
To bring the fruits and flowers to Demeter.
This is my tale, yet do not pity me;
If I am Tears, yet also am I Spring.
Now back to Dis. Farewell, Deodatus.

(She vanishes.)

Deodatus. Why did he take her so against her will?

Hermes. He loved her beauty so, Deodatus.

Deodatus. I love not beauty then, if that be true.

Hermes. Do you not love Persephone ?

Deodatus. Ah, yes!
But then, you see, I'm hating Dis the more,
And that does not befit the Heart of the World.

First Dryad. Deodatus has not seen Psyche yet.
And by the fluttering of butterflies,
I think that she is coming hither now.

(Extremely dainty music should usher in Psyche. She has butterflies on her gown and in her hair and carries a Greek lamp.)

Psyche. Mortal of mortals, I was bride of Eros.
A mortal like thyself, I, too, was born,
Though now I am immortalized by Grief.
Endowered with the fatal gift of beauty,
Men hymned me higher yet for loveliness
Than they had hymned the foam-born Aphrodite.
She heard, she gazed, and envy bit her soul
Till she commanded Eros to destroy me.
He came, and gazed, — and loved. I loved again.
Yet never would he let me see his face,
But came in velvet-shrouded night alone,
When curtained was the moon in watery clouds
And all the stars were fled. I longed to feast
My eyes upon the god whom I had loved.
So, pricked on by desire, I took this lamp
And cleft the dark with light to find, asleep,
A winged god, more fair than beauty's soul.
But as I poised the agate lamp above
The burning fluid dropped and wakened him.
He vanished from my sight with wounded wing.
I have not seen him since, Deodatus.
Tell me, have you found Eros, God of Love,
In all your wanderings ?

Deodatus. I look for Love
But have not found him yet.

Psyche. They all say that,
Even in the Heart of the World.

(She vanishes.)

GROUP OF DANCERS FROM THE PAGEANT OF THE TREE, GIVEN AT THE BOSTON OPERA HOUSE

Photograph by Harold A. Thurlow

Hermes. What say you now,
Deodatus? Is that not love of Love?

Deodatus. Not so, but love of Beauty. Had she loved
The god for love alone, she had not cared
To pry upon his beauty in the night,
Against his hest. This cannot be the Heart
O' the World, my good friend Hermes. You beguile
My hours and me.

Hermes. Nay, tarry yet awhile.
You have not seen the loveliest of all,
Aurora, goddess of swift-footed dawn.

First Dryad. She comes, Deodatus, Aurora comes!

(Aurora enters in misty garments of the dawn colors, lilac, pale blue, and rose color melting into palest pink.)

Aurora. I am Aurora, rosy-fingered dawn.
I chase the flying stars across the sky,
And, rainbow-clouded, usher in the morn.
I have been always young and always fair,
And loved the beautiful where'er it lay.
In my world wanderings I found a youth
Of all-surpassing beauty. Him I loved
And sought Great Zeus to make my love immortal.
He granted me my boon, and gave the youth —
Tithonus was his name — eternal life.
We dwelt on high among the greater gods;
We ate ambrosial food at Hebe's hand,
While Time and the winged Hours hurried by.
One morn I woke to find Tithonus changed.
Gray age had crept on him. I asked the gods
For Immortality and not for Youth!
I young, he old, and chained together, both!
His lean old dotage harassed me. I left him.
He followed, chirping, creaking, on my steps.
I changed him to a cricket; let him chirp
In the dry grass of Autumn where he suits.
But ever as I fly along the waste,
Trailing the rose-gold clouds upon my wake,

I hear him, ever, ever, in my ears,
But cannot drown his voice that calls on me.
I tell thee this, Deodatus, my lad;
Since thou art not immortal, wail it not;
Eternal life is little, lacking youth,
And love is fleeting, too.

Deodatus. If what you mean
Is, that 'tis hard to find, I do agree.

Aurora. Not hard to find, but hard to follow, lad.
It lures you to the ends of all the earth;
And I must fly lest it catch up with me!
Farewell, Deodatus.

Hermes. How like you now our loveliest deity?

Deodatus. To look at she is wonderfully fair;
To listen to, she has a jangling note,
Her thought not music and her heart is hard.
Does she dwell here?

Hermes. Ay, here in the Heart of the World.

Deodatus. Then must I go; you have not shown me Love,
But Lust and Vanity and Cruelty;
Crying for Beauty like children for the moon,
Because it shines afar. Ye know not how
To love and give, and then to love again.
Hermes, farewell; farewell, ye dancing dryads,
And laughing fauns and heavenly Muses all.
I grieve to leave you. Hermes, go with me
Upon my journeying, and I will show
Love's self to you, wherever it may be.

Hermes. I cannot leave the Heart of the World,
For if you took me earthward, I should die.
Gods cannot penetrate Modernity.

First Dryad. Will you not come again, Deodatus?

Deodatus. Perhaps we yet shall meet beneath an elm
When Love the world's heart is inhabiting.

Second Dryad. Who'll see Deodatus upon his way?

Melpomene. I am the muse of Tragedy, my lad,
If you mislike not my solemnity,
For tragedy can penetrate the world,

And dwells in human heart as in divine,
I'll be your guide until again you meet
Another dreaming dale inhabited
With shapes immortal. Sisters, fare you well.
I shall return to you.

Deodatus. Farewell, O Hermes, till we meet again.
Farewell, ye fauns and dryads, fare ye well!

(Deodatus and Melpomene go slowly off together. Slow music. Enter the Spirit of Poesy.)

Spirit of Poesy. And so you could not keep my poet here;
Beauty alone could not enchain his soul.
He seeks a purer air, a clearer sphere,
Although he knows it not, a human goal.

Vanish, ye dryads, within your hollow oak,
Goat-footed fauns, go featly to your woods,
And sleep until the gods again invoke,
And fill with fays these dreaming solitudes.

(She goes off, while the dryads dance more and more dreamily towards the back of the stage, and one by one disappear. The fauns go off last, and after the stage is empty, peep mischievously out from behind the tree. Music throughout the intermission.)

SPELL THE SECOND

(The Spirit of Poesy enters to an empty stage.)

Here the heavenly halls of Asgard,
Lie before the gaze of mortals,
Hung above the cloud-ceiled earth world,
Over bottomless abysses,
Over northern, ice-bound Nifiheim,
Over Muspelheim the tropic,
Lie the heavenly halls of Asgard.

Summer ever dwells with Asgard,
Iggdrasil, the tree of heaven,
Tree of life and tree of wisdom,
Spreads its branches green in Asgard;
Underneath its boughs widespreading
Sit the wrinkled Norns deciding
Destinies of gods and mortals.

Here the mighty gods of Asgard
Meet and feast with quenchless laughter, —
Thor the Thunderer, the Mighty,
Odin, world-wide woned in wisdom,
Freya, lovely, springtime goddess,
Loki, evil-eyed and crafty,
Tyr and Frigga, Sif and Fenris,
Idun of the golden apples,
Balder, beautiful, death-destined.

Human-hearted are the Æsir,
Saxon in their birth and being, —
May it hap, perchance, our mortal
May content him here in Asgard, —
In the Twilight of the Gods
Find the Heart of All the World.

(She goes off, and the gods come trooping in. First, Odin, leading his golden-haired, golden-crowned wife, Sif; then, Thor with a massive hammer,

and Freya, decked with flowers; Loki, deformed, stooping, ugly, and evil-eyed, who has his lips sewed up as result of his mischief making; Tyr with only one hand, since the Fenris wolf has bitten off the other; Frigga, another stately beauty, and the Fenris wolf, a lean and wolfish man, crouching underneath his wolfskin, slinks in last, shunned by every one but his father, Loki. They sit at a huge bench and drink mead and eat of the golden apples which Idun gives them from her carven casket. Deodatus comes into sight far off in the distance as a wayfarer. He carries a staff, and by his gait and bearing gives the impression that he is weary and travel-worn. The muse of tragedy is with him as he comes in sight, but she almost immediately points to him the abode of the gods and urges him in pantomime to approach them. He takes his farewell of her and comes bravely forward while she watches him from the distance and then disappears. Deodatus trudges on to the stage and is greeted in dumb show by the gods, except Fenris, who shows his teeth and shrinks away and Loki watches him with mischief in his eyes.)

Deodatus. I pray you, can you tell me if this is the Heart of the World?

Idun. You must ask Odin yonder, for he is the wisest of gods and men.

Deodatus. Can you tell me, Father Odin, if this is the Heart of the World?

Odin. Why ask you it?

Deodatus. Because, you see, I am a mortal, and sometime I shall be a poet, and poets must all visit the Heart of the World to write about the hearts of men.

Odin (musingly). Come you from Midgard, then?

Deodatus. Oh, no, I come from the earth.

Tyr. We call the Earth Midgard.

Deodatus. Oh, and do you call this the Heart of the World?

Odin. No, we call it Asgard, but since it is the home of the gods, it may well be called the Heart of the World.

Idun. Sit you down, lad, and take of our mead and apples.

(She pours his mead and gives him a golden apple, which Loki speedily snatches away.)

Loki. Would you give a mortal eternal youth? Would you waste the food of the gods like that?

Thor. Be quiet, Loki. Why are you wrangling now?

Loki. She gave the mortal our apples of Eternal Youth. We may not have enough for ourselves.

Odin. Shall a god wrangle with a mortal? Is that the way we show our power in Asgard? Give him the apple.

(Loki sulkily returns it to Deodatus, who lays it on the table.)

Deodatus. I do not care for eternal youth.

Thor. Why, O foolish one?

Deodatus. I would not wish to live when all my kin are dead, and go about the world alone and sad.

Tyr. Then why not stay with us and gladden Asgard by your presence?

Deodatus. And if it be the Heart of the World, I will, for only there does a real poet dwell.

Odin. You have not yet seen Balder the Beautiful, or you would not doubt that this is what you seek.

Deodatus. I shall not know the Heart of the World by Beauty, for the Greek gods showed me that.

Loki. The Greek gods, pooh! They are forgotten like all faraways. They dwelt upon the earth with old blind Homer. Now look at us! We are worshiped by the Vikings and the great Germanic chiefs. Why, our worshipers have never even heard of Jupiter.

Deodatus. And perhaps Homer never heard of you!

Loki. That's right. Poor man, he would have known more if he had.

Deodatus. But what makes this the Heart of the World? It looks very much like the place where the dryads danced.

Thor. My lad, the Heart of the World is wherever you find power. That is the true god's attribute.

Deodatus. Then I am wrong again. *I* thought it must be Love. But perhaps that's the kind of power you mean.

Loki. Odin, what's the fellow talking about?

Odin. Mortal, it is a perilous thing, indeed, for you to question the power of the gods. But since it is a long time ago that mortal penetrated into Asgard's height, our power shall be shown to you. But wait, who comes? The wrinkled Norns. Ah, that portends ill.

(He watches them with foreboding in his eyes. A silence falls on the group. The Norns, like hideous old women, come slowly on, halting and bent, and weaving a net between them as they come. The net is a silken web of brilliant colors. The Norns are muttering as they come on, and slowly seat themselves beneath a tree and go on weaving, taking no notice of any one.

The Norns are chanting the following lines, but they do not become distinguishable until they take their place beneath the tree, when the audience can then make out the lines, which again die away into inarticulate mutterings.)

The Norns.

One and one and one make three,
Three are the fates beneath death's tree,
Under the tree of life sit we.

Under the tree of life we sit, —
Tree of life and death is it.
Life and death is the web we knit.

One and one and one the years;
Comes there laughter or come there tears, —
Cut is the web by the destined shears.

One and one and one make three,
Three are the fates beneath death's tree,
Under the tree of life sit we.

(As the Norns finish their rune, Odin sighs heavily and leans upon his hand.)

Deodatus. Why look you so sad, Father Odin?

Odin. My son, yonder three old women are the Norns who weave the web of life. When they cut it, the life is ended and the frightened soul betakes itself to Helheim, where pallid and shadowy, it wanders evermore in the halls of death.

Deodatus. Art thou afraid to go, Father Odin?

Odin. No, son, not for myself, but for Balder the Beautiful who, some day, must leave us all who love him.

Deodatus. But you are powerful?

Odin. Yea, but not against hate.

Freya. Ah, look! Who comes? Balder!

All. Hail, Balder! Balder comes! Lo, Balder the Beautiful!

(Enter joyously Balder, who greets the gods radiantly. His wife Nanna accompanies him and also gives greetings. The gods rejoice with him, except Loki, and Fenris who snarls. Loki goes to one side of the stage and sneers and scowls to Fenris.)

Balder. And who is this? By all the halls of Asgard and Thor's hammer, a mortal boy! The good old days are come again when mortals seek us out for homage. Hail, mortal lad. You are most royally welcome!

Odin. Now, indeed, that Balder has come, we will have royal games and you shall know our power right well.

Thor (pounding with his hammer). Yea, let us have wrestling and racing and then fine sport with the bow.

Odin. Call for the bows and arrows and let Balder be our target.

Frigga. Ah, no, he may yet be hurt.

Odin. Hurt? How can he be? Have you not pledged each plant and tree and stone not to give injury to Balder?

Frigga. Yea, all but the tiny mistletoe, and that was too feeble to do harm.

Odin. Then on with the sport. Stand yonder, Balder, that we may see the power of a god's pledge.

(Balder goes willingly, and the gods level their bows and spears at him. They all fly round him, but none touch him. Loki is meanwhile creeping slyly over to the tree and plucks a bit of mistletoe from it, whittles it into a semblance of a spear and craftily gives it to the blind Hoder, who is standing idly by.)

Hoder. Why do you give me this, Loki?

Loki. It grieves me, Hoder, to see you unable to join in the sports. See, you take this and your bow and I will teach you how to send it.

Hoder. Ah, no, Loki. I am afraid I might do the good Balder harm.

Loki. How can you? Has not Frigga taken oath of every plant and tree never to do Balder harm? We can shoot at him at will and thus defeat the fates. Shoot, Hoder. It will gladden the gods to see you join in their mirth. (Loki craftily fits the mistletoe into the arrow.)

Hoder (anxiously). This is not the mistletoe, is it, Loki?

Loki. Do you think *I* would be up to a trick like that?

(Loki winks at Fenris, who laughs sneeringly.)

Hoder. Very well, aim it for me, Loki. Look, Balder, see how I can shoot, even if I am blind!

(They all watch Hoder with laughter and applause, except Frigga.)

Frigga. No, no, don't shoot the arrow, Hoder; you cannot trust Loki!

(She speaks too late. The Norns stop weaving and watch and resume the monotonous chant. As the arrow flies, one Norn lifts the shears and dramatically cuts the web. The arrow strikes Balder full in the breast and he drops. Loki slinks rapidly away in the hubbub and Fenris after him.)

Balder. Ah! I am slain!

Frigga. O Balder, my son! Speak to me. You are not hurt. You cannot be hurt! Listen, I took oath of everything that it would not hurt my son. Everything, everything, except the tiny mistletoe.

The Norns. Everything, everything, except the tiny mistletoe.

Nanna. This is the arrow! It is —

Odin. The mistletoe. Farewell, my son.

Nanna (sobbing upon Balder's breast). You shall not go the lonely way to Helheim unaccompanied. I, Nanna, thy wife, I will go down among the pallid dead with you. I will go with you always. Do you hear me, Balder?

Frigga. Look! He is dead. Balder is dead. The Norns have cut the web of fate. (She approaches the Norns, who are busily setting another web.)

Frigga. Speak, ye Norns. Tell me, heart-broken mother that I am, tell me how I can implore the terrible god of the underworld, great Hel himself, to give my son leave to return to earth again.

First Norn. One and one and one make three;
Three are the fates beneath the tree,
Under the tree of life sit we.

Second Norn. Balder the Beautiful, the Dead,
Over the waters of Death is sped,
Hel-ward swiftly his wraith is fled.

Third Norn. Let it be asked of the king of Hel,
If all earth's tears will break his spell.
If all earth weeps, then all is well.

First Norn. Though through Asgard the tears run deep,
One on earth shall forbear to weep,
Balder is doomed to deathlike sleep.

All Norns. Under the tree of life we sit,
Tree of life and death is it,
Life and death is the web we knit.

(They relapse into a chanting monotone that very gradually becomes an indistinguishable murmur. The gods Tyr and Thor bear Balder off the stage, while the goddesses follow weeping.)

Hoder. What have I done? Loki told me to shoot the arrow. Oh, will some one tell me what I did?

(He wanders up and down, imploring them all to tell him what he has done.)

Odin (pauses as he is following Balder off the stage, and looks back at Deodatus). I was wrong, mortal. The Heart of the World is now in Helheim. I go thither.

Hoder. O Odin, tell me what I have done!

(The group pass slowly out of sight, and Hoder gropes his blind way after them. Deodatus sits sadly and silently upon the ground. The Norns, still weaving, rise slowly and creep after the departing group, muttering their interminable rhyme.)

Deodatus. No, this is not the Heart of the World. I know now that Power does not lie there, and Beauty does not bring it. I wonder what will come next? I wonder —

(He lies down and falls asleep. Enter the Spirit of Poesy.)

Spirit of Poesy.

Gone are the Saxon myths, their power powerless,
And all the gods of Asgard bowed in somber bitterness,
The power of the arm, the sword and magic might
Are destitute and spoiled in Helheim's deathless night,
And though this poet-seeker as yet wots not thereof,
The far-off goal he seeks is not divine, but human, love.

If this is an evening presentation, let the stage be shrouded with darkness until the dialogue begins and have the elves and dwarfs, carrying tiny sparks of light, run to and fro on the stage and form in dances silently so that the scene is a veritable dance of elf lights. Have the lights so feeble that as little as possible of the forms of the dwarfs and elves may be seen, only a shadowy outline and innumerable lights. The lights may be doubled in number by having each actor carry them in both hands. The garments, hands, and hats may be streaked with phosphorus to increase the ghostliness of the dance if desired. The dance should be any simple figure of the quadrille or "Portland Fancy" nature, repeated and repeated all over the stage, of course with more abandon and nimbleness than ordinary. It would be well to introduce as many different varieties and figures into the dance as possible when the dancers become visible, because on no account would you want them to suggest a modern dancing party. Let the first footlight or calcium be green, then purple, then blue, and last and longest red, before the white light is turned on that the business may begin. Let the music be accompanied by a faint drum tattoo. The xylophone with the piano make a very good combination for elfin music, which should be very subdued in tone, but rapid.

The smallest children available, mostly boys, should be cast for these parts. Each should have his face well-bronzed by a good make-up artist, and if his hands, arms, legs, or feet are visible, they, too, should be bronzed. Shaggy short wigs should be added to make the head look disproportionately large, and each, without exception, must wear a tiny red peaked cap, for without these no dwarf would dare appear above ground. Throughout the scene, each and all should be interminably active, playing tricks, wrestling, tumbling, playing at ninepins, weaving flowers, or hiding behind a tree and repeating mockingly whatever is said. This "Tarnkappe" or "dwarf's talk" is a well-known attribute, and to keep your dwarfs true to dwarf life, arrange to have every word of the dialogue mockingly echoed by one dwarf or another throughout the scene. Sometimes the echo will be given in the text and sometimes not, but in every case have at least one echo to a remark. But be very careful that the echo does not clog and render inarticulate the speeches. This will take much careful rehearsing.

If this is an afternoon performance and the relative positions of the sun and the stage make it possible, the dwarfs can stand behind trees and rocks and catch the sun's rays with pieces of looking-glass and throw the dancing spots of light on the greensward and on whatever dwarfs are dancing. To make this at all effective, at least twenty or thirty little dancing flakes of light should be sent, and during the first part of the dancing, half the elves might take part and the rest be employed in casting spots of light upon whatever bits of metal

adorn the gnomes' garments. Then they could discard their glass and join the dance. It will not matter if they are seen peeping out from behind the trees and rocks; it will rather add to the sight.

As for their garments, copy any picture in gray, brown, or green. Except for the red caps, touches of red on the garments, and metal chains, belts, or buckles, no other color should be employed.

(At three heavy blows of the drum, the dancing ceases and the dwarfs strike attitudes of fear and then gradually recover and take up their various pastimes. At last they discover Deodatus, still asleep under a tree, and encircle him with gestures of surprise and curiosity. One takes his cap and carefully examines it, another scrutinizes his shoes and garments, a third feels of him very cautiously, and from moment to moment they all start away in fear. This continues for a few minutes, when Deodatus stirs slightly and they all scurry off and hide, only to return again and resume exploring his pockets. One gets his knife which he proceeds to inspect and then use. The money that is found they hand around and then throw carelessly away. His handkerchief is also inspected and finally donned by one as an apron. At last they weary of their inspection and one runs up to him and gives him a sharp pinch, at which he wakes up with an exclamation of pain and the dwarfs scurry out of sight. He rubs his eyes, yawns, stares, and stands up, then yawns again.)

Deodatus. How long have I been asleep, I wonder. I wonder — What happened last night? Oh! Balder is dead and all the gods of Asgard went from here. Or did I dream that, too? How did I get here? I thought I must be home again. No. I am looking for the Heart of the World. I remember now. How strange it all is! I have seen and tested Beauty and Power, the Greek gods, and the gods of the north, but they do not dwell in the Heart of the World and they do not know about it. I wonder if it lies in Nature? I wonder if the trees, now —

(He is interrupted by a chuckle.)

Voice. I wonder if the trees, now —

Deodatus. I thought I heard some one speak.

Voice. Heard some one speak?

Deodatus. Yes!

A dozen voices in varying tones. Yes!

Deodatus. Why! There's some one here!

Voices. There's some one here. Some one here. One here. Here.

(The dwarfs become bolder and stealthily appear, one by one. First dwarf struts around in the back of the stage apparently giving orders, slapping one dwarf on the back, tripping up another, and setting a game of ninepins up with a great air of authority, and then struts up in front of Deodatus and looks him up and down very patronizingly.)

First Dwarf. If you please, I would like to know what *you* are doing *here?*

Deodatus. Where am I?

First Dwarf. O, you are a mortal!

Voices. He is a mortal. A mortal. Mortal.

Deodatus. How did you know?

Voices. How did we know? O my. How did we know?

(They laugh.)

First Dwarf. Only a mortal answers a question with a question. What are you looking for?

Deodatus. The Heart of the World.

First Dwarf. I perceive that you are not only a mortal, but a mortal poet.

Voices. A mortal poet. Immortal poet. Poet. Consider, a poet.

First Dwarf. A mortal poet, not immortal poet, for he makes bad rhymes.

Deodatus (smiling). How do you know?

First Dwarf. There you go again. Don't you know any better than to ask a troll questions?

Deodatus. Are you a troll?

(The dwarf makes a gesture of despair.)

First Dwarf. I am Andvari, the king of the trolls and the gnomes and the dwarfs and the kobolds and the brownies and the huldra folk. In England they call me

Puck and Oberon and Lob-lie-by-the-Fire. In France they call me Gondemar. But while I am here in the Black Forest I am Andvari, the king of the dwarfs, at your service.

Deodatus. If this is the Black Forest, this cannot be the Heart of the World, so I cannot stay.

Voices. He cannot stay. Cannot stay: not stay? Ah, stay. Stay.

Andvari. And why may this not be the Heart of the World, I'd like to know? It *is* the Heart of the World.

Voices (reassuringly). The Heart of the World. Heart of the World.

Deodatus. How can you prove it?

Second Dwarf. Prove it? The world is nature, is it not?

Deodatus. I suppose so.

Second Dwarf. The woods are the heart of nature, are they not?

Deodatus. They may be.

Second Dwarf. Then the Heart of Nature is the Heart of the World. (He twirls triumphantly about on his toes and turns out his thumbs and strikes an attitude.)

Deodatus (laughs). You must convince me further.

Voices. Convince him further. Yes, convince him further. Further.

Third Dwarf. Sir, what is lacking?

Deodatus (puzzled). I am not sure, but there are no mortals here, and can the Heart of the World be empty of humanity? peopled by gnomes and elves and pagan, finite gods? Something is missing. I think it must be man.

Andvari (sadly). He wants humanity. What sheeplike beings all these humans be. They are not happy unless they go in flocks. You want humanity here?

Deodatus. I always want humanity.

Andvari. If there was another human here, do you think this would be the Heart of the World then?

Deodatus. It would be more like it.

Andvari (triumphantly). Ah, we will see what we can do. (To the dwarfs) The mortal wants another mortal. He must have a mortal brother here. Do you see? Who will bring a mortal thither? Elbegast and Alberich, bring another mortal thither.

Voices. Another mortal thither. Thither. Thither. Thither. (To Deodatus) Now, sir, will you stay?

Deodatus (sadly). I cannot promise. I am under vow never to remain until I find the world's true heart. How else can poet live?

Andvari. But if we prove you this the place you seek — ?

Deodatus. I stay.

Andvari. Come hither, brethren; show our crafts and skill! Prove it the truth that here is nature's heart. Delve, mine, and fashion from the bowels of the earth. Hammer chains of gold and magic rings. Make a shining dagger for a mortal youth. Hither, ye trolls, and plant us fields and flowers. Make forests grow upon the turfy sward. Bring all the bounty of the meadow and the woodland and show a dreaming mortal the secrets of the ground.

(The dwarfs roll in tiny forges, and with their anvils pretend to hammer chains and daggers and bracelets for Deodatus. One by one they finish their work and bring it to him until he is laden with gifts. Others bring in fruits and baskets of flowers. They crown him.)

Deodatus. I am puzzled.

Voices. He is puzzled. Deodatus is puzzled. Puzzled. Puzzled.

Andvari. Why, mortal, are you puzzled?

Deodatus. Because you seem to want me to stay with you. Why is it?

Andvari (sadly). The world is old and mortals do not know us now. No more do they watch for us in woodland lanes beneath a dying moon. They rush about their worldly business, buy and sell, write many books, and go all day to dull and dreary schoolhouses, where they learn again to buy and sell, pluck flowers to pieces and give them unheard-of names. And they are forgetting us.

Voices. Yes, forgetting us. Forgetting us. Us. Us. Us.

Deodatus. And why do you care? You have your woods and fields, your handicraft and flower-dwelling forests. Why not let the mortals keep their own mad, headlong way?

Andvari (whispers). Because.

Voices (whisper). Because. Because. Because.

(All the dwarfs become very still and sad and awe-stricken.)

Andvari. We perish when the last mortal remembers us not. We perish. All of us. We only live while men on earth remember us. If you, Deodatus, stay with us, we live as long as you, and by our arts we can keep you forever living and forever young.

Deodatus. I promise you this, then, because you have been good to me, that when I do return to earth, then I will tell all men about your deeds and they will put you into stories once again and look for you on warm midsummer evenings.

Andvari. Mortal, you speak well, but as yet we hope to keep you with us. Wait until the human comes to keep you company.

Voices. He comes to keep you company. He comes.

Second Dwarf. The trolls return and bear a human child.

(Immediately is seen a small troll staggering under the weight of a large and heavy baby, who is crying lustily. The other troll, somewhat concerned, is following anxiously, trundling a bright red toy cart. The troll, with much pride, deposits the crying child at Deodatus's feet, and looks about for approbation.)

Troll. By all the wings of yellow butterflies, that was a journey! I hung around the house forty gnats' lifetimes before the mother turned her back. Then I ran in, upset the soup-kettle on the floor, and while she cursed her luck, I grabbed the babykin and swept it off before she even missed it.

Deodatus. What! You robbed a mother of her child? Then take it back at once.

Troll. Take it back at once? Take it back? Well, this is the ingratitude of mortals that we have always heard about.

Deodatus. Why, think of the poor mother! What will she do without her child? She's probably distracted even now. How unkind! Nay, how cruel!

Troll. Why, you asked for it yourself! You said you wanted a human being here! And I,—I traveled forty thousand miles in forty seconds! If you think that is so easy, do it yourself! And now you say, "Take it back!"

Deodatus. I didn't think you would bring a little baby! And rob a helpless mother and leave her bereft and childless.

Troll. Oh, I didn't do that! I took a little brown troll baby and left it for a changeling, so that's all right. Be-

sides it does not cry so loud as this. She will not know the difference! They never do.

Deodatus. That shows all you know about the world. I tell you she will be sick and pine and then her heart will break. We must take the baby back.

Troll (sulkily). Take it back yourself. You asked for it. I'll leave it to the king if you did not. Andvari, judge between us.

Andvari. Mortal, did you not say you wished for other mortals here in the world's heart?

Deodatus. Yes, but not for a helpless baby snatched from its home. I meant I wanted people like myself.

Andvari. I see. Well, I think that can be done. Elbegast, will you once more to earthland go and lay a spell upon another youth and then convey—

Deodatus. Oh, no! Please do not do another thing like that. I would have no one come against his will. I thank you for your pains and your desire to give me what I wish, but I would never have another's happiness destroyed to add to mine.

Andvari. How extraordinary!

Voices. Extraordinary. Extraordinary. More extraordinary.

Andvari. Then, mortal, what will you have us do?

Deodatus. Take the baby back.

Andvari. Never. We dwarfs do not return our changelings. They are too rare to find to give up again so lightly.

Deodatus. Then I shall take it back myself.

Andvari. And leave us and the Heart of the World? Ah, no! We cannot let you go. We have not seen a mortal for a thousand years. We may not see a mortal

again for another thousand years (sadly), if we are living then. Ah, no, Deodatus, we cannot let you go.

Deodatus. Then take the baby back.

Andvari. If we agree, and take the babykin to earth again, then will you promise to stay with us forever and aye?

Deodatus. I cannot promise even that.

Andvari. Then the baby stays.

Voices. The baby stays. He stays. Stays.

(The dwarfs begin to dance around Deodatus.)

Deodatus. Then I shall take the baby back myself and now!

(He picks up the baby and starts to carry it off the stage. The dwarfs dance round him and try to hinder his progress. He struggles along with them always about him, dancing and singing, until they are out of sight.)

Voices.

Quick about him form a ring,
Magic in its binding spell.
Witchery about him fling,
Magic chains invisible.

Thrice the gnomic numbers tell,
Thrice about him dance around;
Mortal now must ever dwell
With the kobolds underground.

Quicker, quicker, hold the pace,
Let the chain unbroken be,
Lace the web and interlace,
One times one and three times three.

Farther off and farther going,
Lead him into fairyland.
Fairy horns are faintly blowing
Forever on a fairy strand.

(The last verse sung while the stage is empty with an effect of great distance.)

Round the spell and round is weaving,
Faint and far the echoes fall,
Never more shall he be leaving
Fairy lands and fairy thrall.

(The Spirit of Poesy enters to an empty stage. She pauses and listens to the dwarfs' receding song, then slowly moves forward to the center of the stage. She speaks.)

Thrice has my mortal kept his mortal way;
Nor dwarf nor dryad yet might bid him stay,
Kobolds nor trolls nor gnomes can keep him here,
While all that Love has taught still holds he dear.
Now with the earth-born baby moves he on,
And after him the dancing dwarfs have gone.
They cast an elfish web around his path,
And mist his eyes and fog the spreading garth,
Till in slow circles moves he round and round,
And strange and stranger yet grow sky and ground,
Till weary with his way, he finds again
This self-same garden plot, these trees, this glen.

One test remains, one spell mysterious
The fairies cast about Deodatus.
With charms and witchcraft, dancing and delight,
To win him for an elf-land proselyte.
Now comes the fateful hour, now shall he prove
Which holds, the fairy craft, the earth-born love.

(The Spirit of Poesy goes slowly off, and as she goes the faintest possible music on the horns or the woodwind, flute, or oboe is very delicately played, increasing in a prolonged crescendo to only a moderate volume of sound, until the fairies come trooping in, hand in hand. If it is desired, the dwarfs may be represented wholly by boys, the fairies by girls. The smaller they are, the better, and most certainly they should be selected for their beauty, always remembering that paint and powder help. They should be dressed in pale pink, pale blue, pale yellow, pale green, and pale lavender. If any color preponderates let the pale green. Tissue or crêpe paper wings add incredibly to the fairylike effect, tinsel, spangles, gold and silver paper, and artificial flowers are all needed. Skirts knee length will heighten the elflike appearance and the flowing hair increase the youth. The queen of the fairies,

Titania, and the king, Oberon, should have slender gold circlets and flower-tipped scepters.

They come dancing in, hand in hand, in a long line that winds itself up shell fashion into a coil and then unwinds. They separate and dance on for a few minutes until a very tiny fairy, the page of Titania, comes on, when they stop.)

Page. Your Queen, Titania, comes at once. Attend her.

(He goes on and returns heralding her on a tiny bugle. She enters seated in a miniature, shell-like chariot drawn by two fairies with especially large wings like butterflies. As she appears, the fairies all drop to one knee. She lowers her scepter and gives them permission to rise. She dismounts ceremoniously and the chariot is drawn away.)

Titania. Listen, ye fays and woodland elves. I have a bidding for you. There comes hither apace a mortal youth, a poet, seeking the Heart of the World. He bears with him a baby changeling your friends the dwarfs brought hither. Ye know how many moons have waxed and waned, how many frosts have fallen and rivers ebbed in drought since you have seen a mortal venture within the gates of fairyland. Unless we too shall dwell forever in forgetfulness, the mortal here must tarry and the babe with him. Therefore, ye elves, prepare your subtlest spells. What have you for our charm, Silverwing?

Silverwing. May it please your majesty, I have a three-winged butterfly.

Titania. What have you, Roseleaf?

Roseleaf. I have some sunbeams lost in the moon's eclipse.

Titania. Well, indeed. And Acorncap, have you a gift for us?

Acorncap. Star dust from Sirius, earthward cast.

Titania. Your queen is glad of that. Harefoot, what comes from you?

Harefoot. A silver web, at sunrise spun by a golden spider.

Titania. My elves make glad their queen. Dawnmist, your treasure?

Dawnmist. I have some lace of frostwork, left upon a mountain in midsummer.

Titania. Bravely given, fay! Cobweb, what have you for us?

Cobweb. Some golden sand from cloudland.

Titania. That, too, shall enter into our sorcery. Buttercup, is there a jewel in your fairy purse?

Buttercup. Seven cloud-sown stars lost midsummer eve.

Titania. Ah, how well our spell shall work with these so-potent gifts. Flowerheart, what can you add to make it doubly binding?

Flowerheart. I have three footprints on the snow left by the werewolf.

(The fairies shudder.)

Titania. Never shall a mortal pass a charm with that to bind. Come, all ye fays and elves and trip the fairy charm. Weave in and out the magic circlet, and cast your treasures on the greensward here to make the spell more potent. Let it never be said that mortal shall escape our charm.

(The fairies dance in circles growing more and more intricate. They sing, and at the same time weave a net of tinsel threads caught with spangles and paper butterflies, imitation snow, gold dust, silver stars, etc. From time to time they cast their treasures on the grass and twist the tinsel until it is woven into a circle, when they lay it on the grass for Deodatus to unwittingly step into.)

Fairies. In and out and round about
The fairies fairy webs are winding;
In and out in elfish rout
With charms to make the spellcraft binding.

On the greensward cast we here
  Velvet three-winged butterfly,
Mooncaught sunbeams, star dust clear,
  Frostwork from a mountain high.

Silver webs, gold spider-spun,
  Fiery sands from cloudland borne,
Cloud-sown stars through moon-wrack run,
  Fallen at faint midsummer dawn.

Now with terror-stricken hearts,
  Fling the mad, wild werewolf track,
Potentest of fairy arts,
  Mortal, ne'er shalt thou turn back.

(The fairies suddenly cease and stand in tableau.)

Titania. Peace! The charm's wound up!

(The music, which has hitherto come to a sudden crescendo and stopped, now begins again very faintly, and once more Deodatus is seen coming in the distance with the baby in his arms. He seems utterly weary, but in no wise daunted, and makes directly for the front of the stage.)

Deodatus (perceiving the fairies). So there are still more of you. I had forgotten that I had not the Heart of the World in Fairyland.

Titania (seated on the top of a rock, throne-wise). Mortal, there is your heinous sin; you have forgotten us! What do you think will be the fate of the world if fairies are forgotten?

Deodatus. Your majesty, — for I take it you are the queen of the fairies, — I do not know.

Titania. I will tell you. The world will grow old, very old, and men even more selfish than they are now. Children become spectacled and dull and leave their games to toil unhappily, yet not knowing why. The woodlands and the hills will be mutilated, trees cut down, forest by forest,

the brooks but silent, dry, and empty channels, and the flowers dead and gone. Then will come the old age of the world when fairies are forgotten.

Deodatus. I spoke hastily; the fairies are not forgotten, really.

Titania. Then it is well, even yet. What wish you here, that you should interrupt our sylvan games?

Deodatus. I was in search of the Heart of the World.

Titania (interrupting). It is here!

Deodatus. I would not dispute you, for I do not know it now when I see it, I fear, but I cannot tarry, even if it is.

Titania. Not tarry? Why?

Deodatus. I have this baby here, and I must take it back to earth.

Titania. Take it back to earth? What more enchanting place for babies than fairyland?

Deodatus. But the baby's mother wants him.

Titania. Poof! She has a changeling!

Deodatus. O ho! So you know all about it. Who told you?

Titania. Andvari, King of the Trolls.

Deodatus (musingly). I see.

Titania (speciously). He thought that we might show you pastime on the way, and you might stop and play with us awhile, before you really started back to earth.

Deodatus. I thank you for your courtesy, but I must journey on. (He picks up the baby again.)

Titania. Ah, no! Stay and we will teach you to swing in flower cups. (The fairies cluster round him.)

Silverwing. Ah, stay! We'll teach you to ride on butterflies' backs.

Roseleaf. And drink honey from a columbine.

Acorncap. And climb into the very heart of a great oak tree.

Harefoot. And make yourself invisible by eating fern-seed.

Dawnmist. And chase the flying sunsets round the world.

Cobweb. And swing all day upon a spider's web.

Buttercup. And catch and rob the golden-belted honey-bee.

Flowerheart. And sail in sea-shells on a summer sea.

Deodatus. Ah, no! No, I thank you, fairies all, but I must journey on.

(He starts to leave the stage, but turns and dodges and retraces his steps in order not to push rudely past the fairies that surround him. Before he knows it, they have joined hands and are singing and dancing around him and the baby.)

Fairies. Silver star dust, blind his sight,
Golden cobweb, bind him fleetly,
Sunbeams, dazzle with your light,
Silver frostwork, hold him featly.

Hang upon his leaden feet,
Bind him, deadly werewolf track,
He and Earth no more shall meet;
Nevermore shall he go back.

Peace, the charm is upward winding,
Evermore our spell shall stand;
Ever binding and more binding
Mortal youth to Fairyland.

(They scatter in laughter, leaving Deodatus and the baby alone in the center of the stage in the midst of a very slender circle, visible to the audience, of tinsel and imitation snow, etc. Deodatus instantly starts to leave, but every time that he comes to the edge of the circle, he is unable to step over it, due to the charm. He tries repeatedly on every side, while the fairies look on with laughter and the most intense delight. Music all the while.)

Deodatus. Why have you done this? Why are you keeping me here against my will?

Titania (politely). We asked you to stay of your own accord first, you know.

Deodatus. Well, who is going to take care of this baby?

Titania. It looks as if you are.

Deodatus. What are you going to do with me?

Titania. Keep you here to amuse us, now you would not let us amuse you.

Deodatus. And how about the baby?

Titania. O, you can have him. Andvari got him for you.

Deodatus. Titania, if he is mine, I suppose I can do what I like with him?

Titania (negligently). Why, yes.

Deodatus. Then let me take him back to his mother.

Titania. By all the Fays of Elfland, no!

Deodatus. I'll give you my word of honor that I will come back myself.

Titania. What do you mean by your word of honor?

Deodatus. I mean I promise.

Titania. A promise. A promise is as binding as an uncharmed cobweb. Ah, no, Deodatus. It has been too long since we have seen a mortal. You will have to stay here until we meet another mortal. Is it not so, Fays?

(The fairies all laugh and shout, "It is so, O Queen Titania.")

Deodatus. Why do you laugh?

Titania. Tell him, Silverwing.

Silverwing (approaching the circle and bowing mockingly). Oh, mortal, the only power on earth or in fairyland of breaking the charm that we have laid on you, is that another mortal may perhaps some day penetrate Fairyland, and

fearlessly cross the circle. That, and that alone, can break the spell.

Deodatus. Well, I can wait. (He stretches himself leisurely upon the grass and begins playing with the baby, while the fairies draw nearer to watch.)

Titania. Mortals never come here but once in a thousand years, and by that time you will be forgotten on earth, Deodatus.

Deodatus (persistently). Then you might let me take the baby back.

Titania. Where to?

Deodatus. To his mother, of course.

Titania (unguardedly). You could not find her now. A messenger fay brought me word this morning that she was wandering between earth and heaven in the lost regions looking for her babe.

Deodatus. O you cruel little wretch! How can you? Haven't you any heart?

Titania. Of course not. Why should a fairy be bothered with a heart? They are very troublesome things.

Deodatus (musingly). The mother is wandering between heaven and earth in the lost regions, looking for her babe. (To the queen) If a mortal crosses this circle from the outside it breaks the charm?

Titania. It does, but there will be no mortal here.

Deodatus. The baby's mother might come here.

Titania (gives a little cry of fright). Oh, I had forgotten that! O fairies all, help me to wind another charm before it is too late.

(Great hubbub among the fairies, while Deodatus looks hopefully off in the distance. Suddenly the babe's mother makes a hurried entrance from

DANCERS FROM THE PAGEANT OF THE TREE

Photograph by Harold A. Thurlow

one of the wings and dashes over the circle to her baby which she seizes and kisses while Deodatus quickly crosses the circle and drags her across. He looks around to show his triumph to the fairies but not one is to be seen. The minute the charm snapped, each left the stage with incredible swiftness. At last the mother turns to look at Deodatus.)

Mother (putting a safe distance between herself and Deodatus). How did you happen to have my baby?

Deodatus. I took him from the trolls to try to bring him back to you.

Mother. Ah, that was kind of you. But how came you here and what place is this?

Deodatus. It is Fairyland now. It has been every other kind of mythland. I thought it was the Heart of the World.

Mother. You thought that a land of myth might be the Heart of the World? How young you are!

Deodatus. You see, I was looking for Love.

Mother. And came to mythland for it! Have you found it here?

Deodatus (sadly). No. (He brightens.) Ah, yes, when you came hither for your child. Ah, that was love, indeed. And here in Fairyland!

Mother. Yes, here in Fairyland. But where did I bring it from?

Deodatus. The lost places between heaven and earth?

Mother. Yes, I was there, but I had my love with me then. I brought it from —

Deodatus. From earth!

Mother. From the Heart of the World.

Deodatus. How blind I have been! Where else could it have been? Where could the Heart of the World be, save on earth? Where else could Love be, save in human hearts?

Mother. And now shall we go back again together?

Deodatus. Ah, yes, to earth again and always let us stay there.

(They start to go off, but the Spirit of Poesy stops them.)

Spirit of Poesy.

Stay yet, Deodatus; you have done well,
And you shall find the ideal that you sought.
You held your own against this magic spell;
With justice and with wisdom have you wrought.

Yet ere you leave this spot of sylvan rest,
We would beseech you that you stand to see
Again these pagan gods in beauty dressed,
Asgard again and Greek divinity;

See, trooping past, again yon dwarfish clan,
Their king, Andvari, and his fairy fere;
Gaze on them well, and love them, so ye can,
They loved you well and fain would keep you here.

This be the message take you back to earth:
Forget not, ah, forget not myth nor troll;
When they are gone, then shall there come a dearth
Of childhood's fancy and of beauty's soul.

But know ye, poet, wheresoe'er ye go,
Above, beneath, the azure sea and sky,
Where seasons come and pass, where all winds blow,
If mortals love, there does the World's Heart lie.

(In the back of the stage, in slow processional, pass first the Spirit of Poesy, followed by the dryads, the fauns, Hermes, the Graces, the Muses, the Nereids, Persephone, Psyche, Aurora, then the Norse gods, Thor and Odin, Frigga, Freya, Sif, Frigga's three attendants, Niord, Frey, Balder, Nanna, Loki and Fenris, Idun, and Hoder, and last the Norn and Tyr. Then come the dwarfs, dancing, hustling, pinching each other, tripping each other up, and Andvari pompously bringing up the rear. Two or three of the smallest fairies should precede the queen, casting flowers in her path, then Titania, mounted in her tiny chariot, drawn by two small fairies with butterfly wings. She kisses her hand to

Deodatus and the audience and the fairies troop after her, dancing and singing any of their fairy songs and kissing their hands to Deodatus, the baby, and the audience, and pass off.

Deodatus, the baby, and the mother follow last.)

CURTAIN

SUGGESTIONS. Niord is a very handsome god and rules the winds and sea banks. He is the father of Freya. He wears a short tunic of sea-green adorned with shells and seaweed, a crown of shells. He is full-bearded and long-haired.

Frey was the god of the sunshine and king of the elves and fairies. He bore a glittering sword, a tunic of pale green, and a dark green robe.

Freya, his sister, was the queen of the Valkyrs and hence wears corselet and helmet, shield and spear, a long flowing garment of pink and lavender. She is accompanied by two gray cats, and scatters flowers as she goes.

Balder and Nanna are both to exceed in beauty the other gods. They must be young, slender, and graceful. Nanna's name signifies blossom, so let her be of a type that suggests a flower. They may wear robes of any delicate springtime color.

Loki is dark of face and stocky of build. His look and step is crafty and full of mischief. He delights to trip up and annoy the other gods and sneers furtively. His garment should be dark gray and a rough hide thrown over one shoulder. Fenris is dressed like him, only much more suggestive of the wolf in garment and bearing. Study John La Farge's picture of the Wolf-Charmer in making up Fenris. If he can dangle a broken chain of pasteboard painted to imitate steel, from his wrists, it will add to the disguise. He must be wholly evil and wolfish in speech and bearing.

Tyr is the god of war and courage, and noted among the gods for his steadfast truth-telling, hence he is depicted as strong, sturdy, fearless, and open of countenance. His distinguishing mark is the magnificent enchanted sword that he carries. He also carries a shield.

Idun is stately and beautiful and has her hair bound with a fillet of ribbon and carries a carved casket of golden apples.

Frigga should be represented wearing snow-white garments, tall, stately, well-proportioned, crowned with heron plumes. A golden girdle has a bunch of golden keys suspended from it, and her hands are busy with a distaff whence she threads a fragment of gold-colored flax and sends it adrift for a sunset cloud or else winds it about her spindle. Among her attendants are Fulla, who carries the jewel casket, wears golden shoes, and has her hair bound with the golden wheat sheaf. She is the intimate and confidant of Frigga. Hlin was another attendant and the goddess of consolation. She listens for the prayers of mortal earth and repeats them to Frigga. Gna is Frigga's swift messenger, who rides a swift horse, the hoof-flinger. Lofn is the goddess of Love

and Praise and watches over lovers. Eira is the goddess of herbs and simples and taught medicine to the women of the North.

Odin, the husband of Frigga, is represented as a tall, vigorous man of fifty years, with dark curling hair and a heavy dark or iron-gray beard. He wears a suit of gray with a blue hood and a wide blue mantle flecked with gray, in representation of a cloud-scattered sky. He wears a great gold bracelet high up on his arm and carries a golden spear, Gungnir, whereon an oath sworn could not be broken. He had but one eye, so wore his helmet low to conceal the fact. Two hunting hounds accompany him and two ravens perch on his shoulder. Sandals on his feet complete his costume.

Thor, god of Thunder, was the son of Odin and Erda, daughter of Night. Hence he was half-brother to Balder, son of Frigga and Odin. He wears a rough garment of bear skins, girt in with a heavy brazen, nail-studded belt. He wears mailed gauntlets and carries his terrific hammer.

Sif, his wife, is very beautiful, with long golden hair and a golden crown, and long robes of pale yellow. She wears her hair woven skillfully upon her head and intertwisted with her crown.

A PAGEANT OF LETTERS

1. THE DEVOTIONAL POEM
   Cædmon at Saint Hilda's Monastery.

2. THE PLAY
   "The Pilgrimage of Pleasure." An Interlude.

3. THE LYRIC
   The Cavalier Poets at Banbury Inn.

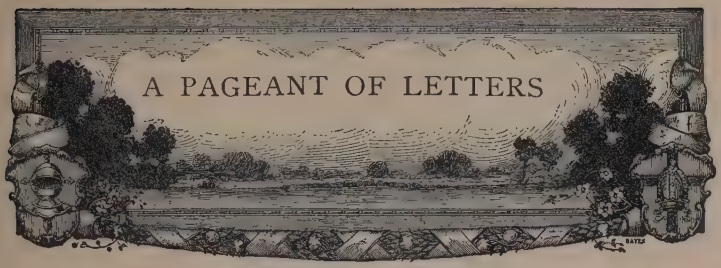
4. THE EPIC
   Blind Milton dictating "Paradise Lost." A Tableau.

5. THE ESSAY
   The Spectator Arrives.

6. THE SATIRE
   "The Rape of the Lock." A Pantomime.

7. THE STORY
   Bunyan in Bedford Gaol.

To give these scenes variety and interest, contemporary dances may be introduced between them. To precede the interlude, a Morris dance, to precede the Cavalier Scene, a minuet, during the next intermission, a country dance by English villagers, then as a delicate compliment to the creator of Sir Roger de Coverley, the reel by that name, then a minuet, and the last another country dance. These scenes, of necessity, are uneventful, and the performance will probably need lightening. If this be not possible, the singers in Scene 3 might give other Cavalier lyrics that have been set to music repeatedly, such as "To Anthea," "To Lucasta," and "Ask Me No More where June Bestows," and so on. The pageant may conclude with the grouping of all the actors and the singing by them and the audience of "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" to the old familiar melody.



Prologue. Though strange the days, and rude the early folk
That lent rapt ears whenso the cowherd spoke,
Was their delight far other than our own
Who hear a smoother verse in sweeter tone?
And those crude mysteries with Youth and Vice,
Their Seven Deadly Sins in quaint device,—
Taught they not virtue? Loathed they not a Knave?
Preached they no homily, serene and grave?
When Rashness rode his follies through the town,
What cynic verse tore not his banners down?
And like the bastioned cloudland circling round
A fair horizon, where rich dreams abound,
Great epics moved, with stately company,
Spread their vast scenes for all the world to see.
Romance walked latest in the nation's art,
Writ in the tale of Christian and Greatheart.
Thus visions pass for ages and for aye,
The tale, the song, the epic, and the play,
The essay with veiled wit, satiric verse,
Vices to slay and follies to amerce.
Fulfilled of destiny shall be each kind,
To give the dream, to praise the Master Mind,
To shame, to scourge, to rouse to high renown,
These be the deeds, O Letters, are thine own!

Time, the seventh century. Scene, the locutorium of the monastery. Rough stone walls, with arched doorways and windows. Floor strewn with rushes. Back drop, a view of the sea. The stage is empty, but a distant chant is heard in the adjoining chapel, which increases in volume, and then ends. A bell rings slowly and faintly, and the nuns are seen passing two by two from their devotions. The priests and acolytes follow them, still chanting. Presently the Abbess Hilda and four nuns come in. Hilda seats herself.

Hilda. A fair morning and the spring of the year, too. May our flocks and our increase be blessed here in our abbey on the Bay of the Shining Light.

Sister Mary. Dear Mother Abbess, all things grow and prosper under your love.

Hilda. Of a truth, a nun should not flatter! I must send thee on thy ways.

Sister Mary. But ever thinking the same of thee, Holy Mother.

Hilda (smiling). No more! Wilt go now and send me hither our chamberlain?

Sister Mary. I go.

Hilda. And, Sister Angela, see that the baskets are ready prepared for the purveying of the poor. (Sister Angela departs.)

Hilda. Sister Veronica, bring me word when the Holy Father Anastasius has finished his devotions.

Sister Veronica. Right willingly, Mother.

Hilda. The choir went but ill at mass this morning.

Sister Juliana. Truly they have more heart than wit in the words they sing.

Hilda. Ah me! would that our monasteries here did have some Christian poet that might sing, with sweet

words and fair, praises and holy chants. But yestereven came some jongleurs hither, and stayed among the cowherds at their board, and sang and played, methought, right craftily.

Sister Juliana. Ah, Holy Mother, they sang but worldly things. We, of the holy orders, might not even list.

Hilda. Truth is it that you speak, child, yet had that music and that craft of song but been employed in hymning to our Lord, we might have recked they were celestial choirs.

Sister Juliana. Our choristers do lack poetic flame.

Hilda. Yea, even so. It is a gift of God, and yet He has not pleased to bestow it here.

Sister Juliana. I spake this morn with Will, the swineherd's son, as I did watch upon the obedientiaries giving forth the mixtin mead. He said the board did mock at Cædmon, the cowherd of Streoneshalh. "Sing, cowherd!" quoth a jongleur, marking him how he leaned silent 'gainst the board, and thrust the harp him toward. "Nay," croaked the lad, "I have no voice to sing." Whereat the fellowship all laughed, and the poor lad, his eyes with tears all big, rose and hurried forth into the night.

Hilda. Poor cowherd! 'Tis them that cannot sing that crave it most. He is a godly youth, an it were given him to sing, he would sing praises unto Our Lord, and not in reckless troubadouring.

(Voices heard in altercation in the passageway outside. In rushes unceremoniously a stout, red-faced woman, the kitchener, and bends the knee to the abbess.)

Kitchener. A thousand pardons, Holy Mother, but there is out yonder a rude cowherd that would fain have audi-

ence with your holiness. He sore lacketh wit, or would herein have pushed his way.

Hilda. A cowherd, good Margaret? What wants he?

Kitchener. A wantwit he! 'Tis Cædmon, cowherd on the cliffs. He says, good lack, he says that he can sing! By arms and blood and bones, he singeth like a crow! (She is consumed with laughter.) Good lack.

Hilda. Good Margaret, can we tell if he be not right? God may at any time send his servant gifts from heaven.

Kitchener. Ah, Holy Mother Hilda, it's a true and righteous saint you are, in truth. You see but good in any poor and brainless fool. But Cædmon, the cowherd! Soon will one of his own calves be singing!

(She laughs, but less boisterously, and goes to the entrance of the passageway.)

(To Cædmon, standing without.) Thou art a fool, I tell thee. Thy wit is overcome, yet Holy Mother bids thee to come in. Come thy ways in, but wipe first both thy foul feet.

(Enter Cædmon, and behind him the town reeve. The kitchener perceives the reeve, and throws up her hands.)

Kitchener. Saint Mary and Saint Michael and all holy saints forgive me! I did not see thee, gerefa! An I had, I would not have stopped thy cowherd here. Sooth, I saw naught but yon churl befouling my clean rushes.

Reeve. Stint thy clack, woman, and begone to thy labors.

(Exit kitchener hastily. Reeve goes to the abbess, kneels, and receives her blessing.)

Reeve. Holy Mother, a miracle has happened here in our Port of the Shining Light. A gift of song has been vouchsafed from Heaven to yonder lad. This morning

came he to my dwelling rapt with unsung melody. He sang for me and I have brought him hither.

Hilda. Is it true, indeed, Cædmon?

(Cædmon kneels silently to her, and then rises. He begins to speak in a voice with some trace of hoarseness and roughness in it, which he gradually gets control of, and then becomes clear and musical, almost lyric, as he speaks on. He looks rapt and fearless, as one that has seen a vision and has the spell still upon him.)

Cædmon. Holy Mother, a vision came to me in the night, as I watched in the stable with the kine. (He pauses, still rapt.)

Hilda. Among the kine, in the stable? Truly, there have been visions in a stable long ere now. Rememberest thou the first Christmas Eve? (She crosses herself.)

Cædmon. Aye, unforgettingly. And yet I was sore wroth at my dull life, my witless words, my harsh voice, and when at the board among the swineherds, yestereven, they mocked me for my speechlessness, and bade me sing. Wherefore went I out under the stars and prayed, poor fool, that I, too, might have the gift of song. Nor did I think my prayer was heard, but grieving still, I fell asleep.

Then, as I dreamed, One came to me and said, — His face was shining like a light upon the sea, and all His garments shone with whiteness, like the snowy alb the priest puts on, — He said, calling me, a cowherd, son of a cowherd, calling me by name, "Cædmon, sing! Sing, Cædmon, some song to Me." Then answered I, "I cannot sing. For this cause left I the feast and came hither." He smiled and said, "However that be, you shall sing to Me." "What shall I sing?" I asked Him. "The beginning of created things." Thereat I sang, and He hearkened, smiled, and vanished all in light. When I awoke, I knew

that I must tell our reeve, and you, Holy Abbess, all my dream, for it is willed that I should still be singing.

Hilda. Truly, it is a miracle of God. Sing to us now, O Cædmon.

Reeve. Yea, sing as you have sung to me this morn.

Cædmon. Now must we hymn the Master of heaven,
The might of the Maker, the deeds of the Father,
The thought of His heart. He, Lord everlasting,
Established of old the source of all wonders:
Creator all-holy, He hung the bright heaven,
A roof high up-reared o'er the children of men;
The King of mankind then created for Mortals
The world in its beauty, the earth spread beneath them,
He, Lord everlasting, omnipotent God.

Reeve. See how within him wells his song about his heart.

Hilda. He has learned the art of singing not from men but God. Cædmon, come hither. (Cædmon kneels to her.) My son, wouldst thou become a holy monk of God?

Cædmon. Even so would my prayer of many years be answered. Ah, Holy Abbess, I would serve thee on my knees for this.

Hilda. Nay, my son, serve God, not me.

Cædmon. I would be serving God best in serving thee.

Hilda (smiles). May thy songs be ever ready as thy wit. (To the reeve.) Take him now to Father Anastasius and say that Cædmon now shall begin service as our acolyte. Yet can I prophesy that he will wear the chasuble e'er long.

(The bell is again faintly heard in the distance. Cædmon follows the reeve to the door, and kneels once more there.)

CURTAIN

THE PILGRIMAGE OF PLEASURE[1]

By Algernon Charles Swinburne

The following was selected in preference to any of the early moralities equally for its beauty, interest, and reasonable length. The pre-Shakespearean drama does not abound in specimens which may be revived for a modern audience either with pleasure or profit. With the exception of "Everyman," almost no interlude or morality could be counted on to hold the spectators, and all are too long to permit of their introduction as one episode in an inclusive pageant. The dramatic form of this follows the old construction perfectly, and it is more compact and spirited.

A bare stage will suffice for the background. It may be hung with wall-paper to imitate old-fashioned tapestries. Side entrance will suffice.

For the costuming, consult the illustrations in the first volume of Hazlitt's "Old English Plays" if you would know how symbolic figures were dressed in 1550. If this is not available, costume your characters in sixteenth-century fashion, with the exception of Death, whom you may make as realistic as possible, and you will do as the first producers of moralities did.

Pleasure, Vain Delight, Sapience, and Discretion are women, the others are men. Have your make-up man behind the curtain to add age to Youth, Vain Delight, and Life during the intermission. Youth may be dressed in dark green, Vain Delight in scarlet, Pleasure in pale blue, Gluttony, brown, Life, gray, the rest in white.

Dramatis Personæ: Pleasure, Youth, Life, Discretion, Gluttony, the Vices, Vain Delight, Sapience, Death.

(Youth enters, with Pleasure, Sapience, Life, Discretion following.)

Pleasure. All children of men, give good heed unto me,
That am of my kind very virtue bodily,
Turn ye from following of lies and Vain Delight
That avaunteth herself there she hath but little right:
Set your heart upon goodly things that I shall you show,
For the end of her ways is death and very woe.

(Sapience is at Youth's elbow, urging him to hearken to Pleasure.)

Youth. Away from me, thou Sapience, thou noddy, thou green fool!

[1] Reprinted by permission of Mr. Thomas Y. Mosher, of the Mosher Press.

What ween ye I be, as a little child in school?
Ye are as an old crone that moweth by the fire,
A bob with a chestnut is all thine heart's desire.
I am in mine habit like to Bacchus the high god,
I reck not a rush of thy rede nor of thy rod.

(Life approaches the swaggering youth, pauses, speaks, and passes on.)

Life. Bethink thee, good Youth, and take Sapience to thy wife,
For but a little while hath a man delight of Life.
I am as a flame that lighteth thee one hour;
She hath fruit enow, I have but a fleeting flower.

(Youth ignores her and seeks Vain Delight with eagerness.)

Discretion. For pity of Youth I may weep withouten measure,
That is gone a great way as pilgrim after Pleasure,
For her (most noble queen) shall he never have in sight,
Who is bounden all about with the bounds of Vain Delight,
That false fiend to follow in field he is full fain,
For love of her sweet mouth he shall bide most bitter pain.

(While Youth and Vain Delight are talking in dumb show, Gluttony, enormously fat, enters with a large dish of pudding which he is eating. He lurches over to the group of advisers and addresses them.)

Gluttony. Ow, I am so full of flesh my skin goeth nigh to crack!
I would not a pound I bore my body on my back.
I wis ye wot well what manner of man am I;
One of ye help me to a saddle by and bye.
I am waxen over-big, for I floter on my feet;
I would I had here a piece of beef, a worthy meat.

I have been a blubberling this two and forty year,
And yet for all this, I live and make good cheer.

(In the meantime, Youth has been wooing Vain Delight.)

Vain Delight. I wot ye will not bite upon my snaffle, good Youth;
Ye go full smoothly now, ye amble well forsooth.

(Youth kneels to Vain Delight.)

Youth. My sweet life and lady, my love and mine heart's lief.
One sight of your goodly eyes it bringeth all men ease.

Gluttony. Ow, I would I had a manchet or a piece of cheese!

Vain Delight. Lo, where lurketh a lurden that is kinsman of mine;
Ho, Gluttony, I wis ye are drunken without wine.

(They pass off the stage slowly, with Life following them closely, but Pleasure and Discretion take their leave of them and go off the opposite side of the stage. The curtain may or may not fall for a moment, as the actors desire. When Youth returns again, his hair must be streaked with gray, wrinkles on his face, and his step faltering. Vain Delight must have lost her freshness, and be older and more pinchbeck. They went off the stage with Youth following Vain Delight. They return with Vain Delight closely pursuing Youth.)

Youth. We have gone by many lands, and many grievous ways,
And yet have we not found this Pleasure all these days.
Sometimes a lightening all about her we have seen,
A glittering of her garments among the fieldes green;
Sometimes the waving of her hair that is right sweet,
A lifting of her eyelids, or a shining of her feet,
Either in sleeping or in waking have we heard
A rustling of raiment or a whispering of a word,

Or a noise of pleasant water running over a waste place,
Yet have I not beheld her or known her very face.

Vain Delight. What, thou very knave, and how reckonest thou of me?

Youth. Nay, though thou be goodly, I trow thou art not she.

Vain Delight. I would that thou wert hanged in a halter by the neck,
From my face to my feet there is neither flaw nor fleck.
Great kings have worshiped me, and served me on their knees,
Yet for thy sake I wis, have I set light by these.

Youth. What pratest thou of Pleasure? I wot well it am I.

(Enter Gluttony, as before.)

Gluttony. Ow! I would I had a marchpane or a plover in a pie!
What needeth a man look far for that is near at hand?
What needeth him ear the sea or fish upon dry land?
For whether it be flesh, or whether it be fish,
Lo, it lurketh full lowly in a little dish.

(Enter Sapience, who advances to Youth and Vain Delight, and tries to part them.)

Sapience. I charge thee, O thou Youth, thou repent thee on this tide,
For but an hour or twain, shall thy life and thou abide;
Turn thee, I say, yea, turn thee, before it be the night,
Take thine heart in thine hand, and slay thy Vain Delight,
Before thy soul and body in sudden and sunder be rent.

Youth. Nay, though I be well weary, yet will I not repent,

Nor will I slay my love; lo, this is all in brief.

Vain Delight. I beseech thee now be gone, thou ragged hood, thou thief!

Wherefore snuffest thou so, like one smelling of mustard?

Gluttony. Ow, methinks I could eat a goodly quaking custard.

Youth. Peace, thou paunch, I pray; thou sayest ever the same.

Vain Delight. Lo, her coats be all bemired! this is a goodly dame,

She pranceth with her chin up, as one that is full nice.

Gluttony. Ow, I would I had a pear with a pretty point of spice,

A comfit with a caudle is a comfortable meat;

A cony is the best beast of all that run on feet.

I love well-buttered ale, I would I had one drop;

I pray thee, Mistress Sapience, hast thou never a sugar sop?

Sapience. Depart from me, thou sturdy swine, thou hast no part in me!

Gluttony. Ow, I wist well there was little fair fellowship in thee.

(Enter Discretion. Gluttony turns to her.)

Good Mistress Discretion, ye be both lief and fair,

Of thy dish, I pray thee, some scrapings thou me spare.

Discretion. My dish, thou foolish beast, for thy mouth it is not meet;

I feed on gracious thought, and on prayer that is most sweet,

I eat of good desires, I drink good words for wine;

Thou art fed on husks of death among the snouts of swine;

My drink is clear contemplation, I feed on fasting hours,
I commune with the most high stars, and all the noble flowers,
With all the days and nights, and with love that is their queen.

Gluttony. Ow, of this communication it recks me never a bean!

Shall one drink the night for wine, and feed upon the dawn?
Yet had I rather have in hand a cantle of brawn.

Sapience. O youth, wilt thou not turn thee, and follow that is right?

Youth. Nay, while I have my living, I forsake not Vain Delight,
Till when my hairs are gray, I put her away from me.

Vain Delight. Nay, but in that day will I withdraw my face from thee.

(To Sapience.) Out, out, mother mumble, thou art both rotten and raw.

Gluttony. I will reach thee, if I may, a buffet with my paw.

Vain Delight. What, wilt thou take my kingdom? Have this for all thy pains!

Gluttony. Ow, I would I had a toast to butter with thy brains.

(Enter Life again, this time as a very old man and feeble.)

Life. Lo, this is the last time that ever we twain shall meet,
I am lean of my body and feeble of my feet;
My goodly beauty is barren, fruit shall it never bear,
But thorns and bitter ashes that are cast upon my hair;

My glory is all gone, and my good time overpast,
Seeing all my beauty cometh to one color at the last,
A deadly, dying color of a faded face.
I say to thee, repent thee; thou hast but little space.

Youth. What manner of man art thou? It seems thou hast seen some strife.

Life. I am thy body's shadow, and the likeness of thy life,
The sorrowful similitude of all thy sorrow and sin;
Wherefore, I pray thee, open all thine heart and let me in,
Lest, if thou shut out good counsel, thou be thyself shut out.

Gluttony. Ow, though I be lusty, I have made them low to lout,
My lungs be broken in twain with running over fast,
With beating of their bodies mine own sides have I brast;
The heaving of mine heart, it is a galling grief.
Ow, what makes thee so lean and wan? (to Life) I trow thou lackest beef.

Vain Delight. How, what is this knave, trow?

Youth. He saith his name is Life.

Vain Delight. By the faith of my fair body I will give him grief to wife!
In his lips there is no blood, in his throat there is no breath,
Call ye this Life, by my hood? I think it be liker Death.

(Life totters and falls. Enter Death very impressively and silently.)

Life. It is thou, thou cursed witch, hast bereft me of mine ease,
That I gasp with my lips and halt upon my knees.

Death. Thou hast lived overlong without taking thought on me;

Lo, here is now an end of thy Vain Delight and thee.
Thou that wert gluttonous shall eat the dust for bread,
Thou that wearest gold shalt wear grass above thine head;
Thou that wert full big shalt be shrunken to a span,
Thou shalt be a loathly worm that wert a lordly man.
Thou that madest thy bed of silk shall have a bed of mold,
Thou that furs have covered shalt be clad upon with cold,
Thou that lovedst honey, with gall shalt thou be fed,
Thou that wert alive shalt presently be dead.

Youth. O strong Death, be merciful! I quake with dread of thee.

Death. Nay, thou hast dwelt long with Life: now shalt thou sleep with me.

Gluttony. Ow, ow, for very fear my flesh doth melt and dwindle,
My sides and my shanks be leaner than a spindle;
Now foul fall his fingers that wound up the thread,
Good Master Death, do me no hurt; I wis I am but dead.
Now may I drink my sobs, and chew upon my sighs,
And feed my foolish body with the fallings of mine eyes.

Vain Delight. Mine eyes are turned to tears, my fair mouth filled with moan,
My cheeks are ashen color, I grovel and I groan,
My love is turned to loathing, my day to a weary night,
Now I wot I am not Pleasure, I am but Vain Delight!

Youth. O Death, show pity upon me, and spare me for a space.

Death. Nay, thou hast far to go; rise up, uncover thy face.

Youth. O Death, abide for a little, but till it be the night.

Death. Nay, thy day is done; look up, there is no light.

(The stage is gradually darkened. Vain Delight, Gluttony, and Life lie movelessly on the floor. Sapience stands silently to one side of Death and Youth, and a little to the rear. Discretion occupies the same position on the other side.)

Youth. O Death, forbear me yet till an hour be over and done.

Death. Thine hour is over and wasted; behold, there is no more sun.

Youth. Nay, Death, but I repent me.

Death. Here have thou this and hold.

(Death takes Youth by the hand.)

Youth. O Death, thou art keen and bitter, thine hands are wonder-cold!

Death. Fare forth now without word, ye have tarried over measure.

(Death leads Youth to the back of the stage and gives the last speech from there. The stage darkens very gradually till the last lines are given in total darkness. When the stage is perfectly dark, all the other actors leave silently and unseen, and at the last word Death goes off. The lights are turned on again for the Epilogue to enter.)

Youth. Alas, that ever I went on Pilgrimage of Pleasure,
And wist not what she was; now am I the wearier wight.
Lo, this is the end of all; this cometh of Vain Delight.

Death. O foolish people! O ye that rejoice for a three days' breath,
Lift up your eyes unto me lest ye perish: behold I am Death!
When your hearts are exalted with laughter, and kindled with love as with fire,
Neither look ye before ye nor after, but feed and are filled with desire.
Lo, without trumpets I come; without ushers I follow behind;

And the voice of the strong man is dumb; and the eyes of the wise men are blind.
Your mouths were hot with meat, your lips were sweet with wine,
There was gold upon your feet, on your heads was gold most fine:
For blasts of wind and rain ye shook not, neither shrunk,
Ye were clothed with man's pain, with man's blood ye were drunk;
Little heed ye had of tears, and poor men's sighs,
In your glory ye were glad, and ye glittered with your eyes.
Ye said, each man in his heart, "I shall live and see good days."
Lo, as mire and clay thou art, even as mire on weary ways.
Ye said, each man, "I am fair, lo, my life in me stands fast."
Turn ye, weep and rend your hair; what abideth at the last?
For behold ye are all made bare, and your glory is over and past.
Ye were covered with fatness and sleep; ye wallow'd to left and to right,
Now may ye wallow and weep: day is gone, and behold it is night!
What will one of you say? had ye eyes and would not see?
Had ye harps and would not play? Yet shall ye play for me.
Had ye ears and would not hear? Had ye feet and would not go?
Had ye wits and would not fear? Had ye seed and would not sow?

Had ye hands and would not wring? Had ye wheels and would not spin?
Had ye lips and would not sing? was there no song found therein?
Alas! your kingdoms and lands! alas! your men and their might!
Alas! the strength of your hands and the days of your Vain Delight!
Alas! the words that were spoken, sweet words on a pleasant tongue!
Alas! your harps that are broken, the harps that were carven and strung!
Alas! the light in your eyes, the gold in your golden hair!
Alas! your sayings wise, and the goodly things ye were!
Alas! your glory! alas! the sound of your names among men!
Behold, it is come to pass, ye shall sleep and arise not again.
Dust shall fall on your face, and dust shall hang on your hair;
Ye shall sleep without shifting of place, and shall be no more as ye were;
Ye shall never open your mouth; ye shall never lift up your head;
Ye shall look not to north or to south; life is done, and behold ye are dead!
With your hand ye shall not threat; with your throat ye shall not sing,
Yea, ye that are living yet, ye shall each be a grievous thing.
Ye shall each fare under ground, ye shall lose both speech and breath;

Without sight ye shall see, without sound ye shall hear, and shall know I am Death.

Epilogue. (Spoken by Pleasure.)

The ending here of Youth and Vain Delight
Full plainly here ye all have seen;
Wherefore I pray you day and night,
While winter is wan and summer is green,
Ye keep the end hereof in sight,
Lest in that end ye gather teen.

SCENE. An inn near Banbury, the night before the battle of Edgehill. A long, low room, low, broad, latticed windows, benches and a bar, and a long table. Antlers on the wall, rushes on the floor, and from time to time, the noise of soldiers marching past the inn, and the muffled shouts of the sergeants. Now and then a catch is trolled roughly, and the song drowned in shouts.

Seated at a table are Sir William Davenant (poet-laureate), Cleveland, Lucius Cary (Viscount Falkland), and Lovelace. The barmaid has filled their glasses, and Lovelace has been toasting her.

Lovelace. Hebe, fill up the glasses, lass, and we will have another catch. 'Tis a cold night, but we may all be colder still, — to-morrow.

Cleveland (warningly). Hush.

Barmaid. La, my lord, there'll be no fighting yet.

Lovelace. Not from fighting shall we die, but this merciless autumn wind will send us all with a *Nunc Dimittis* to our graves. Meanwhile let us drink and be merry. Come, boys, and join the chorus,

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fal la la la la la la,
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal la la la la la la,
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor but a rope to hang himself,
(Chorus with the barmaid joining in.)
With a fal lal la la la la la la la,
With a fal la la la la la la.

Davenant. Well sung, lass! Lovelace, when first I heard from you, you were in jail for petitioning Parliament for the King. When got you out?

Lovelace. Faith, I guess my gaolers were nodding when they freed me. 'Twas not a bad hermitage. I whiled away the hours with the help of the muse, and thought sadly about the iniquity of the times.

Falkland. More love stanzas, then? I mind me, ere our royal king, God bless King Charles, was yet at Hampton Court, how we poets gathered there with our lyrics. Poor Suckling, dying like a poisoned rat, in exile. Could you have thought it of him, gay, sparkling with devices, out with his rapier at a word, back again, tilly-vally, at another, — sporting with the cards, singing to a lass, the world at his feet, and he caring not a whit? Give us his song, Dick, "Out upon it."

Lovelace (sings).

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together,
And am like to love three more
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings
E'er he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place.

(Lovelace sings the lyric half mischievously to the barmaid, who is miffed.)

Davenant. Would Jack Suckling were with us now. He loved a song and a glass.

Cleveland. Yes, and a lass.

Lovelace. Do you mind George Wither? He could turn a song. Where is he now?

Falkland. Is it possible you do not know that he turned Roundhead?

Lovelace. He? The pet of the court? What, unfaithful to the king? I wish he were here with a rapier's length between us. I'd pink him well before I finished. What a cowardly changeling. Fickle and faithless, like his verse.

Lovelace (hums).

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman fair —

Falkland (sternly). No songs of his to-night. Only a good royalist poet now for us. Rather, give us one of those lyrics you sung in prison.

Cleveland. Ah, Dick's been hoping for the request. Go on and sing, good Dick.

Lovelace (musing). I called it "To Althea from Prison." (He sings with much feeling.)

When Love with unconfinèd wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair
And fetter'd to her eye,
The gods that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
With shriller voice shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Falkland. Right nobly sung! Ye yet shall sing that to our king, indeed pray heaven that ye sing it exultingly to-morrow. (To the barmaid.) You may leave us now, Miss, we have affairs of state to yet discuss. (Exit barmaid.)

Cleveland (in an eager whisper). Tell me, is't that to-morrow we fight!

Falkland. Yes, hush. We are to creep upon them on the roadside, the psalm-singing parsons, the blatant beasts. I thirst to run a dozen of the cowardly tip-staves through. But they do not know it, neither does the company. Quick orders and a charge and we clear the road for the king. Rupert has the matter in hand, and puts it through nobly. As for us, we are to stay here, in this sanctuary of distressed Cavaliers to-night, and sing, to ward off suspicion, and to-morrow, to horse and away! Hush, who's there? (He opens the door.) I thought I heard a tiptoe. Perhaps not. See here, no one must know we are plotting. Give us a catch, Cleveland. If it's a Puritan, let his ears burn.

Lovelace. Nay, line us out that Puritanic psalm like a Brother Barebones in a pulpit. Line it to us, lad, and we will play the Roundhead.

(Cleveland stands up, pretends to give the pitch with a tuning fork, taking a knife from the table, for that purpose, and with a nasal tone, lines out the following, line by line, like a Puritan minister giving out a hymn, and the company drone it out solemnly through their noses till laughter stops them.)

With face and fashion to be known
For one of true electi-on,
With eyes all white, and many a groan,
With neck aside to draw in tone.

With harp in's nose, or he is none,
See a new teacher of the town,—

(They break off, and Cleveland tosses his imitation tuning fork away, while Lovelace pretends he is a tithing man, and using his sword for a rod, taps Cleveland on the shoulder.)

Lovelace. You're off the pitch! You're off the pitch! I'll give your choir-mastership, Praise God Barebones, to old Noll Cromwell. Lads, I'll give you another toast, "God send this Cromwell down." (He tosses a crust of bread around the circle, and each breaks off a crumb, puts it in his mouth and washes it down with contents of his goblet.)

All. God send this crumb well down.

(In the midst of their rollicking, the door stealthily opens, and Edmund Waller enters unobserved.)

Waller (after a moment). Falkland! (The men turn quickly; perceiving him, they leap to their feet, drawing their swords.)

Cleveland. I'll run thee through, thou traitor. (Leaps over his chair, and makes a dash for Waller, who throws up both his hands, crying, "Truce! Truce! I am on the side of the King!")

(Falkland loses not a second following Cleveland and holding his wrist.)

Falkland. Give him a chance, Jack! Give him a chance!

Waller. Troth, believe me, lads, you were my friends once, and will be again when you hear me. There are my papers. (He throws a bundle of documents on the table, which Lovelace examines.)

Waller. I have been plotting for our king this twelvemonth, with my Lord Conway and the Earl of Northumberland. The plans have matured, the ammunition is ready, the tower guards have sworn allegiance to our designs, and, please God, a week hence will see King Charles flying his standard from Hampton Court Palace.

Lovelace. He speaks the truth. These dispatches say that the Royalists shall all join to seize London for the

king. We are to get all the defenses we can lay hands to, gain the magazines, storm the Tower, and rescue the princes. (He brings his fist down on the table.) Rich news, i' faith. God save King Charles!

Cleveland. Waller, your pardon. (He offers his hand, which Waller stiffly accepts.)

Falkland. Ned, we loved our king, and your defection hurt us sorely. As you say, we were friends once. Now let us be again. (Gives Waller his hand.)

(A moment's silence, during which the sound of troops is heard, evidently Puritan soldiers. They are singing a hymn, the sound of which is obscured by the sound of marching feet and the marching commands.)

Lovelace. The Puritans! (A pause.) They have gone past. Now one song and to bed. Strike up the chorus, boys.

What though the zealots pull down the prelates,
Push at the pulpit and kick at the crown,
Shall we not never once more endeavor,
Strive to purchase our royal renown?
Shall not the Roundhead first be confounded?
Sa, sa, sa, say, boys, ha, ha, ha, ha, boys,
Then we'll return with triumph and joy.
Then we'll be merry, drink white wine and sherry,
Then we will sing, boys, God bless the king! boys,
Cast up our caps and cry, "Vive le Roy!"

(A moment's tableau while all the actors hold up their cups, and stand with one foot on their chair.)

CURTAIN

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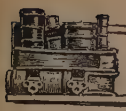
THE DAWN OF BRITISH HISTORY, FROM THE PAGEANT OF LONDON AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE EMPIRE



BLIND MILTON

This scene is to be given in the form of a tableau. The room to be represented is one in Milton's house at Chalfont St. Giles. A low, sunny room with diamond-paned windows opening out; a sanded floor, elaborate carven furniture, many book-shelves, and Milton seated, "leaning backward obliquely in an easy chair, with his leg flung over the leg of it." Masson quotes a description of him at this period as being "of slender figure, of middle stature or a little less, wearing sometimes a silver-hilted sword. Evidently in feeble health, but still looking younger than he was, with his lightish hair and his fair, rather aged or pale complexion." He wore a suit of the modified Puritan character, always black in color. His daughter, Deborah, who was more apt to take his dictation than his other daughters, was from fourteen to sixteen years old. She may write at a table or at an old-fashioned desk, if one of that period may be obtained. She uses a quill. If it is desired, Milton may dictate the following lines from the Induction to the Third Book.

Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equaled with me in fate,
So were I equaled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresius and Phineas, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and, for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of Nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

So much the rather thou, Celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

CURTAIN

THE SPECTATOR ARRIVES

SCENE. A breakfast table in London on a March morning. The furnishings may be copied from Hogarth's illustrations, particularly those on "Marriage-a-la-Mode." Have the room decorated with a quantity of bric-a-brac of Chinese or East Indian manufacture. The more overburdened the room with these knickknacks, the more fashionable will it be. Take pains in costuming the characters to have them according to the period. High headdresses had just gone out and the low and voluminous mass of curls taken their place for women. Men still wore the powdered wig. Hoops were just coming into style, and the men still wore the satin breeches and waistcoat. The seats at the breakfast table have no backs. The dishes are plates, platters, cups and saucers for the tea and chocolate, and beakers for the ale. The napkins are fringed and called D'Oyley napkins. The water for washing the fingers at the end of the meal is brought in beakers, not bowls, and the napkin dipped in it to wash the face. The man may keep his hat on through breakfast if he so desires. The breakfast itself should consist of tea for the lady, chocolate for the gentleman, ale, bread and butter, and radishes. Neither lady nor gentleman is dressed very elaborately in the morning, but neither in negligée either, for both may be going out soon after to places of amusement, even in the daytime. If the final touch of affectation is wished, the lady may have her hair curled and dressed while she is eating. This would afford the maid some byplay with the butler. Eating was carried on so much more extravagantly then that a person might consume from six to twelve cups of tea or chocolate without seeming unduly greedy.

Enter the butler with a tray, the contents of which he places on the buffet, tasting occasionally as he does so by means of a forefinger.

Butler. My lord is late this morning, staying so long last night at ombre with Mr. Everout. (He places the knives and two-tined forks on the white tablecloth.) And a very merry party it was, if I may judge from the manner of master's home-coming. (He pours out a little ale, drinks it, fills the bottle with water, and replaces both bottle and beaker on the buffet.) And where is mistress Kitty this morning? (He looks through the glass pane in the door.) Ah, here she is! She does not miss a chance to talk with me, I notice. (Turns his back to the door and is busy laying the table.)

(Enter Kitty, a smart serving maid, very pert and pretty.)

Kitty. Oh, Mr. Hawkins, are you there? What a start you gave me! I thought no one was up but cook and myself.

Butler (ponderously). I was there a minute ago.

Kitty. La, Mr. Hawkins, this living with the master has given you so much wit!

Butler. Miss, you flatter; this is what comes of serving madam. I wonder at you.

Kitty. Pish! Madam cannot flatter. She's as slow of words as a Mohock in the dark.

Butler. And what do you know of Mohocks, Miss Kitty?

Kitty. My lady's maid was telling me they caught Lady Winchelsea's maid as she was crossing the park with a lantern, the set of rakes that they are, and cut all her face, poor girl. She wanted to wear some patches to hide the cuts, but my lady would not hear of it, and told her to mind her place. It's enough to make an honest girl leave service.

Butler. It's not safe to be abroad these nights, but it's safer for a poor man afoot than a genteel lord ariding in his chair. They ran through Sir Thomas Davenant's chair with a sword. They are all Whigs, they say, and sure, soon, no one will dare to be a Tory in all London.

Kitty. Odd-so! And I could not have believed it from aught but a tell-truth like yourself, Mr. Hawkins.

Butler. And master may come home next with as many holes cut in him as a tinker leaves in a kettle. Oddsbodikins, Miss Kitty, I hope you'll keep indoor o' nights.

Kitty (helping herself to a radish). If I had some one to look after me, I need not.

Butler. Sure, I was coming to that like a Tantiny pig.

Pray, would you go to Vauxhall with me some night? The master and the mistress go, and we could mask the same way, and no one would know us, and we would never say any word.

Kitty. Hark! Can the master be coming? Sh!

(Steps are heard, and Kitty runs out. Enter Sir Thomas Wren, with very affected, mincing steps, cane, hat beneath his arms and snuffbox in his hand.)

Sir Thomas. Oddsbodikins, John, is not my chocolate here?

(Taking snuff. He seats himself gingerly, yawns, plays with his ruffles, and yawns again.)

John. Yes, sir (brings the chocolate).

Sir Thomas. Has Lady Wren appeared?

John. Not yet, my lord.

(Sir Thomas sips his cocoa languidly, and leisurely and elaborately ties the kneestrings of his breeches.)

Sir Thomas. Pox take them! What is the time, John?

John. Just ten, my lord.

Sir Thomas. Past hanging time! Where is my lady at this hour?

(Enter Lady Clarinda Wren.)

Lady Clarinda. Odds my faith, Sir Thomas, but for a beau, you are an early riser. At breakfast so soon? And killingly arrayed, so genteel! Has the *Spectator* come, John?

John. I have not seen the newswoman, my lady.

Lady Clarinda. 'Tis just as well! How brisk you are this morning, Sir Thomas! How talkative, how rapid your wit and how mannerly your greeting!

Sir Thomas. Since no one else is here to talk with you, I suppose you want me to pay you compliments.

Lady Clarinda. A beau like you to compliment me! Your own wife! How plaguily commonplace! Besides, I want to read to you. John, my tea. See, here is last week's *Spectator;* I did not find it till this morning, and then Kitty brought it me from your dressing-table. It's all about yourself!

Thomas. Fogh!

Lady Clarinda. Ah, you know it? But listen all the same. (Reads.) "I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a Beau's Head and a Coquette's heart."

Sir Thomas. Not so fast, my lady; let's have the "Coquette's heart" first.

Lady Clarinda. How like you, always interested in the ladies. No, you must listen. (Reads.) "An imaginary Operator opened the first which seemed on cursory View like the Head of another Man, but on applying our glasses to it, we made a very Odd Discovery, namely that what we looked upon as Brains, were not such in reality, But an Heap of strange Materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful Art in the several Cavities of the Skull. We found in the Brain of a Beau, not real Brain, but only something like it!" There, Thomas, I have always suspected it!

Sir Thomas. Slitterkins, madam, do you think I am going to listen to this?

Lady Clarinda (running her eye down the page). O, please do, there is somewhat else here you will like better.

(Sir Thomas languidly obeys. Exit John quietly.)

Lady Clarinda. Oh, here it is. "The Pineal Gland, supposed to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of orange-flower water and was encompassed by a thousand

little faces or mirrors, insomuch that the soul if there had been any here, must have been always taken up with contemplating her own Beauties."

Sir Thomas. Zounds! Madam, you are very censorious. I will not —

(John quietly hands him unobserved another *Spectator* paper, pointing out the title, at which Sir Thomas is first surprised, then pleased, and subsides quietly into his seat.)

Lady Clarinda (laughing). "There was a large cavity on each side of the head. That on the right Side was filled with Fictions, Flatteries, and Falsehoods, Vows, Promises, and Protestations."

Sir Thomas. I vow, I protest —

Lady Clarinda. O this is rare! You see how true it is! (Reads.) "That on the left with Oaths and Imprecations!"

Sir Thomas. Odds blud! Zounds! Egad, Clarinda, this is too much!

Lady Clarinda. O it's rare indeed. Why don't you blush? Do you want to know? (Reads.) "The Skins of the Forehead were extremely tough and thick, and had not in them any single Blood-vessel; from whence we concluded, that the Party when alive must have been entirely deprived of the Faculty of Blushing."

(Sir Thomas starts to expostulate, but Lady Clarinda, still laughing, shakes her head at him, whereat he adopts an expression of extreme indifference and takes a pinch of snuff.)

Lady Clarinda (reads). "The *Os Cribiforme* was exceedingly stuffed and in some places damaged with snuff. We could not but take notice in particular of that small Muscle that draws the Nose upwards, when it expresses the contempt which the Owner of it has, upon seeing anything

he does not like, or (here Sir Thomas' nose is perceptibly elevated, which Lady Clarinda delightedly observes) hearing anything he does not understand.

Sir Thomas. I'll have my revenge later, madam.

Lady Clarinda. O no, you won't, you can't. The *Spectator* with the "Dissection of a Coquette's Heart" is not yet out.

Sir Thomas. I'm glad you admit to the Coquette's Heart.

Lady Clarinda. I am not through yet. "We were informed that the Person to whom this head belonged had passed for a *Man* above five and thirty Years, during which time he ate and drank like other Persons, dressed well, talked loud, laught frequently, and on particular Occasions had acquitted himself tolerably at a Ball and that a certain Knot of Ladies took him for a Wit." There, I am through, Sir Thomas, and I hope you were diverted. *I* was.

Sir Thomas. Give me the *Spectator.*

Lady Clarinda. O there is nothing more in it. (Sir Thomas takes it and reads.)

Sir Thomas. "He applied himself in the next place to the Coquette's Heart." (He draws the other *Spectator* from under the table. Lady Clarinda gives a little cry and tries to secure it, but misses.) Now, sit down, my dear lady, and hark. "The outer surface of it was so very cold, that upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the Fingers like a smooth piece of Ice." There, Clarinda, I always told you that you were cold-hearted.

Lady Clarinda. It does not describe me in the least.

Sir Thomas. You will see differently before we are through. "One of the Company made an Experiment with the Liquor that he found about the Heart of the

Coquette. He had actually enclosed it in a small tube after the manner of a Weather Glass. It rose at the Approach of a Plume of Feathers, an embroidered Coat, or a Pair of fringed Gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped Perriwig, a clumsy Pair of Shoes, or an unfashionable Coat came into his House." Now, Clarinda, if that does not describe your heart, what does?

Lady Clarinda. Certainly not.

Sir Thomas. Well, we will continue. "We were informed that the Lady of this Heart, when living, received the Addresses of several who made love to her," — well?

Lady Clarinda. That is more like it.

Sir Thomas. "and did not only give each of them Encouragement," —

Lady Clarinda. O no, it isn't.

Sir Thomas. "but to our great surprize, we came into the Core and Centre of it. We there observed a little Figure, which, the more I looked at it, the more I thought I had seen the Face before, when at length one of the Company shewed us plainly that the little Idol thus lodg'd in the very Middle of the Heart was the Beau, whose head I gave some Account of in my last *Tuesday's* Paper." Clarinda, is it your heart?

Lady Clarinda. If I admit the heart is mine, you must admit the head is yours.

Sir Thomas. It's a fair exchange, either way, I trow.

Lady Clarinda. For the sake of the last clause, I must admit it; I think the heart is mine.

Sir Thomas. Then I'll accept the head. Come, my dear girl, and let us drink a health to the *Spectator*, and then to each other. (John comes in and pours the ale.) Here's to Mr. Addison.

Lady Clarinda. And to Mr. Steele.

Sir Thomas. And to each other. (They clink their glasses, and Kitty comes in.)

Kitty. My lady, the chair is here, to take you to Lady Everout.

Sir Thomas. My dear, shall we go to Vauxhall to-night, to celebrate our discoveries?

Lady Clarinda. By all means, Sir Thomas, then I shall have a pleasure to come. I will wear my genteelest gown.

Sir Thomas. And perhaps the *Spectator* will discourse on that to-morrow.

Lady Clarinda (throws him a kiss). Catch it if you can! (She runs off.)

CURTAIN

The reading of the Text is accompanied throughout the piece by pantomime behind a white curtain designed to cast accurate shadows. The light from the rear must be as distant as the construction of the stage will allow, since the more distant, the less its magnifying powers. The Sylphs, and the star that lowers, attaches itself to the lock, and draws it, comet-wise, heavenward, may also be of pasteboard and operated by fish poles from the side, or if the stage permits, from above, suspended on wires or silk threads that do not cast any perceptible shadows. The entire action must be carried on close to the curtain, but not touching it. If furniture needs to be moved, during the performance, simply screen the light temporarily. Darken the hall while the pantomime is in progress and have the poem read from the rear rather than from the front, and have it read both slowly and dramatically. Costume your actors in eighteenth-century costume, elaborate hair dressing, etc., with attention to the picturesqueness of outline.

If it is wished, the Sylphs may be entirely omitted, the poem, already cut extensively, may have the first portion omitted, and the entire scene enacted with curtain raised, in the ordinary pantomime. In that case, great care must be taken to furnish the room in the period of Queen Anne, and very handsomely, since Hampton Court is represented. Such a scene would gain in color and interest and be, perhaps, a little easier to depict, but, on the other hand, lose much that is characteristic in the poem.

The Text:

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things, ...
Say, what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

Lights are lowered in the hall and turned from behind. Curtain blank.

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lapdogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda enters, yawning and stretching, innegligée. Sylphs appear high up on the curtain, gradually approaching Belinda.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head. . . .
Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way, . . .
With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all. . . .
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thine eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.

Belinda finds note and reads it.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.

Enter Betty, the lady's maid. Belinda sits before dressing table while Betty does up her hair in elaborate fashion.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

Betty opens toilet boxes and applies contents.

The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
Now awfull Beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,

Betty inserts combs.

And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own. . . .

Belinda arises and looks in the mirror.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair. . . .

Belinda holds forth her two long curls, then drops them down her back.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons, hear! . . .
Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce or add a Furbelow. . . .

More Sylphs appear, fluttering high up.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around. . . .

Betty brings hoop skirt and puts it on Belinda. Sylphs hang about the skirt.

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;

Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait, — Lights out and stage empty. Pause.
Anxious and trembling for the birth of Fate.
Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name. . . .
Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last; — Enter two beaux, Sir Plume and the Baron, Belinda and her friend Clarissa, talking, fanning, etc.
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*. . . .
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom; — They sit down to play cards.
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come. . . .
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard — Deal cards.
Descend and sit on each important card:
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four Knaves in garb succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care: — They begin to play.
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were. . . .
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,

The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. . . .
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field. . . .
The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroidered King who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen with pow'rs combin'd
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus, when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habits, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins, (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; . . .
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourned his captive Queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. . . .
For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle and the mill turns round;
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,

Belinda takes trick.

Belinda takes another trick.

The Baron takes a couple of tricks. They play more and more rapidly.

Sir Plume takes trick. Consternation on part of Belinda.

Belinda takes final trick and wins.

Exultation on part of Belinda; rage and envy on part of Baron. Cards ended. Betty, or a footman, brings a tray with tea and coffee.

While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. . . .

Sylphs appear hovering about Belinda.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud of force attain'd his ends. . . .

The Baron rises craftily.

He inspects Belinda's curls.

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand Sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near. . . .

Clarissa gives shears to the Baron.

Belinda unconscious, drinks tea.

Sylphs greatly agitated.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever and for ever!

The Baron stealthily lifts curl and cuts it off. An interposing Sylph is cut in two like a paper doll and flutters to the floor. The Baron picks up the curl in triumph. Belinda rises distracted, wrings her hands, walks up and down the stage in grief.

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,

When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie! . . .
  But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. . . .
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands and cry'd,
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" reply'd)
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare! . . .
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"

She begs her hair of the Baron in dumb show. while he shakes his head and dodges her up and down the stage.

  She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round, unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the devil?

She goes to Sir Plume and begs him to intercede and get back her hair.

"Zounds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
"Plague on 't! 'tis past a jest — nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair" — he spoke, and rapp'd his box.
"It grieves me much" (reply'd the Peer again)
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
(Which nevermore shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. . . .

Sir Plume, taking snuff, approaches the Baron, and requests the hair. Baron lifts curl in triumph and shakes his head.

Then see, the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

The Baron again displays the curl.

Belinda weeps.

"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! . . .
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate, foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

Belinda addresses Plume.

Belinda displays piteously her one remaining curl.

She said: The pitying audience melt in tears.
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears. . . .

All, except Baron, weep.

How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains. . . .
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die. . . .

Belinda, at last, flies at the Baron.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,

And drew a deadly bodkin from her side. . . .
"Restore the Lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the Lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there. . . .
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair. . . .
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

Belinda draws her bodkin, raises it on high, dagger-wise.

A star, rather large, slowly lowers toward Baron, attended by Sylphs. It encounters the Baron's hand, unseen by audience, is attached to the curl. Then star rises steadily heavenwards, trailing the curl after it, like tail of a comet, until it hangs suspended high in center of stage. Baron misses it, consternation ensues. Sir Plume spies it, points at it, and all four stand in attitudes of admiration. Lights out.

BUNYAN AT BEDFORD

SCENE. The interior of the county gaol, a bare, gray-walled room containing a table with three books, a Bible, a Concordance, and Fox's Book of Martyrs, besides these a pile of papers, an old-fashioned ink bottle, and a quill pen. The back of the room has a barred door, past which a gaoler may walk back and forth at long intervals, and with a gray drop curtain the other side of the door. Inside are two stools, one, a larger, occupied by Bunyan, who is making tagged lace upon a cushion, and the other by his little blind daughter, Mary, who has been allowed to visit him. High barred windows at either side, or one side only, complete the scene. The time is early in the year 1672. Bunyan wears the Puritan costume, white cuffs and collar, knee breeches, black stockings, and low shoes. His hair is long and slightly wavy and reaches nearly to his shoulders.

Mary. Father, it is nearly seven by the town clock that rang a moment gone. Is your pattern of tagged lace done that I may take it back with me for mother to sell?

Bunyan. Aye, child, and yet a little more, and perhaps I may be free again to look after my little blind daughter.

Mary. I think you must love me, father.

Bunyan. You lie nearer to my heart than all the others. It grieves me sore that I cannot be out in the world to care for you. The rest are older now; they can work; they are strong. The wind and the weather harm them not so greatly, but thou, poor child, thou must beg, thou must suffer hunger, cold, and a thousand calamities, though I cannot endure that the wind should blow on thee. (He wipes his eyes.)

Mary. Father, thou must not grieve. Think on the Pilgrim called Christian thou didst tell me about this afternoon, and the Celestial Country he is traveling toward, and how he did meet Evangelist by the wayside.

Bunyan. Ah, child, poor Christian is now in the Slough of Despond.

FLOAT WITH A MODEL OF THE PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL, FROM THE PASADENA PAGEANT OF FLOWERS

Photograph by Harold Parker

Mary. Never mind, father, pretty soon he will come to Neighbor Goodwill and he shall help him farther on his way to Mount Zion.

Bunyan. That will be in good time.

Mary. And to-morrow wilt thou tell me more of what befell Christian with his pack?

Bunyan. That will I. Now it is growing dark and my daughter must take the tagged lace home to mother, and to-morrow will my kind gaoler let thee come again. Wilt sing to me, before thou goest?

Mary. Which of thy songs shall I sing to thee?

Bunyan. Do you remember the song that the shepherd boy sang to Christiana and Mr. Greatheart in the Valley of Humiliation?

Mary. The boy that lived a merry life because he wore heart'sease in his bosom?

Bunyan. Aye.

Mary. That song I shall never forget. (She sings.)

He that is down, needs fear no fall;
He that is low no pride:
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because thou savest such.

Fullness to such, a burden is,
That go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

(They sit silent for a moment after Mary has sung and in the distance the clock chimes again.)

Bunyan. Now must thou go, that thou may come again. Here is the lace. Kiss thy mother and my dear children for me, and tell them that by the grace of God I may come to them soon. (He kisses her and she goes. He stands at the grated door looking after her for a moment, then turns to the window and looks to see her through there; then slowly goes to his table. The stage, which has been growing dimmer, is now quite dark. Bunyan lights a solitary candle, which only illumines the paper whereon he is to write, and his face.)

Bunyan (reading). "Then they went till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the lord of the hill. Now there was on the top of these mountains shepherds. The pilgrims therefore went to them, and asked, 'Whose Delectable Mountains are these?' The shepherd answered, 'The mountains are Emanuel's Land, and they are within sight of his city.' Said Christian, 'Is this the way to the Celestial City?' He answered, 'You are just in the way.' Then Christian asked, 'Is there in this place any relief for pilgrims that are weary and faint in the way?' Then the Shepherds, whose names were Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere, looked very lovingly upon them, and said, 'Welcome, to the Delectable Mountains.'"

(As he reads, the door to his cell is silently opened, or if the construction of the stage permits, a portion of the rear of the scenery is raised and a drop lowered representing a sunny outdoor scene with hills in the distance. The drop may be prepared before the scene begins and simply the space visible through the grating of the door covered with a gray cloth to represent stone masonry. When this scene is entirely ready, let Bunyan be gazing at it abstractedly, and suddenly flood the whole background (not the foreground) with light, that it may appear a vision to Bunyan. (Be sure that Bunyan's candle hitherto has been set or screened in such a way that the audience has had no hint of the change of scenery.) Then have Christian, with his pack, come slowly into sight, have him meet the shepherds, dressed as biblical characters with crooks in their hands. Christian salutes them, in dumb show,

questions them in regard to the distant mountains; they urge him on thither, and assist him on his journey. This pantomime of course must be limited by the possibilities of the staging. Then may pass before the distant view as many of the characters from "Pilgrim's Progress" as the resources of the managers can supply, Giant Despair, Ignorance, Apollyon, Hopeful, Faint-heart, Mistrust, Guilt, By-Ends, and so on. At the end, let Christian without his pack, and Hopeful, both attended by two angels, enter and stand in tab leau pointing to Bunyan the way to the Celestial City, beyond the Delectable Mountains. If this is not practicable, a single angel, representing Evangelist, may end the scene alone.)

Epilogue. Upon this stage has passed before our eyes,
The Art of Letters, dressed in varied guise,
The chambered epic poet, th' imprisoned saint,
The frolic lyricists, the essay quaint,
The masque, the hymn, the pantomimic tale.
What do they tell us ? What do they avail ?
Then spell their legend, "This thy mirror is.
Looks virtue forth, or painted vanities ?
As is the Art, so shall the model be,
Nor rise thou higher than thy dreams shall see !"

CURTAIN

APPENDIX

The following is an estimate of a Pageant with from 150 to 200 characters, given by high school pupils in two performances. It is understood that a number of the costumes are made by the pupils and others provided without cost by those who wear them. Much of the work in setting the stage, arranging the scenery, shifting the scenes, sale of tickets and general decoration is also done by teachers and pupils. The music is also furnished by members of the school.

SUMMARY OF EXPENSES AND INCOME

Costumes from $1.50 to $2.00 each per person	$150.00	
Scenery and decorations	25.00	
Material for decorations	6.00	
Carpentry	20.00	
Extra labor, including lantern service	10.00	
Costume service for "make-up"	12.00	
Advertising	8.00	$231.00

RECEIPTS

Sale of tickets	$530.00	
Expenses deducted	231.00	$299.00

In addition to the regular receipts, something may be gained from sale of programs and from sale of candy and fancy work. Sometimes it is well to grant these latter privileges to members of the senior class or to a committee of the school, receipts to be used for some school organization.

CHARLESTOWN PAGEANT EXPENSES[1]

Printing (posters, programs, etc.)	$47.25	
Janitor's services	17.00	
Advertisements	6.00	
Lumber for platform	8.20	
Secretary's postage	2.17	
Ticket agent	5.00	
Services for coaching, etc.	50.00	
Car fares for singer	2.80	
Sundry expenses	6.10	
Express on trunks and loan	1.80	
Washington's costume and wig	4.00	
Material for Indian costumes and wigs	4.10	
Indian pipe and Colonial helmet	1.50	
Repairs, etc.	.55	
Make-up material	2.40	
Pins, twine, candles, etc.	3.85	$162.72

RECEIPTS

Advertisements in program	$105.75	
Sale of tickets	231.05	$336.05
Expenses deducted		162.72
Net profit		$174.08

N.B. 1. We bought and hired *nothing* that we could borrow or make.

2. A few individuals hired costumes and paid for them.

3. A small fund was solicited from persons outside the pageant by one lady who hired costumes for a few individuals in her group.

EXPENSES OF THE FINE ARTS PAGEANT AT HARVARD, 1911[2]

Printing	$ 50.00
Postage	30.00
Material and labor (much work being done by participants)	230.00

[1] Prepared by Miss Lotta Clark. [2] Prepared by Mr. Myron R. Williams.

Rented costumes and wigs	78.00
Hangings	16.00
Carpentry	50.00
Lighting	25.00
Extras	50.00
Orchestra	75.00
Refreshments	200.00
Total	$804.00

Every participant paid $2.00 and the rest was subscribed by townspeople. Tapestries were loaned by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

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